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PREFACE

No poet has been included in this book who died before the year 1900. A number of the authors, especially in Sections One and Eight, did the greater part of their work in the nineteenth century. Some of them are represented by poems written before 1900. The work of most of the authors included falls entirely within the present century.

Poems were included for their value in themselves; or for their value in interpreting the life of our country; or because they illustrate some of the experiments which may lead to an enrichment of our literature. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Tavern," for example, is a good poem by any standards. In a country so large and complex as ours, the problem of interpreting various sections and groups to one another is a very real one which the schools should not leave entirely to the newspapers and the motion pictures. The work of such poets as William Aspenwall Bradley and Lola Ridge should be taught, I believe, with this point of view in mind. The experimental work of Amy Lowell and others deserves attention, sometimes for its inherent beauty and sometimes for the literary tendencies illustrated. In the section of folk poetry a number of pieces of little literary value are included because they illustrate points in the growth of poetry which are discussed in the introduction to that section

Poems were omitted if they were superficial and obvious; or too sentimental; or calculated to arouse racial or religious prejudice; or if they contained obtrusive profanity; or if they were obviously intended for people of more mature years than high school students.

An anthology is, in the nature of things, a selection. This book as published represents about half the tentative selections for it. For the lover of poetry, the task of eliminating poets and poems in order to bring the book within its limited bounds of space is a most mournful one. Probably every lover of modern verse will find that some particular favorite of his has been omitted.

With respect to the inclusion of acknowledged favorites, a double policy was adopted. Carruth and Seeger, for example, are represented by the single poems for which they are likely to be remembered. In the case of authors like Kipling, who have done a large body of excellent work, old favorites are often passed over in order to include less familiar but equally fine and characteristic work.

Several poets (Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Louis Untermeyer, James Oppenheim, John Hall Wheelock, William Ellery Leonard, and Franklin P. Adams particularly) have been represented by unusually extended selections. In this group one will find old and new American stocks, serious and light verse, regular and free verse. If a teacher desires to do so, she can concentrate her efforts on a few such poets and make them well understood by her class.

The poems are grouped by authors instead of by topics because it is easy for pupils to fail to associate author and poem in his memory. For convenience of study the poets are gathered in eight sections; and within the section they are listed in the order of their age, so far as that could be learned. The method of division here employed is by no means the only method which might be used. Any manner of grouping the poets is bound to be attended by difficulties. Robert Frost writes both narrative and lyric verse; Don Marquis both light and serious verse; Arthur Davison Ficke both free and regular verse. Any mode of division must at some points be an arbitrary one. It is hoped that

the method of division and of editorial treatment here employed will make it possible for teachers to use the book in various ways, according to the needs of different classes.

The class may concentrate on those poets represented by the most extended selections in order to fix those firmly in mind, and read the others more rapidly. Or the book may be studied section by section, with less attention to individuals, in order to get a survey of the whole field of contemporary verse. (If this plan is followed and time is limited, probably the most attention can be given with profit to Sections One, Two, Four, and Eight.) Or by the use of the editorial material and the questions suggested, the book may be studied by topics; and in this manner attention may be called to the technique of verse or to the materials used by the poets. One possible manner of using the book is to study it first by sections and to review it topically.

In any case, a book of this kind should be used selectively, with an eye to the previous preparation and the special needs of the class.

The editorial material does not pretend to set forth any startling new things about the art of poetry. It treats a number of matters which, in some manner and at some time, most teachers will wish to convey to their pupils. If the subject of meters has been previously studied, the treatment of it here can be omitted. If some of the poems and of the editorial comment is too difficult for a particular class, that may be omitted in favor of the easier poems.

From time to time during the year periods in oral English may well be devoted to a discussion of poems in current publications, to be selected and brought in by the pupils. A class anthology of such poems may be kept by pasting or copying them into a notebook. This would be especially valuable in small high schools where a class continues together through four years. A brief review at the end of

every year will reveal to them how their tastes have changed.

Some students will have the impulse to write original verse. This should be encouraged. The better efforts may be included in the class anthology.

A stimulus to creative work in some pupils, and a wholesome respect for the art of poetry in others, may be given by suggesting that some of their themes take the form of a rewriting in a different stanza pattern of some of the poems studied. Some verses suitable for this exercise are suggested in Hints for the Study of Groups of Poems, at the end of the book.

And finally, the object of the teaching of poetry should be to lead the pupil to an unfailing well-spring of joy. Of course, there are some young people who are unable to find that well-spring under any leadership, just as some are unable to master mathematics. Not a few average pupils are repelled from poetry because it is taught mechanically. It is a mistake to stress metrics, and literary origins, and such matters, and let the subject go at that. Stress instead poetry as a thing of joy, a thing of beauty, a revelation of the aspiring human soul. If a pupil does not know the meaning of the words dactyl and quatrain, and yet turns instinctively to good poetry rather than tawdry magazines for his reading, his teacher may be accounted a success.

New York City, 1926.

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RECENT POETRY

SECTION ONE

THE PRESERVERS OF THE OLD TRADITIONS

The American poets of the nineteenth century whose names at least are known to a considerable number of their fellow-countrymen are Bryant, Whittier, Poe, Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, and Longfellow. A small circle of readers to-day know something of Taylor, Lanier, Hay, Harte, Miller, Aldrich, Sill, and Dickinson. Walt Whitman, the boldest experimenter of his day, whom an increasing number believe to be our greatest poet, is widely known by one of his least characteristic poems, "O Captain, My Captain." Only in recent years has his important work won many readers. In his own day he was little known and less understood; and he exercised little influence on his contemporaries.

Young artists, and the artists of young countries, begin by the study and the more or less conscious imitation of previous masters in their own and other countries. As artists and countries grow older, their art becomes mature and individual. The indebtedness of all our nineteenth century poets except Walt Whitman to the literature of England is deeply marked. It is true that Lowell and Whittier showed a lively interest in the political questions of their day; and Longfellow turned to Indian lore for the material for one of his best poems, "Hiawatha." The racy colloquial language of the New World may be found occasionally in the pages of

the whole nineteenth century group, especially in Lowell. Yet on the whole they showed little tendency to experiment with the language, the patterns, or the material of poetry. The life and the literatures of the Old World interested them as much as the life about them. A surprising percentage of their poems might have been written by Englishmen. Witness "Thanatopsis," "My Lost Youth," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," and many others.

This is the more remarkable when we consider the scene in the midst of which they lived. What were the great events of the nineteenth century in America? A republican government was here successfully maintained over millions of people and a vast territory for the first time since Rome was a republic. The energies of these millions, released from the repressions of monarchical governments, state religions, and rigid social systems, expanded like an explosion. The principal accomplishment of these energies was the swift physical conquest of a continent. The world's inventors, a large proportion of them Americans, harnessed the forces of nature so that a nineteenth century man with machines could produce five times as much as an eighteenth century man without them. These machines increased our well-being, and brought about a quiet social revolution. American ships carried our products to every port in the world. Free schools sprang up in every community. Books and periodicals became available to multitudes. The position of women was undergoing a rapid transformation.

In all this, surely, there was material to excite the imagination of any author, yet we find far less of it in the poetry of that day than we should expect.

Louis Untermeyer points out that, among our major poets, the creative impulse seemed to die out soon after the Civil War. The vigorous, native notes in our literature were then to be found in the prose of such men as Mark Twain,

rather than in our poets. Few writers of verse arose in the last quarter of the century to take the places of those whose energies were spent. James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field were the only ones to enjoy a wide popularity.

In the first section of this book are gathered together those poets whose work, begun in the last century, was continued in this; one (Richard Hovey) whose life was cut short in his prime in 1900; and two (Brian Hooker and Olive Tilford Dargan) whose work was largely done in the first years in this century.

The reason for this grouping is as follows: All of these poets grew up, formed their literary tastes, and developed the styles in the last part of the nineteenth century, a period of literary conservatism. The poets they early admired were the great Englishmen, from Shakespeare to Tennyson. Like the predecessors in America, they tried to follow sound old traditions in their art, not to establish new ones; and those who are still writing show few traces of the influence of their experimenting contemporaries. On the whole, the work of all this group, except Riley, Field, and Dunbar, reveals few distinguishing marks of their time and country.

One grows wistful in thinking of them, particularly as they lived and wrote through the period 1880–1900. They must have been lonely. Few of them were acquainted with each other, so that mutual encouragement might be possible. Their countrymen were engaged in a frenzied creation of material wealth, with little time left to love art. Those who did love poetry reserved their admiration for the great Englishmen. Magazine and book publishers were generally indifferent to verse. Books of poetry had practically no sale. The poets supported themselves by other means, and had, therefore, to use such energy as was left for writing. Even the two most popular poets were compelled to supplement from other sources the income from their

verse. Riley went about giving lectures and readings, and Field was employed on the staff of a newspaper.

Only artists know how much their work is hindered if their immediate surroundings are unsympathetic to creative effort. One suspects that most of these poets had first to create about themselves a favorable atmosphere, and then to write. To do any worthy work under such conditions is no mean achievement; and they did write much excellent verse. That they strove unremittingly to carry on the best traditions of English and American poetry should give them an honorable place in our regard.

JOHN HAY

John Hay, one of the few Americans to win distinction as a statesman and as an author, was born in Indiana in 1838. After his graduation from Brown University he studied law in Illinois and thus met Abraham Lincoln. He was Lincoln's secretary during most of the Civil War period. From 1865 to 1869 he was in the service of various American embassies in Europe, and from 1870 to 1883 was almost constantly connected with the editorial staff of the New York *Tribune*. Most of his literary work was done between 1883 and 1897, his most noted book being a biography of Abraham Lincoln written in collaboration with John G. Nicolay. Then he returned to public service, being first ambassador to Great Britain and then secretary of state. Few men have occupied this office with equal success and distinction. He died in 1905.

His *Poems* first appeared in 1871. Most of these verses are conventional and undistinguished. John Hay was himself less proud of the half dozen poems in dialect; but these, and particularly "Jim Bludso," have deserved and found an enduring popularity.

JIM BLUDSO, OF THE *PRAIRIE BELLE*

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
  Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
  Of livin' like you and me.

Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the *Prairie Belle?*

He weren't no saint, — them engineers
Is all pretty much alike, —
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk, was Jim,
And an awful hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied, —
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had, —
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the *Prairie Belle* took fire, —
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last —
The *Movastar* was a better boat,
But the *Belle* she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night —
The oldest craft on the line —
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.

There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell, —
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

He weren't no saint, — but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing, —
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

James Whitcomb Riley was born in 1849 in Greenfield, Indiana. His father was a lawyer in comfortable circumstances and the son was partially educated for the father's profession. Desiring something less conventional, at the age of eighteen he joined a troupe of players who sold patent medicines between their acts. With them he did everything from painting signs to beating the drum.

He began to write verses for the newspapers in the most casual way. One of his early poems, an imitation of Poe, was widely accepted as a newly discovered poem by that author. His early dialect verses, appearing in an Indianapolis paper and represented by him to be the work of an Indiana farmer, immediately caught the popular fancy. "The

Ole Swimmin' Hole" (1883) found a national audience. For many years also Riley enjoyed a wide popularity as a reader of his own verses.

American literature during the first three quarters of the nineteenth century had been dominated by a group of New England writers. When they began to lose their freshness Riley was one of a number of western authors who gave new life and interest to our national literature. Eastern critics of that day were amazed to find writers coming from west of the Appalachian Mountains. Riley's part in the new movement was to picture the countryside of the middle west and to popularize the Hoosier dialect.

His *Complete Works* (1913) fill six large volumes. As is the case with every writer, much of his work will be soon forgotten; some of it will be long, universally, and justly remembered. His workin "straight" English is generally inferior to his dialect poems. Public taste has changed materially since Riley matured his style; and the present generation regards as sentimentality much in his work that his own day accepted as sentiment. Such poems as "Knee Deep in June" and "When the Frost is on the Punkin" will continue to be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen. The selection here given, while not one of his best known poems, is typical of his method of writing.

Riley died in Indianapolis in 1916.

AT "THE LITERARY"

Folks in town, I reckon, thinks
They git all the fun they air
Runnin' loose 'round! — but, i jinks!
We' got fun, and fun to spare,
Right out here amongst the ash-
And oak-timber ever' where!
Some folks else kin cut a dash
'Sides town-people, don't fergit! —
'Specially in *winter*-time,
When they's snow, and roads is fit.
In them circumstances I'm
Resig-nated to my lot —
Which putts me in mind o' what
'S called "The Literary."

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Us folks in the country sees
Lots o' fun! — Take spellin'-school;
Er ole hoe-down jamborees;
Er revivals; er ef you'll
Tackle taffy-pullin's you
Kin git fun, and quite a few! —
Same with huskin's. But all these
Kind o' frolics they hain't new
By a hunderd year' er two,
Cipher on it as you please!
But I'll tell you what I jest
Think walks over all the rest —
Anyway, it suits *me* best, —
That's "The Literary."

First they started it — "i gee!"
Thinks-says-I, "this settle-ment
'S gittin' too high-toned fer me!"
But when all begin to jine,
And I heerd *Izory* went,
I jest kindo' drapped in line,
Like you've seen some sandy, thin,
Scrawny shoat putt fer the crick
Down some pig-trail through the thick
Spice-bresh, where the whole drove's been
'Bout six weeks 'fore he gits in! —
"Can't tell nothin'," I-says-ee,
"'Bout it tel you go and see
Their blame' 'Literary'!"

Very first night I was there
I was 'p'inted to be what
They call "Critic" — so's a fair
And square jedgment could be got

On the pieces 'at was read,
And on the debate, — "Which air
Most destructive element,
Fire er worter?" Then they hed
Compositions on "Content,"
"Death," and "Botany"; and Tomps
He read one on "Dreenin' Swamps"
I p'nounced the boss, and said,
"*So* fur, 'at's the best thing read
In yer 'Literary'!"

Then they *sung* some — tel I called
Order, and got back ag'in
In the Critic's cheer, and hauled
All o' the p'formers in: —
Mandy Brizendine read one
I fergit; and Doc's was "Thought";
And Sarepty's, hern was "None
Air denied 'at knocks"; and Daut —
Fayette Strawnse's little niece —
She got up and spoke a piece:
Then Izory she read hern —
"Best thing in the whole concern,"
I-says-ee; "now le' 's adjourn
This-here 'Literary'!"

They was some contendin' — yit
We broke up in harmony.
Road outside as white as grit,
And as slick as slick could be! —
I'd fetched 'Zory in my sleigh, —
And I had a heap to say,
Drivin' back — in fact, I driv
'Way around the old north way,

Where the Daubenspeckses live.
'Zory allus — 'fore that night —
Never 'peared to feel jest right
In my company. — You see,
On'y thing on earth saved me
Was that "Literary"!

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EUGENE FIELD

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1850, Eugene Field was educated in his home state and in New England. From 1873 till his death in 1895 he was a newspaper man. He was connected with the Denver *Tribune*, 1881–1883, and the Chicago *Daily News*, 1883, till his death.

His western poems particularly are full of that humor based on exaggeration which is dear to Americans. His love of fun came out both in humorous verse and in elaborate practical jokes on his friends.

But he was no buffoon. He was a lover of all good literature, of old books, of old book stores, of every sort of quaint and gentle beauty. Some of his best work is in his witty paraphrases of Latin poetry. His real affection for children is best shown in his best-known poem, "Little Boy Blue." Probably no other poem by an American author is more widely known and loved.

His books are *A Little Book of Western Verse* (1889), *With Trumpet and Drum* (1892), *A Second Book of Verse* (1893), and *Echoes from a Sabine Farm* (1893), the last in collaboration with his brother, Roswell M. Field. The inexorable demands of a newspaper for copy compelled a haste which marred much of his work.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair;
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So, toddling off to his trundle-bed,
He dreamt of the pretty toys;
And, as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue —
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true!

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place —
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face;
And they wonder, as waiting the long years through
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue,
Since he kissed them and put them there.

BALLAD OF WOMEN I LOVE

Prudence Mears hath an old blue plate
Hid away in an oaken chest,
And a Franklin platter of ancient date
Beareth Amanda Baker's crest;
What times soever I've been their guest,
Says I to myself in an undertone:
"Of womenfolk, it must be confessed,
These do I love, and these alone."

Well, again, in the Nutmeg State,
Dorothy Pratt is richly blest
With a relic of art and a land effete —
A pitcher of glass that's cut, not pressed.

And a Washington teapot is possessed
  Down in Pelham by Marthy Stone —
Think ye now that I say in jest
  "These do I love, and these alone"?

Were Hepsy Higgins inclined to mate,
  Or Dorcas Eastman prone to invest
In Cupid's bonds, they could find their fate
  In the bootless bard of Crockery Quest.
For they've heaps of trumpery — so have the rest
  Of those spinsters whose ware I'd like to own;
You can see why I say with such certain zest,
  "These do I love, and these alone."

ENVOY

Prince, show me the quickest way and best
  To gain the subject of my moan;
We've neither spinsters nor relics out West —
  These do I love, and these alone.

EDWIN MARKHAM

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Oregon, in 1852. After the death of his father in 1857, the family moved to central California where the boy grew up in the open and did hard manual work. He entered the State Normal School in San Jose in 1870 and was a teacher or superintendent of schools in California towns for many years. Since 1901 he has lived on Staten Island, New York.

His poems before 1899 were imitative and conventional. "The Man with the Hoe," published in a newspaper in 1899, received world-wide recognition as a protest against the hopeless drudgery of those workers who are at the bottom of the economic scale. With the general public his fame will rest on this poem and one other, "Lincoln, the Man of the People," quoted below. It is a noble tribute and sound poetry.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE

When the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road —
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heat with thrill of human tears;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving — all husht — behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind —
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.

The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve —
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow;
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.
So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridge-pole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place —
Held the long purpose like a growing tree —
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

HENRY VAN DYKE

Henry Van Dyke was born in 1852 at Germantown, Pennsylvania. He was educated at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn and at Princeton. He has numerous honorary degrees from colleges here and abroad. After twenty-one years in the ministry in 1900 he was appointed professor of English literature at Princeton University. He was United States minister to the Netherlands and Luxemburg, 1913–1917.

He has written voluminously for forty years. His earliest works, in prose, grew out of his experience in the ministry. With *The Other Wise Man* (1896) he attained a national reputation. He is a lover of the out of doors and especially of the sport of fishing. These avocations find expression in both stories and poems.

His style was matured after long study of classic literatures during a period of literary conservatism. He shows no tendency to experiment with verse patterns. His work has long pleased a large following of readers.

WORK

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market-place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

HOW SPRING COMES TO SHASTA JIM

I never saw no "red gods"; I dunno wot's a "lure";
But if it's sumpin' takin', then Spring has got it sure;
An' it doesn't need no Kiplin's, nor yet no London Jacks,
To make up guff about it, while settin' in their shacks.

It's sumpin' very simple 'at happens in the Spring,
But it changes all the lookin's of every blessed thing;
The buddin' woods look bigger, the mounting twice as high,
But the house looks kindo smaller, tho' I couldn't tell ye why.

It's cur'ous wot a show-down the month of April makes,
Between the reely livin', an' the things that's only fakes!
Machines an' barns an' buildin's, they never give no sign;
But the livin' things look lively when Spring is on the line.

She doesn't come too suddin, nor she doesn't come too slow;
Her gaits is some cayprishus, an' the next ye never know, —
A single-foot o' sunshine, a buck o' snow er hail,—
But don't be disapp'inted, for Spring ain't goin' ter fail.

She's loopin' down the hillside, — the driffs is fadin' out.
She's runnin' down the river, — d'ye see them risin' trout?
She's loafin' down the canyon, — the squaw-bed's growin' blue,
An' the teeny Johnny-jump-ups is jest a-peekin' thru.

A thousan' miles o' pine trees, with Douglas firs between,
Is waitin' for her fingers to freshen up their green;
With little tips o' brightness the firs 'ill sparkle thick,
An' every yaller pine tree, a giant candle-stick!

The underbrush is risin' an' spreadin' all around,
Just like the mist o' greenness 'at hangs above the ground;
A million manzanitas 'ill soon be full o' pink;
So saddle up, my sonny, — it's time to ride, I think!

We'll ford or swim the river, becos there ain't no bridge;
We'll foot the gulches careful, an' lope along the ridge;
We'll take the trail to Nowhere, an' travel till we tire,
An' camp beneath a pine tree, an' sleep beside the fire.

We'll see the blue-quail chickens, an' hear 'em pipin' clear;
An' p'raps we'll sight a brown-bear, or else a bunch o' deer;
But never a heathen goddess or god 'ill meet our eyes;
For why? There isn't any! They're just a pack o' lies!

Oh, wot's the use o' "red gods," an' "Pan," an' all that stuff?
The natcheral facts o' Springtime is wonderful enuff!
An' if there's Someone made 'em, I guess He understood,
To be alive in Springtime would make a man feel good.

California, 1913.

LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

Maryland has been the lifelong home of Lizette Woodworth Reese. She was born in Baltimore County in 1856; after an education in public and private schools she taught in the Western High School of Baltimore, retiring in 1921. Her life has been uneventful except for adventures of the mind and spirit.

Her tastes were formed through a study of the masters of the lyric, particularly Herrick. She has shown a constant devotion to the best models of English, combined with a personal reaction to the life around her. She has been uninfluenced by fads in literature. She has shown unsparing patience as a craftsman; there is not a careless line in the six small books which have been the total product of more than thirty years of writing.

IN PRAISE OF COMMON THINGS

For stock and stone;
For grass and pool; for quince tree blown
A virginal white in spring;
And for the wall beside,
Gray, gentle, wide;
For roof, loaf, everything,
I praise Thee, Lord;
For toil, and ache, and strife,
And all the commonness of life.

Hearty, yet dim,
Like country voices in a hymn,
The things a house can hold;
The memories in the air;

And down the stair
Fond footsteps known of old;
The chair; the book or two;
The little bowl of white and blue.

What would it be,
If loveliness were far from me?
A staff I could not take,
To hurry up and down,
From field to town;
Needs would my wild heart break;
Or, I would vacant go,
And, being naught, to nothing grow.

This is the best:
My little road from east to west,
The breadth of a man's hand,
Not from the sky too far,
Nor any star,
Runs through the unwalled land;
From common things that be,
Is it but a step to run to Thee.

A CHRISTMAS FOLK-SONG

The little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold

Then opened wide a stable door,
Fair were the rushes on the floor;
The Ox put forth a hornèd head:
"Come, little Lord, make here Thy bed."

Uprose the Sheep were folded near:
"Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here."
He entered there to rush and reed,
Who was the Lamb of God indeed.

The little Jesus came to town;
With ox and sheep He laid Him down;
Peace to the byre, peace to the fold,
For that they housed Him from the cold!

THE PLOWMAN

The delicate gray trees stand up
There by the fenced ways;
One or two are crimson-tipped,
And soon will start to blaze.

The plowman follows, as of yore,
Along the furrows cold,
Homeric shape against the boughs;
Sharp is the air with mold.

The sweating horses heave and strain;
The crows, with thick, high note
Break black across the windless land,
Fade off and are remote.

Oh, new days, yet long known and old!
Lo, as we look about,
This immemorial act of faith,
That takes the heart from doubt.

Kingdoms decay and creeds are not,
Yet still the plowman goes
Down the spring fields, so he may make
Ready for him that sows.

FOR A GUEST CHAMBER

Lanes down which they drive the kine;
Fields where they do plow;
Orchards — flagons of old wine —
Be remembered now.

Think of gardens full of bees;
Gusts that fleeting pass;
Think of tall laburnum trees,
Blazing in the grass.

Noise and rout are folded up;
Only Sleep is here:
Sleep that comes with quiet cup;
Drink, oh dearest dear!

Safe as dew, as clear of fret,
Then let Dark draw nigh;
For a candle God has set
Somewhere in the sky.

WILLIAM HERBERT CARRUTH

Born in Kansas in 1859 and educated at the University of Kansas and at Harvard, William Herbert Carruth has passed his life in a college atmosphere. From 1880 to 1913 he was on the faculty at the University of Kansas, going from there to Leland Stanford. He is the editor or translator of numerous volumes. *Each in His Own Tongue and Other Poems* (1909) is a small volume of which only the title poem is likely to be widely popular.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet,
  A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
  And the caves where the cave-men dwell;

Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod, —
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze on the far horizon,
The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high;
And all over upland and lowland
The charm of the goldenrod —
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts high yearnings
Come welling and surging in:
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod —
Some of us call it Longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions, who, humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway plod —
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

KATHARINE LEE BATES

Katharine Lee Bates, daughter of a Massachusetts minister, was born in 1859. She was graduated from Wellesley College and has received various honorary degrees. In 1885 she began her long connection with the faculty of Wellesley College. She is the author of several books of stories and verse and the editor of numerous books in addition. As a poet she is best known by the verses here quoted, first printed in 1895, the title poem of a volume which appeared in 1911. It has been set to music by several composers, and is thus one of the best known as well as one of the best of our national songs.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

O beautiful for pilgrim feet
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!

America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

CLINTON SCOLLARD

Clinton Scollard was born at Clinton, New York, in 1860. He was educated at Hamilton College, and Harvard and Cambridge universities. For most of the years since 1888 he has been on the faculty at Hamilton College.

He is one of the most prolific of American authors, having published some forty volumes of verse. His most interesting work is to be found in a few ballads of incidents and characters in American history. The event here described occurred on a farm near Geneva, New York.

THE SCYTHE TREE

Farmer Johnson strode from the field
With an eager step that was long and lithe;
The summer sun, like a blazing shield
Burned on high in the hazy sky.
A forkèd bough, as he hastened by,
Seemed a fitting place for his scythe.
So he swung it up in the balsam tree;
"There let it hang till I come!" said he.

Then he homeward hied him, humming a tune,
But he heard a word at the farmstead gate
Under the fervid heat of the noon,
A ringing call to each volunteer,
For all the land was alive with fear,
Doubt and fear for the country's fate.
So Farmer Johnson shouldered his gun,
And left his scythe to the rain and sun.

Fifty years have sped since then,
Fifty hastening years and more;
By southern wood and brake and fen
Faithful he fought, and in gallant wise,
Fought and died, and now he lies
By the far off Carolina shore,
Where the long trades blow, and the grasses wave
Over the loam of his sunken grave.

"There let it hang till I come!" he said
Of the scythe he left in the balsam tree,
And they let it hang, as the fleet days fled,
Till the small bole, fed by the kindly earth,
Clasped the scythe with a mothering girth.
Today whoever so will may see
The starry emblem of freedom flow
Over the tip of the scythe below.

He gave his all, and he never came,
He that was strong and young and lithe,
But the balsam boughs seem to name his name,
Name his name both late and long
To the tuneful beat of a summer song,
To the undulant sway-song of the scythe;
And the banner swings to the rhythmic bars,
The banner he loved, the Stripes and Stars.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

Louise Imogen Guiney was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1861. Her father, a brigadier general during the Civil War, sustained wounds which later caused his death.

She was educated chiefly by tutors. For a short time she was a pupil at a convent school. She served for some time as postmistress at Auburndale, Massachusetts, and later was connected with the Boston Public Library. During her mature years she became a thorough student of the sixteenth century English poets. In 1901 she moved to England where she resided till her death in 1920.

Her first poetry appeared in 1884. By 1897 she had published three volumes. For her excellent *Happy Endings* (1909), she added some new poems to the best verse in her previous books.

Conservative in temperament she did not experiment with new materials or poetic designs. Her work, however, is no pale reflection of any other author. High courage and a deep personal faith are expressed with much technical dexterity.

THE KINGS

A man said unto his Angel:
"My spirits are fallen low,
And I cannot carry this battle:
O brother! where might I go?

"The terrible kings are on me
With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:
"Thou wavering witless soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges
Who hearken not well, nor see?
Not thus, by the outer issue,
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sov'reign measure
And only event of things:
The puniest heart, defying,
Were stronger than all these Kings.

"Though out of the past they gather,
Mind's Doubt, and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,
And ringletted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
Of thee and thy beaten sires, —

"While Kings of eternal evil
Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken sabre
To rise on the last redoubt;

"To fear not sensible failure,
Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
Die, driven against the wall."

RICHARD HOVEY

Richard Hovey was born at Normal, Illinois, in 1864. He was prepared for college in Washington, D. C., and was graduated from Dartmouth in 1885. He then studied theology for a year but found that unsuited to his restless temperament. After a period of travel he became an actor, a dramatist, and a poet. For some years also he taught at Barnard College.

His first volume, *The Laurel: An Ode* (1889), revealed his fluent musical style and led to an association with Bliss Carman. Together they published three volumes of *Songs from Vagabondia* (1893, 1896,

1900). Because of their lusty vigor and their resonant music they were among the few books of verse in that period to win a wide popularity. *Along the Trail* (1898), written by Hovey alone, contains much of his best work. Hovey died in 1900 at the height of his poetic powers.

Richard Hovey is an apostle of good-fellowship. Several of his best poems, including "Spring," were written for college and fraternity gatherings. Intensely patriotic, he wrote in praise of the veterans of the Civil War and espousing the cause of the United States in the war with Spain. This war with Spain suddenly thrust the United States into a new international position. The people realized that a great future was in store for the country; Hovey's "Unmanifest Destiny" well summarizes the bewilderment and confidence of the moment. "Spring," however, is the prime jewel of his work. Nature and the joys of comradeship intoxicated him, and this vigorous high-spirited man communicated his rapture in stirring verse. The four stanzas in regular meter have been set to music and (under the title "Stein Song") enjoy a perennial popularity with college choruses.

The introductory passage to

SPRING

(Read at the Sixty-third Annual Convention of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan, May 7, 1896.)

I said in my heart, "I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass,
To the waters that lie
Like the heart of a maiden aware of a doom drawing nigh
And dumb for sorcery of impending joy.
I will get me away to the woods.
Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
The falcon in my will.

The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill
That breaks in apple blooms down country roads
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me away.
The sap is in the boles today,
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and goads."

When I got to the woods, I found out
What the Spring was about,
With her gypsy ways
And her heart ablaze,
Coming up from the south
With the wander-lure of witch songs in her mouth.
For the sky
Stirred and grew soft and swimming as a lover's eye
As she went by;
The air
Made love to all it touched, as if its care
Were all to spare;
The earth
Prickled with lust of birth;
The woodland streams
Babbled the incoherence of the thousand dreams
Wherewith the warm sun teems.
And out of the frieze
Of the chestnut trees
I heard
The sky and the fields and the thicket find voice in a bird.
The goldenwing — hark!
How he drives his song
Like a golden nail
Through the hush of the air!
I thrill to his cry in the leafage there;
I respond to the new life mounting under the bark.
I shall not be long

To follow
With eft and bulrush, bee and bud and swallow,
On the old trail.

Spring in the world!
And all things are made new!
There was never a mote that whirled
In the nebular morn,
There was never a brook that purled
When the hills were born,
There was never a leaf uncurled —
Not the first that grew —
Nor a bee-flight hurled,
Nor a bird-note skirled,
Nor a cloud-wisp swirled
In the depth of the blue,
More alive and afresh and impromptu, more thoughtless and certain and free,
More a-shout with the glee
Of the Unknown new-burst on the wonder, than here, than here,
In the re-wrought sphere
Of the new-born year —
Now, now,
When the greenlet sings on the red-bud bough
Where the blossoms are whispering "I and thou," —
"I and thou,"
And a lass at the turn looks after her lad with a dawn on her brow,
And the world is just made — now!

Spring in the heart!
With her pinks and pearls and yellows!
Spring, fellows,

And we too feel the little green leaves a-start
Across the bare-twigged winter of the mart.
The campus is reborn in us today;
The old grip stirs our hearts with new-old joy;
Again bursts bonds for madcap holiday
The eternal boy.
For we have not come here for long debate
Nor taking counsel for our household order,
Howe'er we make a feint of serious things, —
For all the world as in affairs of state
A word goes out for war along the border
To further or defeat the loves of kings.
We put our house to rights from year to year,
But that is not the call that brings us here;
We have come here to be glad.

Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into daytime
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

When the wind comes up from Cuba
And the birds are on the wing,
And our hearts are patting juba
To the banjo of the spring,
Then there's no wonder whether
The boys will get together,
With a stein on the table and a cheer for everything.

For we're all frank-and-twenty
When the spring is in the air,

And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare;
And it's birds of a feather
When we all get together,
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When his children have their fling;
And life slips its tether
When the boys get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.

UNMANIFEST DESTINY

To what new fates, my country, far
And unforeseen of foe or friend,
Beneath what unexpected star,
Compelled to what unchosen end,

Across the sea that knows no beach
The Admiral of Nations guides
Thy blind obedient keels to reach
The harbor where thy future rides!

The guns that spoke at Lexington
Knew not that God was planning then
The trumpet word of Jefferson
To bugle forth the rights of men.

To them that wept and cursed Bull Run,
What was it but despair and shame?
Who saw behind the cloud the sun?
Who knew that God was in the flame?

Had not defeat upon defeat,
  Disaster on disaster come,
The slave's emancipated feet
  Had never marched behind the drum.

There is a Hand that bends our deeds
  To mightier issues than we planned,
Each son that triumphs, each that bleeds,
  My country, serves Its dark commands.

I do not know beneath what sky
  Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
  I only know it shall be great.

July, 1898.

MADISON CAWEIN

Madison (Julius) Cawein was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1865, and resided in that state all his life. He died in 1914.

As a boy he accompanied his father on expeditions into the woods and learned from him not merely to love nature but to observe with minute precision. His love of writing was developed at the Louisville Male High School where one of his teachers was Reuben Post Halleck.

He published more than twenty books of verse. *Poems* (1911) contains his own selections of the best of his work. His love of nature was real, his observation was close, and his knowledge was wide. Lovers of nature poetry will find in him much to admire.

MIDSUMMER

The mellow smell of hollyhocks
And marigolds and pinks and phlox
Blends with the homely garden scents
Of onions, silvering into rods;
Of peppers, scarlet with their pods;
And (rose of all the esculents)
Of broad plebeian cabbages,
Breathing content and corpulent ease.

The buzz of wasp and fly makes hot
The spaces of the garden-plot;
And from the orchard, — where the fruit
Ripens and rounds, or, loosed with heat,
Rolls, hornet-clung, before the feet, —
One hears the veery's golden flute,
That mixes with the sleepy hum
Of bees that drowsily go and come.

The podded musk of gourd and vine
Embower a gate of roughest pine,
That leads into a wood where day
Sits, leaning o'er a forest pool,
Watching the lilies opening cool,
And dragonflies at airy play,
While, dim and near, the quietness
Rustles and stirs her leafy dress.

Far-off a cowbell clangs awake
The noon who slumbers in the brake:
And now a pewee, plaintively,
Whistles the day to sleep again:
A rain-crow croaks a rune for rain,
And from the ripest apple tree
A great gold apple thuds, where, slow,
The red cock curves his neck to crow.

Hens cluck their broods from place to place,
While clinking home with chain and trace,
The cart-horse plods along the road
Where afternoon sits with his dreams:
Hot fragrance of hay-making streams
Above him, and a high-heaped load
Goes creaking by and with it, sweet,
The aromatic soul of heat.

"Coo-ee! coo-ee!" the evenfall
Cries, and the hills repeat the call:
"Coo-ee! coo-ee!" and by the log
Labor unharnesses his plow,
While to the barn comes cow on cow:
"Coo-ee! coo-ee!" — and, with his dog,
Barefooted boyhood down the lane
"Coo-ees" the cattle home again.

AT THE FERRY

Oh, dim and wan came in the dawn,
And gloomy closed the day;
The killdeer whistled among the weeds,
The heron flapped in the river reeds,
And the snipe piped far away.

At dawn she stood — her dark grey hood
Flung back — in the ferry-boat;
Sad were the eyes that watched him ride,
Her raider-love, from the riverside,
His kiss on her mouth and throat.

Like some wild spell the twilight fell,
And black the tempest came;
The heavens seemed filled with the warring dead,
Whose batteries opened overhead
With thunder and with flame.

At night again in the wind and rain,
She toiled at the ferry oar;
For she heard a voice in the night and storm,
And it seemed that her lover's shadowy form
Beckoned her to the shore.

And swift to save she braved the wave,
And reached the shore and found
His riderless horse, with head hung low,
A blur of blood on the saddle-bow,
And the empty night around.

THE BETTER LOT

Her life was bound to crutches: pale and bent,
But smiling ever, she would go and come:
For of her soul God made an instrument
Of strength and comfort to an humble home.

Better a life of toil and slow disease
That Love companions through the patient years,
Than one whose heritage is loveless ease,
That never knows the blessedness of tears.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

It seemed to the literary critics in 1901 that William Vaughn Moody might become the greatest figure in American literature in his generation. Tuberculosis overtook him in 1909 when he was at the height of his power. He died in 1910.

He was born in Indiana, in 1869, and was educated at Harvard. Travel, writing, and eight years of teaching at the University of Chicago occupied the rest of his life.

He wrote prose plays of which one, *The Great Divide*, was very successful. Its first act is probably the best in American dramatic literature. The best of his poetry appeared in *Poems* (1901). One is instantly impressed with the independence of his mind, the social passion of his heart, the precision of his utterance, the restraint of his art. "Gloucester Moors," like Markham's "The Man with the Hoe," protests against economic exploitation. "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" is a hot denunciation of America's keeping the newly conquered islands. It required courage to publish it as his feeling was opposed to the prevailing sentiment of his fellow-countrymen.

Time will probably enhance his reputation.

The editor regrets that permission to quote an adequate representation from his work cannot be obtained.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

The parents of Paul Laurence Dunbar were negro slaves. His father escaped to the North by the Underground Railway. Both parents learned to read after their marriage, an evidence of unusual ambition. Their son, in his day the chief interpreter of the colored people in American literature, was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1872, and died there in 1906.

He was graduated with honors from the schools of Dayton. Finding many kinds of employment closed to him he became an elevator boy, till in 1899 he found work at the Library of Congress in Washington. When his poetry had become well known he gave readings from his works both in America and in England.

More than half his poetry is in "straight" English. He was prouder of those poems than of his dialect verse. They are, however, characterless and of no lasting value. His work in negro dialect is charming; on a few of these poems he has built an enduring reputation. These verses consist of simple humorous pictures of the everyday joys, sorrows, and foibles of his race. He is less given than later colored poets have been to propaganda in behalf of his own people. William Dean Howells, his friend, pointed out that Dunbar "feels the negro life æsthetically and expresses it lyrically."

LITTLE BROWN BABY

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
  Come to yo' pappy an' set on his knee.
What you been doin', suh — makin' san' pies?
  Look at dat bib — you's ez du'ty ez me.
Look at dat mouf — dat's merlasses, I bet;
  Come hyeah, Maria, an' wipe off his han's.
Bees gwine to ketch you an' eat you up yit,
  Bein' so sticky an' sweet — goodness lan's!

Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes,
  Who's pappy's darlin' an' who's pappy's chile?
Who is it all de day nevah once tries
  Fu' to be cross, er once loses dat smile?

Whah did you git dem teef? My, you's a scamp!
Whah did dat dimple come f'om in yo' chin?
Pappy do' know you — I b'lieves you's a tramp;
Mammy, dis hyeah's some ol' straggler got in!

Let's th'ow him outen de do' in de san',
We do' want stragglers a-layin' 'roun' hyeah;
Let's gin him 'way to de big buggah-man;
I know he's hidin' erroun' hyeah right neah.
Buggah-man, buggah-man, come in de do',
Heah's a bad boy you kin have fu' to eat.
Mammy an' pappy do' want him no mo',
Swaller him down f'om his haid to his feet!

Dah, now, I t'ought dat you'd hug me up close.
Go back, ol' buggah, you shan't have dis boy.
He ain't no tramp, ner no straggler, of co'se;
He's pappy's pa'dner an' playmate an' joy.
Come to you' pallet now — go to yo' res';
Wisht you could allus know ease an' cleah skies;
Wisht you could stay jes' a chile on my breas' —
Little brown baby wif spa'klin' eyes!

ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

Anna Hempstead Branch was born at New London, Connecticut, and was graduated from Smith College in 1897.

She wrote one play, *Rose of the Wind*, which was produced in 1910. Her best verse is in *The Shoes That Danced* (1905). Her poems are thoughtful rather than ecstatic in mood, careful rather than spontaneous in manner.

SONGS FOR MY MOTHER

Her Hands

My mother's hands are cool and fair,
They can do anything.
Delicate mercies hide them there
Like flowers in the spring.

When I was small and could not sleep,
She used to come to me,
And with my cheek upon her hand
How sure my rest would be.

For everything she ever touched
Of beautiful or fine,
Their memories living in her hands
Would warm that sleep of mine.

Her hands remember how they played
One time in meadow streams, —
And all the flickering song and shade
Of water took my dreams.

Swift through her haunted fingers pass
Memories of garden things; —
I dipped my face in flowers and grass
And sounds of hidden wings.

One time she touched the cloud that kissed
Brown pastures bleak and far; —
I leaned my cheek into a mist
And thought I was a star.

All this was very long ago
And I am grown; but yet
The hand that lured my slumbers so
I never can forget.

For still when drowsiness comes on
It seems so soft and cool,
Shaped happily beneath my cheek,
Hollow and beautiful.

OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

Olive Tilford Dargan was born in Grayson County, Kentucky. After her education at the University of Nashville and Radcliffe College, she traveled abroad and later taught in the west and in Canada till her marriage. She now divides her time between New York City and Almond, North Carolina. At the latter place she does her writing and runs a farm as an avocation.

Her first work appeared in 1904. She has published several books, the best of which are *Path Flower and Other Poems* (1914) and *The Cycle's Rim* (1916). For the latter book she received the prize of five hundred dollars offered by the Southern Society of New York for the best book of that year by a southern author.

PATH FLOWER

A red-cap sang in Bishop's wood,
  A lark o'er Golder's lane,
As I the April pathway trod
  Bound west for Willesden.

At foot each tiny blade grew big
  And taller stood to hear,
And every leaf on every twig
  Was like a little ear.

As I too paused, and both ways tried
  To catch the rippling rain, —
So still, a hare kept at my side
  His tussock of disdain, —

Behind me close I heard a step,
  A soft pit-pat surprise,
And looking round my eyes fell deep
  Into sweet other eyes;

The eyes like wells, where sun lies too,
So clear and trustful brown,
Without a bubble warning you
That here's a place to drown.

"How many miles?" Her broken shoes
Had told of more than one.
She answered like a dreaming Muse,
"I came from Islington."

"So long a tramp?" Two gentle nods
Then seemed to lift a wing,
And words fell soft as willow-buds,
"I came to find the Spring."

A timid voice, yet not afraid
In ways so sweet to roam,
As it with honey bees had played
And could no more go home.

Her home! I saw the human lair,
I heard the hucksters bawl,
I stifled with the thickened air
Of bickering mart and stall.

Without a tuppence for a ride,
Her feet had set her free.
Her rags, that decency defied,
Seemed new with liberty.

But she was frail. Who would might note
The trail of hungering
That for an hour she had forgot
In wonder of the Spring.

So shriven by her joy she glowed
It seemed a sin to chat.
(A tea-shop snuggled off the road;
Why did I think of that?)

Oh, frail, so frail! I could have wept, —
But she was passing on,
And I but muddled "You'll accept
A penny for a bun?"

Then up her little throat a spray
Of rose climbed, for it must;
A wilding lost till safe it lay
Hid by her curls of rust;

And I saw modesties at fence
With pride that bore no name;
So old it was she knew not whence
It sudden woke and came;

But that which shone of all most clear
Was startled, sadder thought
That I should give her back the fear
Of life she had forgot.

And I blushed for the world we'd made,
Putting God's hand aside,
Till for the want of sun and shade
His little children died;

And blushed that I who every year
With spring went up and down,
Must greet a soul that ached for her
With "penny for a bun!"

Struck as a thief in holy place
Whose sin upon him cries,
I watched the flowers leave her face,
The song go from her eyes.

Then she, sweet heart, she saw my rout,
And of her charity
A hand of grace put softly out
And took the coin from me.

A red-cap sang in Bishop's wood,
A lark o'er Golder's lane;
But I, alone, still glooming stood,
And April plucked in vain;

Till living words rang in my ears
And sudden music played:
Out of such sacred thirst as hers
The world shall be remade.

Afar she turned her head and smiled
As might have smiled the Spring,
And humble as a wondering child
I watched her vanishing.

BRIAN HOOKER

(William) Brian Hooker was born in 1888 in New York City. He is a graduate of Yale and has been an instructor in English at Yale and Columbia universities. He is the author of the books of two operas, *Mona* and *Fairyland*, for which music was composed by Horatio Parker. Both received prizes in Metropolitan Opera House competitions. In 1923 he made a fine translation in verse of Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* for a revival of that play in America.

His verse is found in *Poems* (1915), a collection of his contributions to periodicals for more than a decade. Nearly all these verses were written

before new influences came into our poetry, about 1911. With his background it was natural for him to adopt conservative patterns. These are, however, vigorous, forthright poems and not tinkling imitations.

IDOLATRY

(*Second of Three Sonnets*)

If God should say: "From all my power to bless
Choose thine own heaven, where the soul shall be
Fired with a white joy, or drowned in a sweet sea
Of everlasting calm forgetfulness."
I should make answer: "Lord, earth's images
Of heaven are fairer; therefore, leave me free —
Make me immortal in mortality —
Thou hast no more to give; grant me no less."

Wonder too deep for dream; glory to blind
The sight of angels; agony to endure
Beyond all sense; hate, laughter, love, and fear —
What need for other worlds? The soul were sure,
After innumerable lives, to find
Ever inviolate adventures here.

A MAN — CHILD'S LULLABY

Little groping hands that must learn the weight of labor,
Little eyes of wonder that must learn to weep;
Mother is thy life now: that shall be tomorrow —
Time enough for trouble — time enough for sorrow —
Now — sleep.

Little dumb lips that shall wake and make a woman,
Little blind heart that shall know the worst and best;

Mother is thy love now: that shall be hereafter —
Time enough for joy, and time enough for laughter —
Now — rest.

Little rosy body, new-born of pain and beauty,
Little lonely soul new-risen from the deep;
Mother is thy world now, whole and satisfying —
Time enough for living — time enough for dying —
Now — sleep.

SECTION TWO

THE MAKERS OF A NEW TRADITION

Critics generally are agreed that the last few years have marked the beginning of a new tradition in American poetry.

It is seldom possible to assign an exact date to the beginning of a period in literature. Several authors generally contribute their influence at various times to a new movement. Each will have his special characteristics, which may obscure the fact that on other points he has a likeness to his contemporaries. After a literary movement is well under way, the student may describe it by observing the characteristics common to the group.

While the birth of this new era cannot be exactly dated, the year 1911 is a convenient one to remember in connection with its beginning. Sara Teasdale's second book — her first to attract much attention — appeared in that year; and Louis Untermeyer and John Hall Wheelock published their first books. Several of the other poets in this section had published verse in books or magazines before 1911, Edwin Arlington Robinson as early as 1896, but those earlier works are not their most memorable ones. The other poets in this section came to public notice in rapid succession between 1911 and 1916.

By 1911 also, a considerable number of young, experimenting poets and their friends were being agitated by their difficulties in getting their work before the public. This led to the establishment in Chicago in 1912 of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, with Harriet Monroe as editor. This was the first magazine in America devoted entirely to poetry. Taken in

connection with the publication of books of verse by the authors here grouped together, the founding of this magazine had several effects. A number of other verse magazines sprang up; and the general periodicals slowly took a more friendly attitude toward the new poetry. Poets who had been unable to obtain a hearing elsewhere found publication through the new, special magazines. Newspapers began to publish biographical sketches of the new poets, and to print favorable reviews of their work. An increasing number of people began to read the new poetry with interest, and to buy books of verse. Some of the authors found a demand for public readings from their works. At the same time a similar movement was under way in England, various American authors residing in London participating in it; and each experimenting group affected and aided the other. In short, by 1916 the new poetry had "arrived."

Most authors are people of exceptional education, acquainted with many of the masterpieces in their own and other languages. Even if they would be, they cannot be entirely divorced from the past. A similarity to some earlier work can always be found in the books of any period. When a literary movement is hailed as new, we mean that it is new as compared with its *immediate* past.

In the English poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries we find much eagerness, energy, and joyousness. The eighteenth century would have none of these qualities; instead, it admired propriety, discipline, and neatness of phrase. Under the influence of these standards of taste, the art of poetry gradually fell during the latter part of the eighteenth century into a period of lifeless and imitative work. Then, in the early years of the nineteenth century, a group of great poets arose who ignored the standards of the generation before them, and again we had energy, eagerness, and joyousness in English verse. Toward the close of the century this

energy was exhausted. In the period 1890–1910, Rudyard Kipling was the only living poet who enjoyed both a popular and a critical reputation throughout the English-speaking world. His energy of utterance and his use of new materials won him this distinction. Swinburne, Housman, Yeats, and Henley in England, and Riley and Field in the United States wrote many excellent things, and their reputations crossed national boundaries to considerable groups of readers. The other authors in Section One of this book, and such English poets as Alice Meynell and Sir William Watson, appealed to still smaller audiences, and were known to few outside their native lands. The lesser poets of the period — those who wrote the bulk of verse in the periodicals — were content to do dull and formal work. The idols of the poetry lovers in those two decades continued to be the great figures of the past, particularly of the first half of the nineteenth century.

However, the pendulum was about to turn, from lifeless to original writing, and from public indifference to public interest. The decade following 1910 witnessed the growth of the reputations of such poets as Yeats and Housman. For their energy and originality they were coming into their own. At the same time many new writers of varying abilities appeared on both sides of the Atlantic, who broke away from the formalism and lifelessness which characterized most of their immediate predecessors. In their works we find again those qualities which make for greatness in art — energy, eagerness, freshness, and fearless individuality. These, moreover, are the qualities of art which command the interest of the general public.

Any art passes into a period of new growth and fresh popular appeal when these two characteristics particularly are found in a considerable group of artists: a willingness to see with their own eyes, instead of accepting the point of view of

former artists; and a willingness to use new materials and to experiment with the medium of their art. Both these characteristics are to be found in the poets of this group, in the Experimentalists, in many of the Lyricists, and in the younger poets of England.

Robinson and Masters give us brief, penetrating studies of individuals where their predecessors had too often been superficial and sentimental. Frost writes blank verse so that it sounds like natural conversation; in the blank verse of former writers we generally find an artificial arrangement of language. Untermeyer, while continuing to use established verse patterns, writes poems with a vivacity and smartness that reflect the quality of the changing social order of our day. Sandburg and Oppenheim, equally interested in the life of their place and day, are possessed by a profound moral seriousness about it; and they have ignored the usual conventions of poetry in expressing their emotions. Leonard espouses unpopular causes with a vigor that the previous generation would have thought lacking in propriety. In one or more respects every poet in this group departs from the methods and materials customarily employed from 1890 to 1910.

Probably in every case similarities between these writers and some earlier poets could be pointed out. Frost's poems, like Wordsworth's early lyrics, strive for naturalness of utterance. Whittier condemned slavery, as Leonard denounces war and mob violence. Walt Whitman in 1855 disdained the conventions of rhyme and exact rhythm of language, as Sandburg, Oppenheim, and others do to-day. William Rose Benét and Amy Lowell follow the example of Byron and others in turning to former times and distant places for the settings for romantic and colorful poems.

When any art is abounding in a new life, it is only natural that some of the artists should discover among themselves a

special kinship of aims and methods. Personal friendships, mutual encouragement, and sometimes collaboration of work will follow. Each of the group will try to call public attention to the work of the whole group. Critics will speak of them as a new school of art. This phenomenon has recently occurred in the field of poetry.

In the first years of the new movement a few writers of verse, both Englishmen and Americans then residing in London, called themselves *imagists*. This has been the only coherent group in the recent revival of poetry, and even this group was coherent for only a short time. In 1915, 1916, and 1917, they published the three anthologies of their work; and since then they have gone each his own way.

Their common creed of six articles, as set forth by Amy Lowell, can be condensed as follows:

1. Use the language of common speech; employ always the exact word, not the nearly exact nor the merely decorative.
2. Create new rhythms as the expressions of new moods.
3. Allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject.
4. Present an image; render particulars exactly, and do not deal in generalities.
5. Produce poetry that is hard and clear, never blurred nor indefinite.
6. Concentration is the essence of poetry.

The imagists declared that these are age-old principles of art which were then being ignored. They were greeted with violent ridicule, and with equally intemperate praise. The group has disintegrated, and violence has disappeared from the discussion of their principles, which are generally recognized as old and sound.

Their example was more valuable than their proclamation of principles. They did try to use the language of common speech, the exact word, and the natural order of language; they did range into fresh fields for subjects: and these were both net gains. Their deliberate experiments in new rhythms

were less successful in themselves, but undoubtedly influenced them and their contemporaries to seek fresh rhythms even in verse in regular patterns.

They failed in another quarter. When they succeeded in making "hard and clear" poetry, they generally failed to make their work deeply moving. They chose subjects that were new but not always good. They conveyed an exact image of what they saw — and there they stopped. Intent on the medium and material of poetry, they often neglected to consider the demands of readers. The average reader wishes to have his feelings stirred by poetry; he prefers to have the mental twistings of the author carefully hidden instead of ostentatiously revealed. (See "The Requisites of the Artist," in the Appendix.)

The only American members of the original group of imagists represented in this book are Amy Lowell and John Gould Fletcher.

Some of the imagists have experimented with a new mode of expression called *polyphonic prose*. It may be described as standing between free verse and prose. It is printed as prose. The only rhythm of language employed is such as may be suggested by the thing described. The authors use repetition, balance, and rhyming at irregular intervals, to heighten their effects. At its best, it is more condensed than ordinary prose and less compact than poetry. In descriptions it can be used with brilliant effect. Amy Lowell, who introduced it to America, has used it as the medium for the four narratives that comprise her book, *Can Grande's Castle*. Thus far its appeal has been to critics and students rather than to the general public. No illustrations are given in this book.

Some book reviewers have used the terms *free verse* and *imagism* as though they meant the same thing. Emphatically they do not. Poetry not written in a regular pattern of rhythm is free verse. Poetry that tries to present a "hard

and clear" image is imagism. The imagists use both free and regular patterns, and so do the other poets.

The poets included in this section are those whose work has been most influential in bringing in the new era. They have these things in common. All of them are mature personalities and conscientious artists. Though the fact cannot be shown in all cases within the limitations of this book, all of them are profoundly interested in the world about them. All of them are widely read in English literature, and most of them in other languages as well. By 1911 most of them had passed through the period of apprenticeship, to an individuality of utterance. Most of them have experimented with language patterns or new rhythms. Most of them have sought material in new fields. Their courage, their fresh methods, and their success have heartened their younger contemporaries.

Some of the poets in the sections called The Lyricists and The Poets of the Far Corners, and all The Experimentalists, have also used new materials or have experimented in the use of language. Those authors have been gathered into this section who have written the greater amount of poetry, who have exercised the wider influence on their contemporaries, and who have been the first to break away from previous methods of work.

The poets in this group show a wide range of method, material, and intense, personal reaction to the world about them. Each one has his own style. Any sensitive student of literature who had read twenty pages of the work of each of these poets could probably place a new poem by any one of them by its style. They do not need to be judged by the tolerant standards we apply to amateurs. It would, of course, be unfair to compare their poorest work with the finest passages in Shakespeare or Milton. Their best work will not suffer greatly when placed beside comparable selections from the long-admired poets of England and America.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Edwin Arlington Robinson was born in 1869 at Head Tide, Maine. His youth was passed in Gardiner, a small Maine city. He entered Harvard College but did not complete his course. He went to New York as a young man to devote his life to the writing of poetry. His second important book was called to the attention of President Roosevelt, whose praise of it still failed to stir general interest in the poet's work. President Roosevelt offered Robinson a place in the New York Custom House, which he accepted and held for five years, 1905–1910. He is still actively writing, dividing his time between New York in the winter and Peterboro, New Hampshire, in the summer.

His books are: *The Children of the Night* (1897); *Captain Craig* (1902); *The Town Down the River* (1910); *The Man Against the Sky* (1916); *Merlin* (1917); *Lancelot* (1920); *Avon's Harvest* (1921). All these were gathered into his *Collected Poems* (1921), for which he was awarded the Pulitzer prize. *Roman Bartholow* appeared in 1923; *The Man Who Died Twice* in 1924, and *Dionysus in Doubt* in 1925.

Such skeleton facts about any poet's life tell little about the artist. This is particularly true of Robinson.

In the early nineties when he began to write, business was held by common consent to be almost the only proper vocation for a man. If a man must write let him do plays or novels at which he might make some money! Poetry in America was tinkly and superficial — something for women to be interested in perhaps, but no proper concern for a man. It was assumed that all the good poetry the world would ever see had been written by great poets long dead.

Such was the drift of public feeling. For nearly twenty years he pursued his own course counter to that sentiment, undisturbed by the fact that he received no recognition or rewards. That required a high order of courage.

What interests him are the hidden things in human character and these he partly portrays and partly implies. His famous poem, "Richard Cory," is a perfect summary of his method of handling material. He tells us little about Richard Cory's appearance, tastes, interests, or morals, yet he conveys to us a clear picture of the essential quality of the man by the indirect method of telling us his effect on other people. And then in the last two lines he practically says: "All that I have told you is nothing. There is a mystery about him that neither his associates nor you nor I will ever penetrate."

Robinson's mind matured early. He has a profound understanding of human motives, frailties, and limitations. He can present in a few lines a shrewd picture of a man, with a gentle irony for his foibles, a

humorous touch for his peculiarities, and pity rather than contempt for his weaknesses.

Robinson early developed a personal idiom which is recognizable in any of his poems. He has not used free verse. Holding the most exacting standards of meter and rhyme he has yet succeeded in making old verse patterns seem flexible and easy. He seems to wear them unconsciously, as a man wears an old coat.

It must be acknowledged, however, that his work will never have a general popularity. He is a poet for poets. Probably no American poet is more esteemed by his fellow artists in England. Other authors will study him with a growing amazement for his dexterity, his precision in presenting subtle ideas, his individual music. But only mature minds will find delight in him. He appeals to the mind rather than the heart. In his desire to be precise he frequently becomes involved; and the average reader wants work that is quickly understandable. He makes use of many words little known. His sentences are often too long. (One contains 150 words!) His subtleties sometimes lack adequate substance; as a result many of his poems seem thin.

It is easy to see why Robinson has had a marked influence on many of his contemporaries. He showed them that any man of strong personality can find new ways of using old verse patterns; and also that subtle analysis of character can be accomplished in a few lines.

RICHARD CORY

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him:
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored, and imperially slim.

And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good morning," and he glittered when he walked.

And he was rich — yes, richer than a king —
And admirably schooled in every grace:
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.

So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

REUBEN BRIGHT

Because he was a butcher and thereby
Did earn an honest living (and did right),
I would not have you think that Reuben Bright
Was any more a brute than you or I;
For when they told him that his wife must die,
He stared at them, and shook with grief and fright,
And cried like a great baby half that night,
And made the women cry to see him cry.

And after she was dead, and he had paid
The singers and the sexton and the rest,
He packed a lot of things that she had made
Most mournfully away in an old chest
Of hers, and put some chopped-up cedar boughs
In with them, and tore down the slaughter-house.

UNCLE ANANIAS

His words were magic and his heart was true,
  And everywhere he wandered he was blessed.
Out of all ancient men my childhood knew
  I choose him and I mark him for the best.
Of all authoritative liars, too,
  I crown him loveliest.

How fondly I remember the delight
  That always glorified him in the spring;
The joyous courage and the benedight
  Profusion of his faith in everything!

He was a good old man, and it was right
That he should have his fling.

And often, underneath the apple-trees,
When we surprised him in the summer time,
With what superb magnificence and ease
He sinned enough to make the day sublime!
And if he liked us there about his knees,
Truly it was no crime.

All summer long we loved him for the same
Perennial inspiration of his lies;
And when the russet wealth of autumn came,
There flew but fairer visions to our eyes —
Multiple, tropical, winged with a feathery flame,
Like birds of paradise.

So to the sheltered end of many a year
He charmed the seasons out with pageantry
Wearing upon his forehead, with no fear,
The laurel of approved iniquity.
And every child who knew him, far or near,
Did love him faithfully.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Descendant of pioneering stock, Edgar Lee Masters was born in 1869 at Garnett, Kansas. While he was a boy the family moved to Illinois. The son spent much of his vacation time in a small hamlet and thus learned the life of the country village. He was educated at Knox College. His father, a lawyer, wished him to follow the same profession; and somewhat reluctantly he consented. He was admitted to the bar in 1891 and became a successful attorney in Chicago. His legal training in gathering and evaluating facts has been an advantage to him as a writer; but the division of his energies between law and literature seems to have tinged his work with bitterness.

As a boy he devoured the masters of nineteenth century English literature and began to write in unconscious imitation of them. Be-

tween 1898 and 1908 he published several conventional books of poems and plays on historical subjects. They attracted little attention.

In 1914 the versatile publisher of *Reedy's Mirror* suggested to Masters that he write about something of which he had first-hand knowledge — the people of the farms and hamlets of Illinois. For his literary model Masters turned to *The Greek Anthology*, a collection of short incisive character sketches. He soon sent Mr. Reedy the first of an amazing series of character studies in ten to twenty-five lines each. They were first published in *Reedy's Mirror*, and in 1915 in book form as *The Spoon River Anthology*. This book is a landmark in American literature.

Each poem purports to be a statement of the exact truth about some deceased resident of the imaginary town of Spoon River. Sometimes the characters are described by sympathetic observers; in most cases the dead speak for themselves, in explanation and apology, in contentment, or in exaltation. In these five thousand lines is condensed enough material for an epic. Not Dickens himself has been able to people a given number of pages with so many sharply drawn characters, which range the whole gamut of human worth. Crime, greed, cowardice, hypocrisy, futility, stupidity, contentment, steadfastness, courage, self-sacrifice, and spiritual exaltation — all are here. The most memorable figures are those who were thwarted of their dearest desires, sometimes by others, sometimes by fate, oftenest by their own faults.

The reception given the book was remarkable. Probably no book of American verse was so quickly and widely read, so eagerly applauded, or so hotly denounced. Here was plain speaking about various matters which the public was not accustomed to see in print; that made enemies. Here was an honesty that swept aside every kind of conventional pettiness; that made friends. Above all here were acute portrayals of ourselves and our neighbors; that stimulated curiosity.

For his normal medium Masters started with blank verse — and departed from its pattern more than half the time. The rush of thought and feeling makes the reader forget the irregularity of his rhythms and the roughness of his lines. This is assuredly poetry in spite of its ignoring of conventional technique because of its speed, its condensation, and the passionate emotion which informs it.

Masters quickly followed up his first success with other books; for he writes easily and his mind was already well stored with material. (*Songs and Satires*, 1916; *The Great Valley*, 1916; *Toward the Gulf*, 1918; *Starved Rock*, 1919; *Domesday Book*, 1920; *Mitch Miller*, a prose story for boys, 1920; *Open Sea*, 1921.) In spite of a number of good poems in these books they have disappointed his admirers because of their diffuseness.

Under the title, *The New Spoon River*, he wrote another book of epitaphs in 1923. He is here represented by selections from that volume. This book suggests the two main recent changes in village life

in the Middle West — the increasing dependence of the villages on the cities and the change in population through the influx of immigrants. These epitaphs sometimes lack the lift and sting of the earlier volume, erring, where the former book did not, in bluntly stating the author's conclusions from his material instead of allowing his readers to draw their own inferences.

MARJORIE HUNGERFORD

Such waste of granite and fruitful land!
Put a tablet of bronze on this house of mine.
Say that I loved it, made it a place of beauty;
Say that I dreamed here, often stood at the window
In rapturous Springs, hearing the robin at dawn.
Say that my friends were feasted here and were happy.
Say that I waited here for the one great friend.
Say that he came and knew my house and loved it,
And kissed the door because my hand had touched it,
And kissed the step because it had known my feet.
Say that life at last to me was heaven.
But as the Fall draws Summer, and Summer Spring
Into the year that melts in the light of Time,
Say he was drawn away, and I walked the halls,
And stood by the window, naming the distant stars.
Then say that I closed the house, and made it a Temple
To Memory, a tomb of departed Beauty!
O world! O time! If fire or decay destroy
This house of mine, keep for a little the tablet,
Keep it, though it pass to ignorant hands, or mocking —
I have done my part by the Beauty I loved and lost!

HEINE LA SALLE

Oh, you theologians and preachers and sectarians,
And makers of rituals and creeds,
You have missed the story of Jesus,
And left it to us, the artists, children of sorrow, to know it.

For the *Iliad* is nothing but the story of Achilles' wrath,
And the *Odyssey* nothing but the story of the wanderings of
Ulysses —
But this story of Jesus is the forecast and symbol,
The epitome and epic,
Of every soul, chiefly of every genius soul.
First the humble birth; then the youth of twelve,
Like Mozart conferring with the masters.
The vision of destiny, then, the disappearance and
preparation.
The return, a master, and the raptured words of youth.
By their side the doubt of father and mother and brethren,
And the village that knew his origin.
Then persecution, because society fears
Always the genius soul.
And that turns the sweet song sour, turns love to hate.
The betrayer among your own! Always the betrayer!
Your own sleep while you watch — the task is yours.
The cup! Terrified that it must be, wondering,
Praying that it might pass.
Darkness of the soul in the midnight of doubt,
And death.
Then Wonder, the maker of myths;
And the Intercessor, posthumous fame,
And adoration, a thing of rote.

CAPTAIN ROBINSON

If the tune, "Spoon River," played by the nameless fiddler,
Heard by me as a youth in the evenings of fifty-seven,
By the cabin door on the banks of the little stream,
May under the genius hands of Percy Grainger
Become a symphony utterable to the baton
Of great conductors, and only thus, in brasses,

Viols, violins, flutes, and strings of the harp;
The boom of the drums, the thunder-tubes of the organ —
If this may be, may not my dream of the sixties
Flower to a drama of song, a great Republic?
Till the smoke of the cabin, the smell of honey and corn,
And days of labor and evenings of friendly talk,
And nights of peaceful sleep under friendly stars,
And courage, and singing nerves, and honest hope,
And freedom for men to live as men, and laughter,
And all sweet things that ripple the tune of the fiddler
Become a symphony rich and deep as the sea!

MRS. GARD WAFUL

My grandmother kept house and made the garden,
And spun and cooked and raised ten children.
My mother headed a house that was kept
By servants, and raised three children.
But I knew the art of running a club,
And how to select a receiving committee,
And how to speak at a luncheon given
For visiting celebrities.
And there is my daughter Marylin,
Known to the press at ten years old,
And fated to be a noted actress —
See to it, new Spoon River!

BARTON FAIRMAN

Deluded souls! Do you know why you make bequests
To libraries, hospitals, churches?
You fancy yourself on a balustrade up there,
Overhearing the reading of your will,

And the exclamations, "What a great soul!"
It will not be so.
Your thrill is now,
Fancying yourself listening then.

MAYOR MARSTON

Every mayor before me, far back as memory ran,
Had been denounced as a demagogue dreamer,
Or else as a thief or a crook —
Yet I took the place with a hope,
Intending to beautify, give the people their money's worth,
Make big offenders toe the mark.
As of old the *Ledger* was trying to sell
Its land for a park, but I balked that.
Then I whacked the noses of monstrous swine
Away from the trough. What happened? Well,
The crime wave broke — in the *Ledger's* pages!
What hold-ups, gamblers, lawless booze,
And places of vice!
The churches began to chatter,
And the courts took a hand against me.
They blackened my name, and the name of the town —
They killed me to get their way.
And this is the bandit game, my friends,
Of what is called democracy!

AMY LOWELL

Amy Lowell was born of a distinguished family in Brookline, Massachusetts, in 1874. She was educated by tutors and by extensive travel in Europe and Egypt. This gave her an early acquaintance with various languages and arts and a love of the bright colored and exotic.

When she was nearly thirty she determined to become a poet. For eight years she studied the classics of various literatures and practiced writing without trying to publish a line. Her first book, *A Dome of Many-Colored Glass* (1912), is lacking in personal flavor.

In 1914 appeared *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed*, one of the landmarks in the new poetry. Here she began to speak in her own idiom. This book contained poems which identified the author with the imagists whom she was the first to introduce to critical attention in America. It also presented polyphonic prose to the American public for the first time. In her study of recent French poetry she had found that M. Paul Fort employed a pattern consisting of verse and prose passages used alternately. She believed that a closer union of prose and verse was possible and developed this new manner of writing. It is at its best in some passages in the work of John Gould Fletcher and in her own later book, *Can Grande's Castle*. It is thus as an experimenter that she has first and chiefly attracted fame.

Men, Women, and Ghosts (1916) revealed a further advance in power and craftsmanship. It is a collection of many subjects, moods, and manners. Long narratives of conventional plot are told in difficult, rhyming stanzas. Character sketches in Yankee dialect, told in broken verse, jog elbows with pieces in polyphonic prose. She attempts to describe a girl rolling a hoop, an orchestra playing a discordant composition, the appearance of fish in an aquarium, with dubious success; but a difficult or unsuitable subject never daunts her. This book contains "The Fruit Shop," quoted below, an undeniable success. This, one of several poems set in Napoleonic times, conveys the effect of colors with lively vividness and at the same time implies a good deal about her characters and the customs of people at a brief moment in French history. This method — that is, the explicit description of settings and the implicit treatment of characters — is to be found in many of her poems. However, in one poem, "Patterns," she reaches her highest point in the portrayal of emotion. The effect of the book as a whole is that of a whirlwind laden with the colors from an artist's pallet. Motion and color, skillfully handled, frequently usurp the place of emotion, the more usual theme of poets.

Pictures of the Floating World (1919), like the two previous books, shows the extraordinary range of her interests and an undiminished power. Her later books of verse are *Legends* (1921) and *Fir-Flower Tablets* (with Florence Ayscough) in the same year. The latter book is a rendering of poems from the Chinese.

She is also the author of two volumes of critical essays, *Six French Poets* (1915) and *Tendencies in Modern American Poetry* (1917).

For her breaking of conventions, for her experiments with new language patterns, for her variety of interest and power, and for a considerable number of fine poems, she must be ranked among the few important American poets of the first quarter of this century.

Amy Lowell died in 1925, shortly after the completion of her remarkable biography of John Keats. Her *What's O'Clock*, posthumously published, is not equal to the finest things in her earlier books.

THE FRUIT SHOP

Cross-ribboned shoes; a muslin gown,
High-waisted, girdled with bright blue;
A straw poke bonnet which hid the frown
She puckered her little brows into
As she picked her dainty passage through
The dusty street. "Ah, Mademoiselle,
A dirty pathway, we need rain,
My poor fruits suffer, and the shell
Of this nut's too big for its kernel, lain
Here in the sun it has shrunk again.
The baker down at the corner says
We need a battle to shake the clouds;
But I am a man of peace, my ways
Don't look to the killing of men in crowds.
Poor fellows with guns and bayonets for shrouds!
Pray, Mademoiselle, come out of the sun.
Let me dust off that wicker chair. It's cool
In here, for the green leaves I have run
In a curtain over the door, make a pool
Of shade. You see the pears on that stool —
The shadow keeps them plump and fair."
Over the fruiterer's door, the leaves
Held back the sun, a greenish flare
Quivered and sparked the shop, the sheaves
Of sunbeams, glanced from the sign on the eaves,
Shot from the golden letters, broke
And splintered to little scattered lights.
Jeanne Tourmont entered the shop, her poke
Bonnet tilted itself to rights,
And her face looked out like the moon on nights
Of flickering clouds. "Monsieur Popain, I
Want gooseberries, an apple or two,

Or excellent plums, but not if they're high;
Haven't you some which a strong wind blew?
I've only a couple of francs for you."
Monsieur Popain shrugged and rubbed his hands.
What could he do, the times were sad.
A couple of francs, and such demands!
And asking for fruits a little bad.
Wind-blown indeed! He never had
Anything else than the very best.
He pointed to baskets of blunted pears
With the thin skin tight like a bursting vest,
All yellow, and red, and brown, in smears.
Monsieur Popain's voice denoted tears.
He took up a pear with tender care,
And pressed it with his hardened thumb.
"Smell it, Mademoiselle, the perfume there
Is like lavender, and sweet thoughts come
Only from having a dish at home.
And those grapes! They melt in the mouth like wine,
Just a click of the tongue, and they burst to honey.
They're only this morning off the vine,
And I paid for them down in silver money.
The Corporal's widow is witness, her pony
Brought them in at sunrise today.
Those oranges — Gold! They're almost red.
They seem little chips just broken away
From the sun itself. Or perhaps instead
You'd like a pomegranate, they're rarely gay,
When you split them the seeds are like crimson spray.
Yes, they're high, they're high, and those Turkey figs,
They all come from the South, and Nelson's ships
Make it a little hard for our rigs.
They must be forever giving the slips
To the cursed English, and when men clips

Through powder to bring them, why dainties mounts
A bit in price. Those almonds now,
I'll strip off that husk, when one discounts
A life or two in a nigger row
With the man who grew them, it does seem how
They would come dear; and then the fight
At sea perhaps, our boats have heels
And mostly they sail along at night,
But once in a way they're caught; one feels
Ivory's not better nor finer — why peels
From an almond kernel are worth two sous.
It's hard to sell them now," he sighed.
"Purses are tight, but I shall not lose.
There's plenty of cheaper things to choose."
He picked some currants out of a wide
Earthen bowl. "They make the tongue
Almost fly out to suck them, bride
Currants they are, they were planted long
Ago for some new Marquise, among
Other great beauties, before the Chateau
Was left to rot. Now the gardener's wife,
He that marched off to his death at Marengo,
Sells them to me; she keeps her life
From snuffing out, with her pruning knife.
She's a poor old thing, but she learnt the trade
When her man was young, and the young Marquis
Couldn't have enough garden. The flowers he made
All new! And the fruits! But 'twas said that he
Was no friend of the people, and so they laid
Some charge against him, a cavalcade
Of citizens took him away; they meant
Well, but I think there was some mistake.
He just pottered round in his garden, bent
On growing things; we were so awake

In those days for the New Republic's sake.
He's gone, and the garden's all that's left
Not in ruin, but the currants and apricots,
And peaches, furred and sweet, with a cleft
Full of morning dew, in those green-glazed pots,
Why, Mademoiselle, there is never an eft
Or worm among them, and as for theft,
How the old woman keeps them I cannot say,
But they're finer than any grown this way."
Jeanne Tourmont drew back the filigree ring
Of her striped silk purse, tipped it upside down
And shook it, two coins fell with a ding
Of striking silver, beneath her gown
One rolled, the other lay, a thing
Sparked white and sharply glistening,
In a drop of sunlight between two shades.
She jerked the purse, took its empty ends,
And crumpled them toward the center braids.
The whole collapsed to a mass of blends
Of colours and stripes. "Monsieur Popain, friends
We have always been. In the days before
The Great Revolution my aunt was kind
When you needed help. You need no more;
'Tis we now who must beg at your door,
And will you refuse?" The little man
Bustled, denied, his heart was good,
But times were hard. He went to a pan
And poured upon the counter a flood
Of pungent raspberries, tanged like wood.
He took a melon with rough green rind
And rubbed it well with his apron tip.
Then he hunted over the shop to find
Some walnuts cracking at the lip,
And added to these a barberry slip

Whose acrid, oval berries hung
Like fringe and trembled. He reached a round
Basket, with handles, from where it swung
Against the wall, laid it on the ground
And filled it, then he searched and found
The francs Jeanne Tourmont had let fall.
"You'll return the basket, Mademoiselle?"
She smiled, "The next time that I call,
Monsieur. You know that very well."
'Twas lightly said, but meant to tell.
Monsieur Popain bowed, somewhat abashed.
She took her basket and stepped out.
The sunlight was so bright it flashed
Her eyes to blindness, and the rout
Of the little street was all about.
Through glare and noise she stumbled, dazed.
The heavy basket was a care.
She heard a shout and almost grazed
The panels of a chaise and pair.
The postboy yelled, and an amazed
Face from the carriage window gazed.
She jumped back just in time, her heart
Beating with fear. Through whirling light
The chaise departed, but her smart
Was keen and bitter. In the white
Dust of the street she saw a bright
Streak of colours, wet and gay,
Red like blood. Crushed but fair,
Her fruit stained the cobbles of the way.
Monsieur Popain joined her there.
"Tiens, Mademoiselle,
c'est le Général Bonaparte, partant pour
la Guerre!"

ROBERT FROST

Robert (Lee) Frost was born of New England parents in 1875 in San Francisco, where his father edited a newspaper. There is no trace in his poetry of his ten boyhood years in that bustling city.

After the death of his father in 1885, his mother returned to Lawrence, Massachusetts, where her son was graduated from the high school in 1892, valedictorian of his class. By that time he had determined to write poetry and was already fumbling toward that individual style of "talking" verse now recognized as characteristic of him. One poem, "My Butterfly," now included in his book, *A Boy's Will*, was printed about this time in the *Independent*.

For the next five years (and indeed the next twenty) he must have been regarded by his intimates as a problem. He obstinately persisted in writing poetry! Among the hard-headed of the world that always seems the acme of foolishness. One friend asked him if he would stick at it for as much as a year in the face of disappointments. "For twenty!" he flashed back. He spoke truer than he knew. For twenty years little of his work found its way into print.

In 1892 he entered Dartmouth College. He soon felt that he was getting nothing out of college; he felt too that he was needed at home. So he left college in the middle of his first year, taught a country school for a few months, and then went to work in a mill.

He turned his hand during the next five years to many things to earn his living, chiefly to teaching country schools and for brief periods to factory labor. His factory experiences furnished the material for various poems of which only one has ever appeared in print. He married an old schoolmate when he was twenty and has had four children. Most followers of the arts are centered in themselves and their work, for all arts are severe masters and resist divided allegiance. Mr. Frost's course indicates a healthy normality.

He spent two years (1897–1899) at Harvard, the second year dividing his energies between study and the support of his family. Then he was provided by his grandfather with a farm near Derry, New Hampshire. On it he made a living and wrote poetry for eight years. They were lonely years for him and his wife, but the absence of diversions made possible a concentration on writing during long winter evenings. About once a year they would select some of his verses to be sent to periodicals. Invariably they came back. He says, "I never got the rejection habit. I'd send them out about twice; then I'd get mad and put them away."

There followed three years (1909–1912) of farming combined with teaching. One year he taught psychology at a normal school. (At various times he has taught everything between kindergarten and university post-graduate work.) Three of the poems in his most famous

work, *North of Boston*, were done by 1912. These too found no welcome among American editors. Then came the great uprooting of his life.

He sold his farm and went with his family to England in September, 1912, prepared to live on his capital till it was exhausted. That required a high order of courage, or recklessness. He chose England as a residence primarily because it was cheaper to live there than elsewhere. He knew no one in England and carried no letters of introduction. He felt the need of change, of a new atmosphere, of uninterrupted time in which to write. And, he adds humorously, "I wanted to go far enough so that my friends wouldn't have to be looking at me with disapproval for pulling up my roots."

The turning point of his career as a poet had come through a casual remark from a friend about the year 1902. This friend, a man of education, had learned that his neighbor was writing poems and asked to see some of them. He returned them saying he felt they were "too near the level of common speech to achieve popularity." Common speech! That was what unconsciously Mr. Frost had been trying to get in his verse. This remark made him work to that end consciously.

Not a conventional farm dialect but the best sort of contemporary speech with the racy savor of its place and people, he now adopted as his medium. Much poetry is written to be sung, or to be printed; Mr. Frost's cries out to be read aloud. He forces the hard-and-fast meters of poetry to accept these natural speech rhythms with the least possible wrenching of the metrical pattern. And to add to the tang of his work, he incorporates bodily, and naturally, some characteristic expressions of the country side. (Cf. — "nigh as big's a biscuit," in "The Code.")

Once in England, he settled his family in Beaconsfield, a London suburb, submitted the manuscript of *A Boy's Will* to a publisher, and went to writing the rest of the poems which made up his second volume. *A Boy's Will* was accepted and appeared in the spring of 1913. It is a sequence of subjective poems quite unlike the later books on which his fame will chiefly rest. That they have an individual style was instantly recognized. The book brought him friends among the many young English poets.

It was a stimulating world for him. Foreign influences, chiefly French, were acting on the newer English poets, who were trying to write from fresh points of view. An audience was ready to greet from any quarter work which did not imitate earlier masters.

Frost went to live in the country early in 1914, neighbor to two poets. *North of Boston*, his best known book, as American as corn bread, was completed in that English countryside and was published in London that same spring. Its success in England was instant. American praise promptly followed. On his return to the United States in 1915 he found himself famous. He has divided his time since then between

farming, teaching at Amherst College and the University of Michigan, and writing his two later books, *Mountain Interval* (1916) and *New Hampshire* (1923). That seven-year interval should be noted. He did not change his usual slow mode of writing.

It would be easy to overemphasize or to understate the grayness of his pictures of the people and scenes of the New England countryside which every critic observes in his work. The New England he came to know after 1885 had for two generations been drained of many of its most resourceful spirits, who had gone to build up the West. On its thin and overcropped lands the farmers could win a restricted living only by severe labor. Work was tempered by too little recreation among the farmers. Isolation marked many of the country people with characteristics in a gradation from sturdy independence to eccentricity. Social custom, religion, and racial stock all exerted an influence toward high rectitude of character. The Yankee is as quietly anxious to do his duty as some newer and noisier Americans are to get their rights. On the other hand these impulses toward self-control sometimes become repressive of simple joyousness.

The Yankee is a man of strongly marked characteristics, which are accepted and cherished in the community in a democratic manner. He is a man of an inquiring turn of mind and often an idealist. Pride in one's abilities, even though they be only for humble tasks, is universal. (Cf. "The Code.") To do your duty by your own is a part of every man's philosophy. This is nowhere better summed up than in the sentence in "The Death of the Hired Man," "Home is the place where, when you have to go there, they have to take you in."

So much for those who emphasize the grayness of Frost's work. It must be added that the Yankee temperament is leavened with a sense of humor sometimes frank and broad, more often dry and fleeting. He tosses a humorous aside into his conversation. If the hearer fails to catch it, that is his loss.

All these characteristics of New England and its people are revealed in Frost's poems; sympathetically revealed, for he is writing about his own people. He has too a poet's appreciation of the sternness and beauty of nature in New England. In his use of language he has achieved an inimitable originality of style which extends from his studies of people to his quiet lyrics. Altogether he is one of the few poets of to-day likely to be remembered a century hence.

The poems here given are his expressed preferences for this book.

THE DEATH OF THE HIRED MAN

Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table
Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,

She ran on tip-toe down the darkened passage
To meet him in the doorway with the news
And put him on his guard. "Silas is back."
She pushed him outward with her through the door
And shut it after her. "Be kind," she said.
She took the market things from Warren's arms
And set them on the porch, then drew him down
To sit beside her on the wooden steps.

"When was I ever anything but kind to him?
But I'll not have the fellow back," he said.
"I told him so last haying, didn't I?
'If he left then,' I said, 'that ended it.'
What good is he? Who else will harbour him
At his age for the little he can do?
What help he is there's no depending on.
Off he goes always when I need him most.
'He thinks he ought to earn a little pay,
Enough at least to buy tobacco with,
So he won't have to beg and be beholden.'
'All right,' I say, 'I can't afford to pay
Any fixed wages, though I wish I could.'
'Someone else can.' 'Then someone else will have to.'
I shouldn't mind his bettering himself
If that was what it was. You can be certain,
When he begins like that, there's someone at him
Trying to coax him off with pocket money, —
In haying time, when any help is scarce.
In winter he comes back to us. I'm done."

"Sh! not so loud: he'll hear you," Mary said.

"I want him to: he'll have to soon or late."

"He's worn out. He's asleep beside the stove.
When I came up from Rowe's I found him here,

Huddled against the barn door fast asleep,
A miserable sight, and frightening, too —
You needn't smile — I didn't recognise him —
I wasn't looking for him — and he's changed.
Wait till you see."

"Where did you say he'd been?"

"He didn't say. I dragged him to the house,
And gave him tea and tried to make him smoke.
I tried to make him talk about his travels.
Nothing would do: he just kept nodding off."

"What did he say? Did he say anything?"

"But little."

"Anything? Mary, confess,
He said he'd come to ditch the meadow for me."

"Warren!"

"But did he? I just want to know."

"Of course he did. What would you have him say?
Surely you wouldn't grudge the poor old man
Some humble way to save his self-respect.
He added, if you really care to know,
He meant to clear the upper pasture, too.
That sounds like something you have heard before?
Warren, I wish you could have heard the way
He jumbled everything. I stopped to look
Two or three times — he made me feel so queer —
To see if he was talking in his sleep.
He ran on Harold Wilson — you remember —
The boy you had in haying four years since.
He's finished school, and teaching in his college.

Silas declares you'll have to get him back.
He says they two will make a team for work:
Between them they will lay this farm as smooth!
The way he mixed that in with other things.
He thinks young Wilson a likely lad, though daft
On education — you know how they fought
All through July under the blazing sun,
Silas up on the cart to build the load,
Harold along beside to pitch it on."

"Yes, I took care to keep well out of earshot."

"Well, those days trouble Silas like a dream.
You wouldn't think they would. How some things linger!
Harold's young college boy's assurance piqued him.
After so many years he still keeps finding
Good arguments he sees he might have used.
I sympathise. I know just how it feels
To think of the right thing to say too late.
Harold's associated in his mind with Latin.
He asked me what I thought of Harold's saying
He studied Latin like the violin
Because he liked it — that an argument!
He said he couldn't make the boy believe
He could find water with a hazel prong —
Which showed how much good school had ever done him.
He wanted to go over that. But most of all
He thinks if he could have another chance
To teach him how to build a load of hay —"

"I know, that's Silas' one accomplishment.
He bundles every forkful in its place,
And tags and numbers it for future reference,
So he can find and easily dislodge it

In the unloading. Silas does that well.
He takes it out in bunches like big birds' nests.
You never see him standing on the hay
He's trying to lift, straining to lift himself."

"He thinks if he could teach him that, he'd be
Some good perhaps to someone in the world.
He hates to see a boy the fool of books.
Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,
And nothing to look backward to with pride,
And nothing to look forward to with hope,
So now and never any different."

Part of a moon was falling down the west,
Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills,
Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw
And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand
Among the harp-like morning-glory strings,
Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,
As if she played unheard the tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night.
"Warren," she said, "he has come home to die:
You needn't be afraid he'll leave you this time."

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?
It all depends on what you mean by home.
Of course he's nothing to us, any more
Than was the hound that came a stranger to us
Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail."

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in."

"I should have called it
Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

Warren leaned out and took a step or two,
Picked up a little stick and brought it back,
And broke it in his hand and tossed it by.
"Silas has better claim on us you think
Than on his brother? Thirteen little miles
As the road winds would bring him to his door.
Silas has walked that far no doubt today.
Why didn't he go there? His brother's rich,
A somebody — director in a bank."

"He never told us that."
"We know it though."

"I think his brother ought to help, of course.
I'll see to that if there is need. He ought of right
To take him in, and might be willing to —
He may be better than appearances.
But have some pity on Silas. Do you think
If he'd had any pride in claiming kin
Or anything he looked for from his brother,
He'd keep so still about him all this time?"

"I wonder what's between them."

"I can tell you.
Silas is what he is — we wouldn't mind him —
But just the kind that kinsfolk can't abide.
He never did a thing so very bad.
He don't know why he isn't quite as good
As anyone. He won't be made ashamed
To please his brother, worthless though he is."

"*I* can't think Si ever hurt anyone."

"No, but he hurt my heart the way he lay
And rolled his old head on that sharp-edged chair-back.
He wouldn't let me put him on the lounge.
You must go in and see what you can do.
I made the bed up for him there tonight.
You'll be surprised at him — how much he's broken.
His working days are done; I'm sure of it."

"I'd not be in a hurry to say that."

"I haven't been. Go, look, see for yourself.
But, Warren, please remember how it is:
He's come to help you ditch the meadow.
He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at him.
He may not speak of it, and then he may.
I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon."

It hit the moon.
Then there were three there, making a dim row,
The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.
Warren returned — too soon, it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited.

"Warren," she questioned.

"Dead," was all he answered.

THE CODE

There were three in the meadow by the brook
Gathering up windrows, piling cocks of hay,
With an eye always lifted toward the west
Where an irregular sun-bordered cloud
Darkly advanced with a perpetual dagger

Flickering across its bosom. Suddenly
One helper, thrusting pitchfork in the ground,
Marched himself off the field and home. One stayed.
The town-bred farmer failed to understand.

"What is there wrong?"

"Something you just now said."

"What did I say?"

"About our taking pains."

"To cock the hay? — because it's going to shower?
I said that more than half an hour ago.
I said it to myself as much as you."

"You didn't know. But James is one big fool.
He thought you meant to find fault with his work.
That's what the average farmer would have meant.
James would take time, of course, to chew it over
Before he acted: he's just got round to act."

"He is a fool if that's the way he takes me."

"Don't let it bother you. You've found out something.
The hand that knows his business won't be told
To do work better or faster — those two things.
I'm as particular as anyone:
Most likely I'd have served you just the same.
But I know you don't understand our ways.
You were just talking what was in your mind,
What was in all our minds, and you weren't hinting.

"Tell you a story of what happened once:
I was up here in Salem at a man's
Named Sanders with a gang of four or five
Doing the haying. No one liked the boss.
He was one of the kind sports call a spider,
All wiry arms and legs that spread out wavy
From a humped body nigh as big's a biscuit.
But work! that man could work, especially
If by so doing he could get more work
Out of his hired help. I'm not denying
He was hard on himself. I couldn't find
That he kept any hours — not for himself.
Daylight and lantern-light were one to him:
I've heard him pounding in the barn all night.
But what he liked was someone to encourage.
Them that he couldn't lead he'd get behind
And drive, the way you can, you know, in mowing —
Keep at their heels and threaten to mow their legs off.
I'd seen about enough of his bulling tricks
(We call that bulling.) I'd been watching him.
So when he paired off with me in the hayfield
To load the load, thinks I, Look out for trouble.
I built the load and topped it off; old Sanders
Combed it down with the rake and says, 'O. K.'
Everything went well till we reached the barn
With a big catch to empty in a bay.
You understand that meant the easy job
For the man up on top of throwing *down*
The hay and rolling it off wholesale,
Where on a mow it would have been slow lifting.
You wouldn't think a fellow'd need much urging
Under these circumstances, would you now?
But the old fool seizes his fork in both hands,
And looking up bewhiskered out of the pit,

Shouts like an army captain, 'Let her come!'
Thinks I, D'ye mean it? 'What was that you said?'
I asked out loud, so's there'd be no mistake,
'Did you say, Let her come?' 'Yes, let her come.'
He said it over, but he said it softer.
Never you say a thing like that to a man,
Not if he values what he is. God, I'd as soon
Murdered him as left out his middle name.
I'd built the load and knew right where to find
Two or three forksful I picked lightly round for
Like meditating, and then I just dug in
And dumped the rackful on him in ten lots.
I looked over the side once in the dust
And caught sight of him treading-water-like,
Keeping his head above. 'Damn ye,' I says,
'That gets ye!' He squeaked like a squeezed rat.
That was the last I saw or heard of him.
I cleaned the rack and drove out to cool off.
As I sat mopping hayseed from my neck,
And sort of waiting to be asked about it,
One of the boys sings out, 'Where's the old man?'
'I left him in the barn under the hay.
If ye want him, ye can go and dig him out.'
They realized from the way I swobbed my neck
More than was needed something must be up.
They headed for the barn; I stayed where I was.
They told me afterward. First they forked the hay,
A lot of it, out into the barn floor.
Nothing! They listened for him. Not a rustle.
I guess they thought I spiked him in the temple
Before I buried him, or I couldn't have managed.
They excavated more. 'Go keep his wife
Out of the barn.' Someone looked in a window,
And curse me if he wasn't in the kitchen

Slumped way down in a chair, with both his feet
Stuck in the oven, the hottest day that summer.
He looked so clean disgusted from behind
There was no one that dared to stir him up,
Or let him know that he was being looked at.
Apparently I hadn't buried him
(I may have knocked him down); but my just trying
To bury him had hurt his dignity.
He had gone to the house so's not to meet me.
He kept away from us all afternoon.
We tended to his hay. We saw him out
After a while picking peas in the garden:
He couldn't keep away from doing something."

"Weren't you relieved to find he wasn't dead?"

"No! and yet I don't know — it's hard to say.
I went about to kill him fair enough."

"You took an awkward way. Did he discharge you?"

"Discharge me? No! He knew I did just right."

GOOD-BYE AND KEEP COLD

This saying good-bye on the edge of the dark
And cold to an orchard so young in the bark
Reminds me of all that can happen to harm
An orchard away at the end of the farm
All winter, cut off by a hill from the house.
I don't want it girdled by rabbit and mouse,
I don't want it dreamily nibbled for browse
By deer, and I don't want it budded by grouse.
(If certain it wouldn't be idle to call,

I'd summon grouse, rabbit and deer to the wall
And warn them away with a stick for a gun.)
I don't want it stirred by the heat of the sun.
(We made it secure against being, I hope,
By setting it out on a northerly slope.)
No orchard's the worse for the wintriest storm;
But one thing about it, it mustn't get warm.
"How often already you've had to be told,
Keep cold, young orchard. Good-bye and keep cold.
Dread fifty above more than fifty below."
I have to be gone for a season or so.
My business awhile is with different trees,
Less carefully nourished, less fruitful than these,
And such as is done to their wood with an axe —
Maples and birches and tamaracks.
I wish I could promise to lie in the night
And think of an orchard's arboreal plight
When slowly (and nobody comes with a light)
Its heart sinks lower under the sod.
But something has to be left to God.

THE RUNAWAY

Once when the snow of the year was beginning to fall,
We stopped by a mountain pasture to say, "Whose colt?"
A little Morgan had one forefoot on the wall,
The other curled at his breast. He dipped his head
And snorted at us. And then he had to bolt.
We heard the miniature thunder where he fled,
And we saw him or thought we saw him, dim and grey,
Like a shadow against the curtain of falling flakes.
"I think the little fellow's afraid of the snow.
He isn't winter-broken. It isn't play
With the little fellow at all. He's running away.

I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes,
It's only weather.' He'd think she didn't know!
Where is his mother? He can't be out alone."
And now he comes again with clatter of stone,
And mounts the wall again with whited eyes
And all his tail that isn't hair up straight.
He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies.
"Whoever it is that leaves him out so late,
When other creatures have gone to stall and bin,
Ought to be told to come and take him in."

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD

William Ellery Leonard was born in 1876 at Plainfield, New Jersey. He was educated at Harvard, Boston University, Göttingen, and Bonn, and has been on the faculty at the University of Wisconsin since 1906. He has translated or edited numerous books from classic literatures and has written two short plays. His books of verse are *The Vaunt of Man* (1912), *The Lynching Bee* (1920), *Tutankhamen and After* (1924), and *Two Lives* (1925). Probably no American poet has a more extensive knowledge of the best in the world's literature, without which self-criticism is difficult. In 1920 one critic called him the best qualified man in America to write great poetry. Yet it was only with the publication of *Two Lives*, a long narrative told in a sequence of sonnets, that he won widespread recognition. Previously he was known chiefly to the critics and his fellow-poets who admired him highly.

The reason for his lack of popularity is not hard to find. He hates every sort of violence, oppression, and arrogance, and he speaks his mind sometimes with a blasting vehemence, sometimes with a sharp irony. American literature contains no more scathing denunciation of mob-law than "The Lynching Bee," no more disturbing exposure of the waste and futility of violence than "The Quaker Meeting-House." On the other hand he is quick to praise genuine human worth, courage, and dignity. Such poetry, challenging the standards of the mob, is not pretty and soothing, and is seldom popular.

ULTIMA THULE

(For Commander Peary)

It was not for the Arctic gold and a claim at the end of the great white trail;
Nor yet for the Arctic lore — for a map of the floe and a graph of the gale:
But the quest came out of a primitive urge in the blood of our common birth —
The lure of the last lone verge and the desert end of the rolling earth.

For this he abandoned the green of the world — the lakes and the hills and the leas,
And rivers of midsummer nations, and banks with the corn and the vine and the trees,

And the genial zones of the planet's rains, and the belt of the planet's flowers;
For this he abandoned all cities — their households, their singing and sunsets and towers.

Onward, north of the Northern Lights, hungry and cold and alone,
Eternity under his frozen feet and the snows of the ages unknown,
With never the boom of the purple seas, nor ever a mountain of fire,
North of the Plain of the thousand slain — who were dead of the same desire! —

Till the East and West were lost in the South, and the North was no more, and he stood
Face to face with the ancient dream through his hope and his hardihood;
And the alien skies where the polar sun went round the horizon's rim
And the nameless ice below belonged at last to the race through him.

THE EDITOR

I met you first, when once for livelihood
I roamed Broadway, a vagrant from the boat,
A song of life for sale within my coat,
My soul on fire for all things large and good;
And there before your desk of walnut wood
With wide-spread shanks you smoked your pipe and wrote
One of those quips the smart set loves to quote,
And looking round leered at me where I stood,
A dreamer and a lover. . . .

I marked your beard,
Frizzled and brown, your cold grey eyes, the tone
That meant "I rate men merely as the herd
May serve my turn — what is it?" As one reared
Among the mountains, conscious of my own,
I bowed and went my ways without a word.

THE QUAKER MEETING-HOUSE

I

Beyond the corn-rows from our Barracks stood
Along the elm-arched turnpike, out of town,
The Quaker Meeting-house, likewise of wood,
With windows burning when the sun went down;
Sided with shingles, roofed like plain big A,
With neither bell-tower, cross nor apse. . . .
And whitest when the moon was off that way,
Beyond the rustling corn-rows, after taps.

II

And in the dark the weary boys would joke
From cot to cot about the Quaker folk.

No double bars of silver braid they wore,
They never learned what the salute was for,
Nor the ten bugle-calls (as we);
They passed the captains in their home-spun gray,
With salutation but by "yea" and "nay,"
And antique "thee" and "thee. . . ."

And trusted to "the inner light," they say . . .
But we? . . . .

They never learned, beneath a high crosspole,
On dummy (jerking like a living soul)

Where bayonets best may make a certain hole,
And then pull free;
They never learned by scrunch of hand and thumb
How deftly one might make two eyeballs come,
Were trusty trench knife lost in some melee . . . .
As we. . . . .

But, like their humble-witted forebears, they
Would enter, from the turnpike, each First Day,
That little door — with clapboard lintel telling
By date colonial how old the dwelling
In which they bowed in silent rows to pray. . . .
And all the week, under the blue sky-dome
(Fringed with the tree tops on the inner base)
They hoed their corn-rows in the crusted loam,
Or gathered fagots, piling them in place
Against the Winter and the Fires of Home.

III

We passed each other sometimes on the pike . . .
But both were growing more and more unlike;
We donned the casques of Sargon's phalanx — they
Renewed the broad-brimmed hats of Yesterday.
And, as on chin and cheek-bone we began
Strangely to take an old barbaric face,
Swart as the profile of Assyrian,
They gained, in spite of all their toil and tan,
Yet more the blondness of their Saxon race.
Yes . . . as the wolf-tooth in us made us leer,
Their lips were tightening with resolve and pain;
And as we won the tiger's pointed ear,
They showed the scars of ears cut off again;
And, as our necks grew shorter and more strong
And heads still downward in our bodies bored,

We marked on their necks, as we jeered along,
The print-marks of a three-ply hempen cord. . . .

We had our diverse business, had our haunts. . . .
We were the revenants. . . .

While in the very sky-top every night
Above both Barracks and the House of White,
Vega, of the Lyre among the stars,
Burned in a gracious point of azure light . . .
Vega, to be (if prophets reckon right)
Sometime the pole-star of this earth of ours.

IV

And when we quit the Barracks for the Boats
With awful shouts in throats
(Though still some human laughter),
It seemed most strange this quiet folk should quit
The Meeting-house and all the peace of it,
And follow after. . . .

We neither of us quit in fact. . . .
However alien the surrounding tract. . . .

And whilst we worked the poison-fire and shell
(Taught, like our foes, to work them fiercely well),
This wistful, meditative folk
Would walk between in No Man's Land,
By crater pits and molten sand,
And tree-spikes where the copses used to stand —
As if conducted by an ancient spell:
Under the roar, the flame, the smoke,
This quaint, uncanny, visionary folk
Through the barrage would enter each First Day

That legendary door with lintel telling
By *anno domini* how safe the Dwelling
(Even when the shrapnel on the roof-tree broke)
In which they bowed in silent rows to pray . . . .

Or was that timbered House of seasoned oak,
Four-square in lightnings of the booming Plain,
Only a phantom and the Devil's joke
On us poor fools, the slayers and the slain? . . .

And all the week, under the red sky-dome
(Fringed round with cannon on the inner base)
They hoed their corn-rows in the charmèd loam,
Or carried back the bodies where they fell,
Each to its plot of earth and mother-race,
Or wiped from bleeding mouths the grit and foam
To give them water from a certain well,
Or gathered fagots, storing them in place —
Against the Winter and the Fires of Home —

V

The Killing's over, and the Barracks creep,
Hauled by a rope and windlass, down the pike —
Sold for machine-shops, very cheap,
Or for a sty and cow-barn, if you like.

The Killing's over, but the Meeting-house
(Within forever quiet as a mouse),
After the hail of shot, the rain of fire,
Still gleams, when hoeing in the fields is done,
With shingle-siding in the setting sun,
Before the hour of Vega, of the Lyre. . . .
You cannot guess how beautiful it seems:

Above the Capitol and marble dome,
Above the spired cathedral and its dreams,
Unto the way-worn sons of men it gleams
Far down the Landmarks to the Ocean Streams,
With windows, burning like the Fires of Home.

CARL SANDBURG

Carl Sandburg, son of Swedish immigrants, was born at Galesburg, Illinois, in 1878. The family was poor. He was forced to leave school at thirteen. For the next six years he worked in many places in the middle and far west at a dozen kinds of common labor, in brick yards, theaters, restaurants, and harvest fields. Thus at an impressionable age he obtained an intimate knowledge of a stratum of society totally unknown to authors brought up in easier surroundings.

He enlisted in the army during the Spanish War, and served in Porto Rico. On his discharge he entered and worked his way through Lombard College. For the next dozen years he supported himself by a variety of occupations. He was a salesman, a newspaper man, and a student of accident prevention in factories. His studies in this field and his "safety first" magazine articles brought him in sympathetic contact with a different stratum of society, namely the executives of industry. In politics he was a socialist. He worked as an organizer and speaker for the Socialist Party and he served as secretary to the Socialist mayor of Milwaukee.

As early as 1904 he published a few poems in which the manner and the point of view of his mature work were foreshadowed. However, he published little verse till 1914, when a group of his productions appeared in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*. A substantial prize within the gift of the magazine was awarded to him for one of them, "Chicago." A sizable volume, *Chicago Poems*, appeared in 1916 and promptly became one of the most discussed books of the new poetry.

Chicago Poems had several characteristics which marked it for heated comment. The author freely used slang and the language of the streets, probably from a variety of motives. He wanted to enrich the language of literature with new, racy words — a process incidentally which is constantly taking place. He wanted to remove his work from the drawing-room atmosphere which surrounded nearly all American poetry before him. And he wanted to write not only about but for that great body of uncultivated people, known intimately by him, who would not be attracted by pretty exercises in versification. His language roused the ire of the purists; and indeed, in the long run it will probably be a disadvantage to the book. Slang words not permanently adopted into

the language quickly lose their popularity and are forgotten. A generation from now, some of his expressions may be difficult for the average reader to understand.

He ignored rhyme and precise rhythm; in fact he departed from them farther than any of his contemporaries. "Fog" has an easily perceived cadence; but in many poems ("A Fence" may be considered typical of the group) the separate sentences have no different cadence from good prose. This departure from convention confuses every reader who measures poetry with a neat yardstick for its patterns and is unable to share its emotion or perceive its underlying form. Yet they are unmistakably poetry because of their form, compactness, and emotion.

Most important of all he gave violent expression to deep emotions and unconventional opinions. Hundreds of readers differed with his opinions and were shocked by his violence. Add to all this the fact that his style is peculiarly open to parody and it is easy to see why his work was vehemently praised, condemned, and parodied — and made known to an increasing audience in all three ways.

It seems clear that Sandburg is really two men in one; and the two parts of him are sometimes at war with each other. In none of his first four books is there a successful fusion of his whole personality. One part of him is poet that sees and records beauty. The fact that he chooses to record beauty in an unusual manner is incidental, springing from his desire to experiment. In "Cool Tombs," "Fog," "A Fence," and "Grass," and in bits in dozens of other poems in his first four books there is a penetrative insight into beauty, an adaptation of language to the author's purpose, and an incitement to our imaginations which were not perceived by his first critics.

The other part of Sandburg is reformer and propagandist. He has an unusual knowledge of the inarticulate poor, the confused immigrant, the common laborer on monotonous jobs in our factories. He is keenly aware of the unequal distribution of wealth, of opportunity, of joys, and of risks in our present industrial state. As a younger man, he believed that political action through some such medium as the Socialist party might correct this condition. In his more mature years he is acting through his poetry as a spokesman for the under dog. In such a poem as "Anna Imroth" he is a successful artist; his ironical comment on the lack of fire escapes stirs our pity as a tirade against greedy property owners or negligent officials could not do. "Onion Days" has the same quality. But often (in poems not here reprinted) there is a violence in his espousal of the under dog which rouses honest opposition and thus defeats its artistic purpose.

In such poems as "Fellow Citizens" and "House" we find the nearest approach to a fusion of all his qualities. There is no lack of understanding of the unfortunate. To that he has added an understanding of the

fortunate. He seems to see too how small a part of human misery can be abated through political or economic change. To this is added the poet's keen perception of worth, aspiration, and joy, independent of economic conditions.

His later books are *Cornhuskers* (1918), *Smoke and Steel* (1920), and *Slabs of the Sunburnt West* (1922). They are all of very unequal merit. Self-discipline is slowly growing. If his abilities become unified and disciplined he will come to rank as one of our chief poets. In the meantime he is one of the most vivid interpreters of his day, for his day.

MASSES

Among the mountains I wandered and saw blue haze and red crag and was amazed;
On the beach where the long push under the endless tide maneuvers, I stood silent;
Under the stars on the prairie watching the Dipper slant over the horizon's grass, I was full of thoughts.
Great men, pageants of war and labor, soldiers and workers, mothers lifting their children — these all I touched, and felt the solemn thrill of them.
And then one day I got a true look at the Poor, millions of the Poor, patient and toiling; more patient than crags, tides, and stars; innumerable, patient as the darkness of night — and all broken, humble ruins of nations.

LOST

Desolate and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.

CHILD OF THE ROMANS

The dago shovelman sits by the railroad track
Eating a noon meal of bread and bologna.
A train whirls by, and men and women at tables
Alive with red roses and yellow jonquils,
Eat steaks running with brown gravy,
Strawberries and cream, éclairs and coffee.
The dago shovelman finishes the dry bread and bologna,
Washes it down with the dipper from the water-boy,
And goes back to the second half of a ten-hour day's work
Keeping the road-bed so the roses and jonquils
Shake hardly at all in the cut glass vases
Standing slender on the tables in the dining car.

ANNA IMROTH

Cross the hands over the breast here — so.
Straighten the legs a little more — so.
And call for the wagon to come and take her home.
Her mother will cry some and so will her sisters and brothers.
But all of the others got down and they are safe and this is the only one of the factory girls who wasn't lucky in making the jump when the fire broke.
It is the hand of God and the lack of fire escapes.

ONION DAYS

Mrs. Gabrielle Giovannitti comes along Peoria Street every morning at nine o'clock
With kindling wood piled on top of her head, her eyes looking straight ahead to find the way for her old feet.
Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Pietro Giovannitti, whose husband was killed in a tunnel explosion through the negligence of a fellow-servant,

Works ten hours a day, sometimes twelve, picking onions for Jasper on the Bowmanville road.

She takes a street car at half past five in the morning, Mrs. Pietro Giovannitti does,

And gets back from Jasper's with cash for her day's work, between nine and ten o'clock at night.

Last week she got eight cents a box, Mrs. Pietro Giovannitti, picking onions for Jasper,

But this week Jasper dropped the pay to six cents a box because so many women and girls were answering the ads in the *Daily News*.

Jasper belongs to an Episcopal Church in Ravenswood and on certain Sundays

He enjoys chanting the Nicene creed with his daughters on each side of him joining their voices with his.

If the preacher repeats old sermons of a Sunday, Jasper's mind wanders to his 700-acre farm and how he can make it produce more efficiently.

And sometimes he speculates on whether he could word an ad in the *Daily News* so it would bring more women and girls out to his farm and reduce operating costs.

Mrs. Pietro Giovannitti is far from desperate about life; her joy is in a child she knows will arrive to her in three months.

And now while these are the pictures for to-day there are other pictures of the Giovannitti people I could give you for to-morrow.

And how some of them go to the county agent on winter mornings with their basket for beans and corn meal and molasses.

I listen to fellows saying here's good stuff for a novel or it might be worked up into a good play.

I say there's no dramatist living can put old Mrs. Gabrielle Giovannitti into a play with that kindling wood piled on top of her head coming along Peoria Street nine o'clock in the morning.

A FENCE

Now the stone house on the lake front is finished and the workmen are beginning the fence.
The palings are made of iron bars with steel points that can stab the life out of any man who falls on them.
As a fence, it is a masterpiece, and will shut off the rabble and all vagabonds and hungry men and all wandering children looking for a place to play.
Passing through the bars and over the steel points will go nothing except Death and the Rain and To-morrow.

FOG

The fog comes
on little cat feet.

It sits looking
over harbor and city
on silent haunches
and then moves on.

BETWEEN TWO HILLS

Between two hills
The old town stands.
The houses loom
And the roofs and trees
And the dusk and the dark,
The damp and the dew
Are there.

The prayers are said
And the people rest
For sleep is there
And the touch of dreams
Is over all.

FELLOW CITIZENS

I drank musty ale at the Illinois Athletic Club with the millionaire manufacturer of Green River butter one night,
And his face had the shining light of an old-time Quaker, he spoke of a beautiful daughter, and I knew he had a peace and a happiness up his sleeve somewhere.
Then I heard Jim Kirch make a speech to the Advertising Association on the trade resources of South America.
And the way he lighted a three-for-a-nickel stogie and cocked it at an angle regardless of the manners of our best people,
I knew he had a clutch on a real happiness even though some of the reporters on his newspaper say he is the living double of Jack London's Sea Wolf.
In the mayor's office the mayor himself told me he was happy though it is a hard job to satisfy all the office-seekers and eat all the dinners he is asked to eat.
Down in Gilpin Place, near Hull House, was a man with his jaw wrapped for a bad toothache,
And he had it all over the butter millionaire, Jim Kirch, and the mayor when it came to happiness.
He is a maker of accordions and guitars and not only makes them from start to finish, but plays them after he makes them.
And he had a guitar of mahogany with a walnut bottom he offered for seven dollars and a half if I wanted it,
And another just like it, only smaller, for six dollars, though he never mentioned the price till I asked him,
And he stated the price in a sorry way, as though the music and the make of an instrument count for a million times more than the price in money.
I thought he had a real soul and knew a lot about God.
There was light in his eyes of one who has conquered sorrow in so far as sorrow is conquerable or worth conquering.

Anyway he is the only Chicago citizen I was jealous of that day.
He played a dance they play in some parts of Italy when the harvest of grapes is over and the wine presses are ready for work.

CHILD

The young child, Christ, is straight and wise
And asks questions of the old men, questions
Found under running water for all children
And found under shadows thrown on still waters
By tall trees looking downward, old and gnarled.
Found to the eyes of children alone, untold,
Singing a low song in the loneliness.
And the young child, Christ, goes on asking
And the old men answer nothing and only know love
For the young child, Christ, straight and wise.

WARS

In the old wars drum of hoofs and the beat of shod feet.
In the new wars hum of motors and the tread of rubber tires.
In the wars to come silent wheels and whirr of rods not yet dreamed out in the heads of men.

In the old wars clutches of short swords and jabs into faces with spears.
In the new wars long range guns and smashed walls, guns running a spit of metal and men falling in tens and twenties.
In the wars to come new silent deaths, new silent hurlers not yet dreamed out in the heads of men.

In the old wars kings quarreling and thousands of men following.
In the new wars kings quarreling and millions of men following.

In the wars to come kings kicked under the dust and millions of men following great causes not yet dreamed out in the heads of men.

I AM THE PEOPLE, THE MOB

I am the people — the mob — the crowd — the mass.
Do you know that all the great work of the world is done through me?
I am the workingman, the inventor, the maker of the world's food and clothes.
I am the audience that witnesses history. The Napoleons come from me and the Lincolns. They die. And then I send forth more Napoleons and Lincolns.
I am the seed ground. I am a prairie that will stand for much plowing. Terrible storms pass over me. I forget. The best of me is sucked out and wasted. I forget. Everything but Death comes to me and makes me work and give up what I have. And I forget.
Sometimes I growl, shake myself and spatter a few red drops for history to remember. Then — I forget.
When I, the People, learn to remember, when I, the People, use the lessons of yesterday and no longer forget who robbed me last year, who played me for a fool — then there will be no speaker in all the world say the name: "The People," with any fleck of a sneer in his voice or any far-off smile of derision.
The mob — the crowd — the mass — will arrive then.

ILLINOIS FARMER

Bury this old Illinois farmer with respect.
He slept the Illinois nights of his life after days of work in Illinois cornfields.
Now he goes on a long sleep.

The wind he listened to in the cornsilk and the tassels, the wind that combed his red beard zero mornings when the snow lay white on the yellow ears in the bushel basket at the corncrib,
The same wind will now blow over the place here where his hands must dream of Illinois corn.

MONOSYLLABIC

Let me be monosyllabic today, O lord.
Yesterday I loosed a snarl of words on a fool, on a child.
Today, let me be monosyllabic . . . a crony of old men who wash sunlight in their fingers and enjoy slow-pacing clocks.

COOL TOMBS

When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the tombs, he forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and Wall Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs.

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw in November or a pawpaw in May, did she wonder? does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?

Take any streetful of people buying clothes and groceries, cheering a hero or throwing confetti and blowing tin horns . . . tell me if the lovers are losers . . . tell me if any get more than the lovers . . . in the dust . . . in the cool tombs.

HOUSE

Two Swede families live downstairs and an Irish policeman upstairs, and an old soldier, Uncle Joe.

Two Swede boys go upstairs and see Joe. His wife is dead, his only son is dead, and his two daughters in Missouri and Texas don't want him around.

The boys and Uncle Joe crack walnuts with a hammer on the bottom of a flatiron while the January wind howls and the zero air weaves laces on the window glass.

Joe tells the Swede boys all about Chickamauga and Chattanooga, how the Union soldiers crept in rain somewhere a dark night and ran forward and killed many rebels, took flags, held a hill, and won a victory told about in the histories in school.

Joe takes a piece of carpenter's chalk, draws lines on the floor and piles stove wood to show where six regiments were slaughtered climbing a slope.

"Here they went," and "Here they went," says Joe, and the January wind howls and the zero air weaves laces on the window glass.

The two Swede boys go down stairs with a big blur of guns, men, and hills, in their heads. They eat herring and potatoes and tell the family war is a wonder and soldiers are a wonder.

One breaks out with a cry at supper: I wish we had a war now and I could be a soldier.

GRASS

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.
Shovel them under and let me work —
I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg
And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.
Shovel them under and let me work.
Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor:
What place is this?
Where are we now?

I am the grass.
Let me work.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT BY NIGHT

1

The stone goes straight.
A lean swimmer dives into night sky,
Into half-moon mist.

2

Two trees are coal black.
This is a great white ghost between.
It is cool to look at.
Strong men, strong women, come here.

3

Eight years is a long time
To be fighting all the time.

4

The republic is a dream.
Nothing happens unless first a dream.

5

The wind bit hard at Valley Forge one Christmas.
Soldiers tied rags on their feet.

Red footprints wrote on the snow. . . . .
. . . . and stone shoots into stars here
. . . . into half-moon mist to-night.

6

Tongues wrangled dark at a man.
He buttoned his overcoat and stood alone.
In a snowstorm, red hollyberries, thoughts,
he stood alone.

7

Women said: He is lonely
. . . . fighting . . . . fighting . . . . eight years . . .

8

The name of an iron man goes over the world.
It takes a long time to forget an iron man.

9

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

VACHEL LINDSAY

Much of the finest art of the world has been produced at times and places where the political and economic power has been concentrated in the hands of a very few men. Princes and great merchants became the patrons of artists who might otherwise have been unable to support themselves. From this circumstance it has been believed by many that excellent art of any kind could not develop in a democracy; that the people in general would not give either an emotional or a practical response to the efforts of artists. Vachel Lindsay, more than any other poet of to-day in America, has directly challenged that idea.

He was born in Springfield, the capital of Illinois, in 1879, and still lives in the house of his birth. All his life he has watched political movements and has taken a vigorous part in at least one of them. He was educated at Hiram College, at the Art Institute of Chicago, and the New York School of Art. He did a little settlement work and lectured

for several seasons for the Y.M.C.A. and for the Anti-Saloon League. These occupations are evidence of his interest in the temporal welfare of his fellow-man.

But he saw that others knew and could meet as well as himself the need of the people for health, sobriety, religion, and prosperity. He could see, where they could not, the need of the people for beauty. The need for beauty! Others might laugh at the idea. He determined to try to awaken people to the need and to meet it as well as one man could in a population of 100,000,000. He wrote a pamphlet of verses, *Rhymes to Be Traded for Bread*, and went on the first of his long walking trips as an apostle of beauty to the small towns of America. One such tramp extended from Illinois to New Mexico. Gathering together in a hamlet as many as would listen, he would talk to them of beauty, of life as an art rather than a business. He would read his poems, distribute copies of his pamphlet, and accept someone's hospitality for the night. Religion has often been preached by such wandering apostles. Being the only itinerant prophet of beauty in America marks Lindsay as being highly original.

He studied vaudeville and motion pictures, the arts that appeal to the largest number of his countrymen. Apparently he concluded that the bases of their appeal were sweeping pictures, rapid movement, strongly accented rhythms, and syncopated melodies. At any rate he put these qualities into his later works. His best poems are a number of long ones suitable for reading or chanting aloud before large audiences. Seeing that people like to participate, he wrote poems in which the audience may read or sing some of the lines in response to the leadership of the reader. (See how well Psalm 136 is adapted to public reading in this way.) Since 1913 he has acquired a national reputation as he goes about chanting his own poems before great audiences.

The title poem of *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven* (1913) brought him his first general recognition. Discriminating readers on both sides of the Atlantic saw in it poetry with a new sort of appeal to the general public. His later books of verse are *The Congo and Other Poems* (1914), *The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems* (1917), and *The Golden Whales of California* (1920). His *Collected Poems* appeared in 1923. His books of prose are *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty* (1914), *A Handy Guide for Beggars* (1916), *The Art of the Moving Picture* (1915), and *The Golden Book of Springfield* (1920). The poems in his *Going-to-the-Stars* (1926) are accompanied by his own fairy-like drawings. Like his other volumes, this book is very uneven in quality.

For his vigorous democracy, his varied enthusiasms, and his unconventionality, for his interpretation of his country of his own day, for the new and infectious music of his longer poems, and for the gentleness of such shorter poems as "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," he deserves to be widely known.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT*

(*In Springfield, Illinois*)

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight in our little town
A mourning figure walks and will not rest,
Near the old courthouse pacing up and down,

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where the children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat, and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us: — as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long,
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks of men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why;
Too many households in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

* From *The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come; — the shining hope of Europe free:
A league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

NANCY HANKS, MOTHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Out of the eater came forth meat; and out of the strong came forth sweetness. — Judges 14 : 14.

A sweet girl graduate, lean as a fawn,
The very whimsy of time,
Read her class poem Commencement Day —
A trembling filigree of rhyme.

The pansy that blooms on the window sill,
Blooms in exactly the proper place;
And she nodded just like a pansy there,
And her poem was all about bowers and showers,
Sugary streamlet and mossy rill,
All about daisies on dale and hill —
And she was the mother of Buffalo Bill.

Another girl, a cloud-drift sort,
Dreamlit, moonlit, marble-white,
Light-footed saint on the pilgrim shore,
The best since New England fairies began,
Was the mother of Barnum, the circus man.

A girl from Missouri, snippy and vain,
As frothy a miss as any you know,
A wren, a toy, a pink silk bow,
The belle of the choir, she drove insane

Missouri deacons and all the sleek,
Her utter tomfoolery made men weak,
Till they could not stand and they could not speak.
Oh, queen of fifteen and sixteen,
Missouri sweetened beneath her reign —
And she was the mother of bad Mark Twain.

Not always are lions born of lions,
Roosevelt sprang from a palace of lace;
On the other hand is the dizzy truth:
Not always is beauty born of beauty.
Some treasures wait in a hidden place.
All over the world were thousands of belles,
In far-off eighteen hundred and nine.
Girls of fifteen, girls of twenty,
Their mammas dressed them up a-plenty —
Each garter was bright, each stocking fine,
But for all their innocent devices,
Their cheeks of fruit and their eyes of wine,
And each voluptuous design,
And all soft glories that we trace
In Europe's palaces of lace,
A girl who slept in dust and sorrow,
Nancy Hanks, in a lost log cabin,
Nancy Hanks had the loveliest face!

THE PANSY WEDDING

For LAURA WHEELER

Oh, once I ate a pansy bud
When I was short of bread:
The rascal had been drinking dew;
The liquor filled my head.

I saw a pansy king and queen
And dowager sail by:
The haughty dowager was fat;
The little queen was spry.

The stately king was like a cloud
In lazy summer days:
He stood beside his pansy girl
And whispered solemn praise.

I forgot that I was hungry
His cooing was so grand:
She slapped him when he kissed her
And tried to hold her hand.

I almost died a-laughing
At the funny things she said.
So feed your lover pansy buds
When you are short of bread.

JAMES OPPENHEIM

James Oppenheim was born in 1882 at St. Paul, Minnesota. When he was still a small child the family moved to New York City, which has since been this poet's home. He was educated at Columbia University and for six years was connected with social service organizations in New York. From this experience he drew the material for many short stories which were collected into a book, *Doctor Rast* (1909). He has also written four novels and two poetic plays. His books of verse are *Monday Morning and Other Poems* (1909), *Songs for the New Age* (1914), *War and Laughter* (1916), *The Book of Self* (1917), *The Solitary* (1919), and *The Golden Bird* (1923). In *The Sea* (1924) he has added to new work his own selections from his earlier volumes. The fierce energy and the precision of statement in *Songs for the New Age* and *War and Laughter* gave way to vagueness in his later work.

Every reader will note in Oppenheim's verse two influences, Walt Whitman and the Old Testament. He has Whitman's passionate interest in people. Sometimes he shows us crowds, sometimes an unnamed

character who might be any one of us. He is deeply concerned with the relations of each man with other men, with our democratic society as a whole, with his own characteristics and limitations, with his own future. Taken as a whole his work seems to say to each reader, "Here you are, one individual, living a thrilling life in a boundless universe, with numberless contacts with a complex society about you. Well, what are you going to do about your life?"

He sees the faults of society and the frailties of people and in spite of that fact is an uncompromising optimist. He hates shams, stupidity, greed, and violence. (See his "Report on the Planet, Earth.") Writers of light verse like Bert Leston Taylor hold up before us the thing they hate or despise and then puncture it with a rapier. Oppenheim exhibits something hateful and smashes at it with an ax.

He does not use rhymes or regular meters but no reader will fail to get the feeling that this is poetry. The sonorous rhythms of the Psalms are here; rhythms that come from the heart — they were not learned as one learns the multiplication table. Others have tried to use this free verse or unrhymed cadence and left the effect of flat prose. What is the difference? Oppenheim had something to say and a driving impulse to utter his feelings. Probably he was wise in choosing free verse as his medium. Regularity of pattern would have stifled him.

His contributions to the new movement in American poetry were his vigorous handling of free verse and his willingness to be emphatic and unashamed in his expression of emotion. Nowhere is he sentimental or insincere.

AS TO BEING ALONE

Why did you hate to be by yourself,
And why were you sick of your own company?

Such is the question, and this is the answer:

I feared sublimity:
I was a little afraid of God:
Silence and space terrified me, bringing the thought of what an irritable clod I was and how soon death would gulp me down. . . .

This fear has raised cities:
The cowards flock together by the millions lest they should be left alone for a half hour . . . .

With church, theatre and school,
With office, mill and motor,
With a thousand cunning devices, and clever calls to each other,
They escape from themselves to the crowd. . . .

Oh, I have loved it all:
Snug rooms, the talk, the pleasant feast, the pictures:
The warm bath of humanity in which I relaxed and soaked myself:
And never, I hope, shall I be without it — at times. . . .

But now myself calls me. . . .
The skies demand me, though it is but ten in the morning:
The earth has an appointment with me, not to be broken. . . .
I must accustom myself to the gaunt face of the sublime. . . .
I must see what I really am, and what I am for,
And what this city is for, and the Earth and the stars in their hurry. . . .

To turn out typewriters,
To invent a new breakfast food,
To devise a dance that was never danced until now,
To urge a new sanitation, and a swifter automobile —
Have the life-surging heavens no business but this?

FOLK–HUNGER

Fierce hunger has come upon me,
And neither meat nor wine can stay me . . . .
I am starved for men and women.

I want to go where the crowd is thickest,
Where the spot-light man colors the graceful favorite on the stage with green, then gold, then violet. . . .

Where the audience roars at the jocose comedian and the strong stout woman. . . .
Where I will be accepted, not by the Earth, but by my fellows.
Sinking back into rough good commonness, just a laugher and idler myself,
Warming the hands and heart of my soul at the blazing hearth of the people. . . .

To-morrow, business with the lordly Earth,
Sessions with my Self in aching privacy. . . .
Tonight, crowds, lights, gayety,
The cockles of my heart roasted as crisp as nuts,
And my lung-bellows roaring in the jolly brotherhood of the world.

THE SLAVE

They set the slave free, striking off his chains. . . .
Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,
He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,
He was still bound by fear and superstition,
By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery. . . .
His slavery was not in the chains,
But in himself. . . .

They can only set free men free. . . .
And there is no need of that:
Free men set themselves free.

ACTION

There comes a moment when to believe is not enough,
When to go on merely feeling and thinking is inexcusable. . . .
There comes a moment when we must out and act.

For at the last
We must pass thought through matter, giving it flesh.
That is the act of creation, that only Life:
That is what the world means with its physical beauty,
And what our bodies mean, projected, solid. . . .
Passion has become lips and arms, and the billowing seas. . . .

Many scholars have died of this malady,
Many dreamers have rotted in cloistered safety,
Much of greatness has passed, still-born. . . .

REPORT ON THE PLANET, EARTH

To the Sky-Council on Star, Riga, Milky Way:
I have to report:
That detailed by the Council I fell on a beam of light down through interstellar space
A year and a day,
Dropping through rings of worlds, and past white flakes of suns,
And found at last, in a corner of the crowded universe,
The Solar System,
And investigated one of its small planets, the Earth.

These are my findings:
The inhabitants thereof are not very game:
They complain and whine a great deal:
They cannot stand pain:
They object to work:
They think of nothing but themselves:
No concern for these crowded heavens around them:
Nor Earth's purpose in the skies:
Quarrelsome, they slaughter each other with ingenious death-dealers:

They bind themselves with strange chains to one another:
They fear the new: they fear the old: they fear birth: they shrink from death:
Those that have visions among them are persecuted:
They applaud anyone who makes them forget what they are and whither they are going:
They are cruel, stupid, childish, undeveloped.

I have to report:
That they even forget that they are merely movable parts of the Earth,
And that everything that inheres in Earth inheres in them:
That the little ball that blusters so, spouting its seas in tempest, and sliding its hills,
Smothered in storm and lightning, and plagued with an uncertainty of flood and thirst,
Hot, cold, distempered, risky,
Is repeated in each one of them: they too full of weather and disaster:
Primitive, perilous. . . .
The which forgetting,
Produces a certain surface of calm and harmony:
Yes, for a while:
Then the explosion: then crime, breakage, battle.

I have to report:
That projected by Earth, as Earth by the skies, for large purposes and splendid adventure,
They sidestep, try to evade, escape their destinies:
Do their utmost to reduce life to a mechanism that works by itself:
Leaving them free — for what? Communion with Earth?
Vision of heaven? Probing of self?
Why no: free for stupefying stimulants and memory-sponging joys. . . .

I have to report:
That they are very cunning indeed:
They have builded larger than themselves:
Giant cities have sprung from their pigmy hands:
Their engines are excellent:
But to what use do they put their tools?
Tut! peacock-feathers, and the well-stuffed gullet!

I have to report:
That though the Earth is rich, yet most of them are very poor:
In bitter want:
Curious, this childish snatching of things from each other!
Greed is their stupidest sin!

I have to report:
That while there is much excellence in the love between man and woman,
And the tender love toward children,
They so clutch and claw one another that love stales into indifference or irritation:
Greed! greed again!

I have to report:
Hypocrisy rampant, and hardly anyone passing for what he really is:
But advertising himself as something quite other:
Yes, anything to succeed!

I have to report:
Slights, rebuffs, insolences unnumbered,
Nothing run right: but everywhere insidious theft and pilfering:
And everyone sentimental: glossing it all over with a call to love for mother, for children, for one's country.

I have to report:
And, Powers, this is what puzzles me:
An Earth so absorbingly interesting, so electric in spite of its dullness, so joyous in spite of its pain,
That, were I not compelled to make my cosmic examinations,
I should love to live there, say, three-score and ten years of their life!

THE WEAK SHALL FAIL

The weak shall fail:
Leave them to their own devices and they fail:
Prop them up, and they will crawl with crutches:
Or give them light, and they will not have the courage to see themselves in the light,
And to dare according to the light.

Strength breaks conditions, yea, and makes them:
Strength uses props to escape from props:
Strength, given light, sallies out to the undared day. . . .

Yea, it is hard doctrine:
And though the strong may understand and love the weak,
As a father his children,
And though he shall harness them to work and give them happy hours,
Little else can he do;
In the end, as in the beginning,
The weak shall fail.

THE FUTURE

I arose swiftly that night, for I heard a knock at my door.
"Who's that?" I asked.
And there answered one on the outside:
"The Future."

"What do you want?" I asked.
"Your life," he said, "your service, your agonies of toiling. . . .
I demand all."
"And what is the pay?" I asked.
"Death. . . ."
We two were silent: the snow fell in the streets:
The night was still.
"And is that all?" I asked.
"Yes, that is all. . . ."
"And who shall gain by my travail?"
He did not answer: I started out.

SARA TEASDALE

Sara Teasdale was born in 1884 at St. Louis, Missouri. She was educated in the schools of that city and by extensive travel abroad. In 1914 she was married to Ernest B. Filsinger, author of various books on commerce. They live in New York City.

She has edited two anthologies of poetry. Her own books of verse are *Sonnets to Duse* (1907); *Helen of Troy and Other Poems* (1911); *Rivers to the Sea* (1915); *Love Songs* (1917), in which some new poems are added to the best of her previous verse; and *Flame and Shadow* (1920).

The bulk of her work is not great; she contented herself with five small books in thirteen years. Her first book attracted little attention, but the second revealed to the public a new lyric poet of astonishing merit. She seems to have cried out to herself incessantly, "Condense! Polish! Strive for nothing less than perfection!" The result is that in a few of her lyrics she has achieved perfection. She has repeatedly condensed a thought or mood into a dozen short lines of perfect rhyme and rhythm in which not a word can be altered for the better. These poems sing themselves to us. They seem natural and inevitable — which is excellent evidence that much thought went into their composition.

Her first success did not cause her to relax her standards. Her later books are as carefully written and naturally more mature in thought and technique. The emotion is deeper and more personal. Subtle variations of rhythm take the place of a precision that in her earlier books is sometimes almost mechanical. In her hands old patterns no longer seem dead and conventional; they bear a fresh music and a personal beauty as though they had never been used before. Her demonstration that this is possible is perhaps the chief reason for the respect accorded her by her fellow-poets.

She developed her style before the flood of experiments began to rise in 1911, and has remained uninfluenced by them. Within the limits to which she has confined herself she has achieved a number of perfect lyrics for which she will be long remembered.

BARTER[1]

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

MAY DAY[2]

A delicate fabric of bird song
Floats in the air,
The smell of wet, wild earth
Is everywhere.

[1] From *Love Songs*.
[2] From *Flame and Shadow*. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Red small leaves of the maple
  Are clenched like a hand,
Like girls at their first communion
  The pear trees stand.

Oh, I must pass nothing by
  Without loving it much,
The raindrop try with my lips,
  The grass with my touch;

For how can I be sure
  I shall see again
The world on the first of May
  Shining after the rain?

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

Louis Untermeyer was born in 1885 in New York City and was educated in its schools. At the age of seventeen he went into the jewelry manufacturing business established by his father and uncles and eventually became their designer and factory manager.

With that much achievement many a man is accounted successful. He had a vitality and curiosity which led him into additional and different activities. His work as an editor and an author since 1910 might have absorbed the full energy of a less vigorous personality.

Besides lecturing at various colleges, befriending younger poets, and assisting on the staff of an experimental magazine, the *Seven Arts*, he has published a translation of selected poems from Heinrich Heine and made a reputation as anthologist, critic, and poet. His anthologies, *Modern American Poetry* (1919) and *Modern British Poetry* (1920), are extensive collections which reveal his catholic tastes. In his critical volume, *The New Era in American Poetry* (1919), he showed himself an ardent champion of the new poets. This book was rewritten and reissued in 1923 as *American Poetry Since 1900*. Of the volumes of his own verse the most important are *Challenge* (1914), *"— and Other Poets"* (1916), *The New Adam* (1920), and *Roast Leviathan* (1923).

He has a sensitive ear for style, a faculty he has turned to good account in his parodies. In *"— and Other Poets"* he has skillfully imitated the manner of his contemporaries with that touch of exaggeration which

constitutes parody. A parody of this sort is in fact a deft criticism. It is the counterpart of caricature in art.

As a serious poet he is best described in the second stanza of his own poem, "Prayer." He has a lively curiosity about the whole of life; a deep interest in the reactions of individuals on each other; a passion for social justice which we are not accustomed to associate with people of wealth. His few poems on themes from nature are less successful. His field is mankind in relation to his environment. He has perceived that "women are people"; and the more subtle relations between cultivated men and women of this generation have interested him as a poet. His well-known "Caliban in the Coal Mines" presents an ignored phase of the life of the miners. In his thought concerning the relation between man and his Creator, he has been "more daring than devout" — a new and wholesome note in our poetry.

When critics commented on the "Oriental" feeling of one of his books he retorted in the introduction to his next volume that his background was not "Oriental" but Jewish. That frankness was refreshing; it is a healthy thing for every man to glory in his racial inheritance. He defines the racial feeling of his people to be an instinct to love the world in spite of its clearly perceived shams, hatreds, and hypocrisies.

Most of his work is in regular patterns. There is eagerness and joy in it. It has the air of having been written easily and quickly, not in plodding patience.

PRAYER

God, though this life is but a wraith,
  Although we know not what we use,
Although we grope with little faith,
  Give me the heart to fight — and lose.

Ever insurgent let me be,
  Make me more daring than devout;
From sleek contentment keep me free,
  And fill me with a buoyant doubt.

Open my eyes to visions girt
  With beauty, and with wonder lit —
But let me always see the dirt,
  And all that spawn and die in it.

Open my ears to music; let
  Me thrill with Spring's first flutes and drums —
But never let me dare forget
  The bitter ballad of the slums.

From compromise and things half done,
  Keep me, with stern and stubborn pride;
And when, at last, the fight is won,
  God, keep me still unsatisfied.

BLASPHEMY

(From the Group, "The Heretic")

I do not envy God —
There is no thing in all the skies or under
To startle and awaken Him to wonder;
  No marvel can appear
To stir His placid soul to terrible thunder —
He was not born with awe nor blessed with fear.

I do not envy God —
He is not burned with Spring and April madness;
The rush of life — its rash, impetuous gladness
  He cannot hope to know.
He cannot feel the fever and the sadness,
The leaping fire, the insupportable glow.

I do not envy God —
Forever He must watch the planets crawling
To flaming goals where sun and star are falling;
  He cannot wander free.
For he must face, through centuries appalling,
A vast and infinite monotony.

I do not envy God —
He cannot die, He dare not even slumber.
Though He be God, and free from care and cumber,
I would not share His place;
For He must live when years have lost their number
And Time sinks crumbling into shattered Space.

I do not envy God —
Nay more, I pity Him His lonely Heaven;
I pity Him each lonely morn and even,
His splendid, lonely throne;
For He must sit and wait till all is riven
Alone — through all eternity — alone.

CALIBAN IN THE COAL MINES

God, we don't like to complain —
We know that the mine is no lark —
But — there's the pools from the rain;
But — there's the cold and the dark.

God, you don't know what it is —
You, in your well-lighted sky,
Watching the meteors whizz;
Warm, with the sun always by.

God, if You had but the moon
Stuck in Your cap for a lamp,
Even You'd tire of it soon,
Down in the dark and the damp.

Nothing but blackness above,
And nothing that moves but the cars —
God, if You wish for our love,
Fling us a handful of stars!

THE WISE WOMAN

His eyes grow hot, his words grow wild;
  He swears to break the mold and leave her.
She smiles at him as at a child
  That's touched with fever.

She smooths his ruffled wings, she leans
  To comfort, pamper and restore him;
And when he sulks or scowls, she preens
  His feathers for him.

He hungers after stale regrets,
  Nourished by what she offers gaily;
And all he thinks he never gets
  She feeds him daily.

He lusts for freedom; cries how long
  Must he be bound by what controlled him!
Yet he is glad the chains are strong,
  And that they hold him.

She knows he feels all this, but she
  Is far too wise to let him know it;
He needs to nurse the agony
  That suits a poet.

He laughs to see her shape his life,
  As she half-coaxes, half-commands him;
And groans it's hard to have a wife
  Who understands him.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

Tells What He Knew of *Simple Simon*

What does it matter — who are we to say
How much is clear and how much there must be
Behind his mystical directness — see,
He left us smiling, and a bit astray.
Yet there were times when Simon would convey
A cryptic sharpness, etched with something free;
For he was touched with fire and prophecy,
And we who scarcely knew him, mourn him. . . . Eh?

I'll say this much for Simon: If his ghost
Has half the life of many men, or most,
He will not rest in the ophidian night.
He will come back and storm the western gate,
Scorning such lesser things as Death and Fate. . . .
Well, there is that side, too. . . . You may be right.

CHILDREN OF WAR

Not for a transient victory, or some
  Stubborn belief that we alone are right,
  Not for a code of conquest do we fight
But for the crowded millions still to come.

This, unborn generations, is your war
  Although it is our blood that pays the price.
  Be worthy, children, of our sacrifice
And dare to make your lives worth fighting for.

We give up all we love that you may loathe
  Intrigue and darkness; that you may disperse
  The ranks of ugly tyrannies and, worse,
The sodden anger and complacent sloth.

Do not betray us then, but come to be
  Creation's crowning splendor, not its slave;
  Knowing our lives were spent to keep you brave,
And that we died in chains to set you free.

AMERICAN

Suddenly
The silence, stretched to a great tensity,
Snapped — and the dark house rumbled and crashed.
It shook that pit of blackness; slashed
A nervous, flickering sword of light
That beat in vain against a white
Cloth wall brutal with energy.
The thunder grew; it roared approvingly;
A lustiness, gargantuan and clean,
As he,
Doug Fairbanks,
Prodigal and playboy,
Leaped on and almost out beyond the screen.
The ribbon flickered faster, drew
Its hero through a maze of tangled scenes and flew
Out of the heavy, humdrum world.
He took the people with him, caught and hurled
Them back to a frenzied fantasy again.
Then —
Madness. Gay violence ruled the scene. . . .
There was a race, a chase, a storm of soundless blows;
Laughing, he bowled a dozen gunmen over,
Stopped for a flash to be a high-speed lover.
Baffled the plugs and thugs. Hurdled a fence!
Ruined his dress-suit! Thought it immense!
Leaped three landings! Squirmed through a crack!
Jumped from the window to the pony's back!

Beat out the Limited!
  Soared like a bird!
Jumped into a Packard!
  Shot her into third!
Reached the ruined building!
  Scaled up a wall!
Burst into the meeting!
  Cornered them all!
Trapped the whole camorra!
  Made the landscape whirl!
Snatched the laughing lady!
  (*"Fade out" with the girl.*)

The last kiss blurred away; the brightness thinned.
Hands clattered in a tempest of applause;
(A thousand white leaves pattering in the wind.)
Glory turned garish in the following pause.
The audience shrank with it, looked and grinned
Sheepishly at itself, then turned to see
What the next number on the bill might be.
A fat man sang *I hear you calling me.*

Again life flickered from the shining reels:
A lady vampire posed with a pet snake.
Six odd-sized clowns, late of the burlesque "wheels,"
Dressed as policemen, fell into a lake.
A lisping tenor, painted to the eyes,
Came out and squeaked "We're going to smash the Hun". . .
And still the spell remained. Out of the lies
And cheap hypocrisies it rose and spun
Its kindred strands of fantasy and fun.
Here was the speed, the prodigal vehemence
That takes no thought of cost or consequence,

The gaiety unconquerable, unwise,
The reckless boy in us that never dies,
But keeps us, firmer than a text or truth,
Bound to the frail democracy of youth.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

This unusual name, Benét, comes from Minorca, from which place some members of the family moved to Florida before the Revolution.

William Rose Benét was born in 1886 in Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor, where his father, an army officer, was then stationed. After his graduation from Yale in 1907 he spent four years as a free-lance writer in California. He then served in various editorial capacities with New York publishers for several years. He was a second lieutenant in the Air Service during the World War. In 1920 he became associate editor of the *Literary Review* of the New York *Evening Post.* Tennis, cartooning, and the arts of the toy theater are the avocations of this versatile author of criticisms, essays, stories, and poetry.

His books in verse include *Merchants from Cathay* (1913); *The Falconer of God* (1914); *The Great White Wall* (1916), which utilizes the barbaric and colorful splendor of ancient China as a setting for a narrative; *The Burglar of the Zodiac* (1918); and *Moons of Grandeur* (1920). His book, *Perpetual Light* (1919), is a series of poems composed as a memorial to his wife.

He adheres to regular verse patterns which he handles with easy dexterity. A tremendous variety of design may be found in his work. For the most part his rhythms are strongly accented in harmony with his material. On occasion he can write in a quiet and lovely music.

His great contribution to the American poetry of his day lies in the wide ranging fancy, the swinging rhythms, and the exuberance of his work. He lets his imagination range where most poets of the English stock would curb themselves. The result is a splendor of colorful spectacles, of brilliant symbols, of rousing ballads about extraordinary happenings. Amy Lowell goes to precise historic happenings for the material for her dazzling pictures; Mr. Benét draws his material not so much from exact facts as from an imagination which works on a richly stored memory. His poems catch the attention of the reader and carry him along at a gallop.

Here he is represented by the title poems of two volumes. In "Merchants from Cathay" pictures of flashing brilliance are given in swift, strongly accented, spirited verse. For "The Falconer of God" he turns to medieval sport for a figure of the persistent search of the human soul for excellencies which are found on achievement to be other, and less, than the ideal sought for.

MERCHANTS FROM CATHAY

How that They came.

Their heels slapped their bumping mules; their fat chaps glowed.
Glory unto Mary, each seemed to wear a crown!
Like sunset their robes were on the wide white road:
So we saw those mad merchants come dusting into town!

Of their Beasts,

Two paunchy beasts they rode on and two they drove before.
May the saints all help us, the tiger-stripes they had!
And the panniers upon them swelled full of stuffs and ore!
The square buzzed and jostled at a sight so mad!

And their Boast,

They bawled in their beards, and their turbans they wried.
They stopped by the stalls with curvetting and clatter.
As bronze as the bracken their necks and faces dyed —
And a stave they sat singing, to tell us of the matter.

With its Burthen

"For your silks, to Sugarmago! For your dyes, to Isfahan!
Weird fruits from the Isle o' Lamaree!
But for magic merchandise,
For treasure-trove and spice,

Here's a catch and a carol to the great, grand Chan,
The King of all the Kings across the sea!

"*Here's a catch and a carol to the great, grand Chan;* *And Chorus.*
For we won through the deserts to his sunset barbican;
And the mountains of his palace no Titan's reach may span
Where he wields his Seignorie!

"Red-as-blood skins of Panthers, so bright against the sun *A first Stave Fearsome.*
On the walls of his palace where his pillared state is set
They daze with a blaze no man may look upon!
And with conduits of beverage those floors run wet!

"His wives stiff with riches, they sit before him there. *And a second Right hard to stomach.*
Bird and beast at his feast make song and clapping cheer.
And jugglers and enchanters, all walking on the air,
Make fall eclipse and thunder — make moons and suns appear!

"Once the Chan, by his enemies sore-prest, and sorely spent, *And a third, which is a Laughable Thing.*
Lay, so they say, in a thicket 'neath a tree
Where the howl of an owl vexed his foes from their intent:
Then that fowl for a holy bird of reverence made he!

"And when he will a-hunting go, four elephants of white
Draw his wheeling dais of lignum aloes made;
And marquises and admirals and barons of delight
All courier his chariot, in orfrayes arrayed!

Of the Chan's Hunting

"A catch and a carol to the great, grand Chan!
Pastmasters of disasters, our desert caravan
Won through all peril to his sunset barbican,
Where he wields his seignorie!
And crowns he gave us! We end where we began:
A catch and a carol to the great, grand Chan,
The King of all the Kings across the sea!"

We gape to Hear them end.

Those mad, antic Merchants! . . . Their striped beasts did beat
The market-square suddenly with hooves of beaten gold!
The ground yawned gaping and flamed beneath our feet!
They plunged to Pits Abysmal with their wealth untold!

And are in Terror.

And some say the Chan himself in anger dealt the stroke —
For sharing of his secrets with silly, common folk:
But Holy, Blessed Mary, preserve us as you may
Lest once more those mad Merchants come chanting from Cathay!

And dread it is Devil's Work!

THE FALCONER OF GOD

I flung my soul to the air like a falcon flying.
I said, "Wait on, wait on, while I ride below!
I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon —
A strange white heron rising with silver on its wings,
Rising and crying
Wordless, wondrous things;
The secret of the stars, of the world's heart strings
The answer to their woe.
Then stoop thou upon him, and grip and hold him so!"

My wild soul waited on as falcons hover.
I beat the reedy fens as I trampled past.
I heard the mournful loon
In the marsh beneath the moon.
And then — with feathery thunder — the bird of my desire
Broke from the cover
Flashing silver fire.
High up among the stars I saw his pinions spire.
The pale clouds gazed aghast
As my falcon stoopt upon him, and gripped and held him fast.

My soul dropped through the air — with heavenly plunder? —
Gripping the dazzling bird my dreaming knew?
Nay! but a piteous freight,
A dark and heavy weight
Despoiled of silver plumage, its voice forever stilled —
All of the wonder
Gone that ever filled
Its guise with glory. Oh, bird that I have killed,
How brilliantly you flew
Across my rapturous vision when first I dreamed of you!

Yet I fling my soul on high with new endeavor,
And I ride the world below with a joyful mind.
I shall start a heron soon
In the marsh beneath the moon —
A wondrous silver heron its inner darkness fledges!
I beat forever
The fens and the sedges.
The pledge is still the same — for all disastrous pledges,
All hopes resigned!
My soul still flies above me for the quarry it shall find.

JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

John Hall Wheelock was born at Far Rockaway, Long Island, in 1886. He was educated at Harvard, Göttingen, and Berlin universities. Since 1911 he has been on the editorial staff of a publishing company in New York.

His first book, *The Human Fantasy*, appeared in his twenty-fifth year (1911) and attracted little attention. This book, which contains much of his best work, offers an interesting contrast with all the American poetry of the previous twenty years. The other poets of the day were studied, cautious, reserved, and given to the use of tiny subjects. Wheelock let himself go like a gale down a city street. This long series of connected poems was concerned with the shows of the city streets, the tough fiber and the high average worth of ordinary people, the whole panorama of life. It conveyed a sense of the tumult and hurry of contemporary civilization. He did not linger to perfect details nor check his impulse to set down everything he saw and felt. In these respects he showed a spiritual kinship with Walt Whitman. He did not copy Whitman's style. Various critics have pointed out the influence of Henley on his manner. Viewed in the perspective of a dozen years this book is important since it marked the appearance of still another young poet determined to break away from the conventionality and excessive reserve of American poetry of that day.

The Beloved Adventure (1912) and *Love and Liberation* (1913) fell far below the promise of his first book. The time had come to exercise restraint and perfect his manner, and he failed to do so. These two books contain hundreds of love songs — and no one can write hundreds of poems on any one theme without becoming soggy and monotonous. He repeated not only his ideas but his phrases.

His fourth book, *Dust and Light*, appeared after an interval of six years. In the midst of many undistinguished poems appears "Earth," perhaps his finest work. *The Black Panther* (1922), his smallest book, shows the good results of cutting; it is not marred by the diffuse and banal strains of his earlier books. Several poems have the lift and power of his first book with a control of ideas and a conciseness of language he had not before achieved. This volume augurs well for his future.

NOON

Strong, pitiless, and rude, through arch and alley
The world of men and women takes its way;
Night-haunt and theater have a void expression
In the clear light of the triumphant day.

With careless faces through the chaos justled
Hurry the seekers worn of joy or wealth,
Each newsboy steals a march upon his fellows;
The air is full of buffet and of health.

But hist — the ambulance around the corner,
What huddled shape along the pavement lies!
Broad backs and bent, gay hats and gray surround it,
Cabby and fop, a ring of anxious eyes.

What arms have lifted up with awkward pity
The flimsy heap that has fallen by the wall! —
A flash of the human love, ashamed and clumsy,
Reckless and rough, but love beneath it all.

EARTH

Grasshopper, your fairy song
And my poem alike belong
To the dark and silent earth
From which all poetry has birth;

All we say and all we sing
Is but as the murmuring
Of that drowsy heart of hers
When from her deep dream she stirs:
If we sorrow, or rejoice,
You and I are but her voice.

Deftly does the dust express
In mind her hidden loveliness,
And from her cool silence stream
The cricket's cry and Dante's dream;
For the earth that breeds the trees
Breeds cities too, and symphonies.
Equally her beauty flows
Into a savior, or a rose —
Looks down in dream, and from above
Smiles at herself in Jesus' love.
Christ's love and Homer's art
Are but the workings of her heart;
Through Leonardo's hand she seeks
Herself, and through Beethoven speaks
In holy thunderings around
The awful message of the ground.

The serene and humble mold
Does in herself all selves enfold —
Kingdoms, destinies and creeds,
Great dreams and dauntless deeds,
Science that metes the firmament,
The high, inflexible intent
Of one for many sacrificed —
Plato's brain, the heart of Christ;
All love, all legend, and all lore
Are in the dust forevermore.

Even as the growing grass,
Up from the soil religions pass,
And the field that bears the rye
Bears parables and prophecy.
Out of the earth the poem grows
Like the lily, or the rose;
And all man is, or yet may be,
Is but herself in agony
Toiling up the steep ascent
Toward the complete accomplishment
When all the dust shall be, the whole
Universe, one conscious soul.

Yea, the quiet and cool sod
Bears in her breast the dream of God.

If you would know what earth is, scan
The intricate, proud heart of man,
Which is the earth articulate,
And learn how holy and how great,
How limitless and how profound
Is the nature of the ground —
How without tremor or demur
We may entrust ourselves to her
When we are wearied out, and lay
Our faces in the common clay.

For she is pity, she is love,
All wisdom, she, all thoughts that move
About her everlasting breast
Till she gathers them to rest:
All tenderness of all the ages,
Seraphic secrets of the sages,
Vision and hope of all the seers,
All prayer, all anguish, and all tears

Are but the dust, that from her dream
Awakes, and knows herself supreme —
Are but the earth, when she reveals
All that her secret heart conceals
Down in the dark and silent loam,
Which is ourselves, asleep, at home.

Yea, and this, my poem, too,
Is part of her as dust and dew,
Wherein herself she doth declare
Through my lips, and say her prayer.

BLIND PLAYERS

Day breaks, and the old drama
  Repeats itself anew:
The hind wakes to be hunted,
  The huntsman to pursue —

The lover and the beloved,
  Each one doomed to his part;
The victor and the vanquished,
  The hushed and the hurrying heart —

In terror and in triumph
  They play it through again,
The old, unchanging drama
  Of passion and of pain,

As the great Will has willed it,
  That, in all forms being cast,
Wars on itself forever.
  O may they at the last —

The falcon, and the fledgling
  He stoops to from the sky;
The lips that are so eager,
  The lips that would deny —

When the old war is ended,
  When the stern Will is done,
Meet in eternal pity
  And know themselves as one.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Poets of talent are always numerous; those touched with genius are few. Of contemporary American poets Edna St. Vincent Millay is one of the few in the latter group.

She was born at Rockland, Maine, in 1892, and was graduated from Vassar College in 1917. She has written short stories, one poetic play, *Aria da Capo*, first performed by the Provincetown Players in New York, and several books of verse. She first attracted attention as a poet when "Renascence," written when she was nineteen, appeared in an anthology, *The Lyric Year*, in 1912. This is the title poem of her first volume, published in 1917. This was followed by *A Few Figs from Thistles* (1920), *Second April* (1921), *The Lamp and the Bell* (1921), *Two Slatterns and a King* (1921), and *The Harp Weaver and Other Poems* (1924). Her work is remarkable in a number of respects.

Poets of an earlier day, having adopted a strict pattern of rhyme and rhythm, were forced to shift the natural order of parts of their sentences to fit the metrical pattern. Examples may be found on any page of any poet; an excellent one occurs in Cawein's "Midsummer." This shifting of the parts of a sentence came to be accepted as a natural and inevitable thing in poetry. Like most of her contemporaries, Edna St. Vincent Millay has rebelled against this convention, and has tried to make her sentences as straightforward as prose. Her success in this has been remarkable even within the strict pattern of the sonnet. For example, the student will note how slight are the changes from the natural order of speech in "Tavern."

Her use of words is interesting. In her first book there is an occasional "poetic" word like *prithee*. As used by other poets of to-day, such archaisms sound forced and artificial. There is about her book a disarming air of childlike simplicity, so that the archaisms are easily accepted. In her later books she has largely abandoned their use.

One other characteristic in her use of words is not illustrated in the selections here given. Some words, harsh in sound and descriptive of ugly things, are shunned by most poets. She puts them into her work in the most casual way without destroying the effect she is trying to produce, and the average reader does not notice that she has done a new thing. For instance she begins one lovely lyric with the line, "In this squalid, dirty dooryard."

The student who compares Hovey's "Stein Song," Field's "Little Boy Blue," Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," and Millay's "Exiled," will find that each is musical, but the music of each is different from the others in some way that defies analysis. That is the magic of personality. Probably no author deliberately sets out to develop a personal sort of music in the use of language; rather it is an unconscious growth.

Edna St. Vincent Millay has written a number of poems of tender sentiment; and she has written them without being either aggressively feminine or self-conscious of her feminine point of view. Her greater claim to excellence, however, lies in her strong, acute, and independent mind. In one of her less known poems she pictures suicide as an act of bravado, not of courage — a distinction that would hardly have occupied the attention of a woman poet a century ago. Another notable poem puts into the mouth of a woman a lament, not merely that love has passed but that it passed "in little ways." That expresses a feminine point of view which one would be unlikely to find in earlier poetry.

Within the compass of this book it is not possible to represent the range of her work. The selections given fairly illustrate its simplicity, its music, and its ecstasy.

GOD'S WORLD

O world, I cannot hold thee close enough!
  Thy winds, thy wide grey skies!
  Thy mists, that roll and rise!
Thy woods, this autumn day, that ache and sag
And all but cry with colour! That gaunt crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
  But never knew I this;
  Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart, — Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this year;
My soul is all but out of me, — let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

TAVERN

I'll keep a little tavern
  Below the high hill's crest,
Wherein all grey-eyed people
  May set them down and rest.

There shall be plates a-plenty,
  And mugs to melt the chill
Of all the grey-eyed people
  Who happen up the hill.

There sound will sleep the traveller,
  And dream his journey's end,
But I will rouse at midnight
  The falling fire to tend.

Aye, 'tis a curious fancy —
  But all the good I know
Was taught me out of two grey eyes
  A long time ago.

EXILED

Searching my heart for its true sorrow,
  This is the thing I find to be:
That I am weary of words and people,
  Sick of the city, wanting the sea;

Wanting the sticky, salty sweetness
  Of the strong wind and shattered spray;
Wanting the loud sound and the soft sound
  Of the big surf that breaks all day.

Always before about my dooryard,
  Marking the reach of the winter sea,
Rooted in sand and dragging drift-wood,
  Straggled the purple wild sweet-pea;

Always I climbed the wave at morning,
  Shook the sand from my shoes at night,
That now am caught between great buildings,
  Stricken with noise, confused with light.

If I could hear the green piles groaning
  Under the windy wooden piers,
See once again the bobbing barrels,
  And the black sticks that fence the weirs,

If I could see the weedy mussels
  Crusting the wrecked and rotting hulls,
Hear once again the hungry crying
  Overhead, of the wheeling gulls,

Feel once again the shanty straining
  Under the turning of the tide,
Fear once again the rising freshet,
  Dread the bell in the fog outside, —

I should be happy, — that was happy
  All day long on the coast of Maine!
I have a need to hold and handle
  Shells and anchors and ships again!

I should be happy, that am happy
  Never at all since I came here.
I am too long away from water.
  I have a need of water near.

SECTION THREE

THE LYRICISTS

Lyric poems were composed in ancient Greece to be sung to the accompaniment of the lyre, and later of other instruments. They had first of all to be musical and rhythmical in language. Most of them were short, since any keenly felt emotion is quickly expressed. Also, brevity corresponds happily with the memories and the vocal abilities of most singers, and the powers of attention of most auditors. Small subjects, therefore, were in order for the lyrics, as great ones were for the epics and dramas. The mood or thought of the poet as he reacted to some particular small experience came to be the usual subject of the lyric poet. Sorrow, love, spiritual exaltation; the moods induced by objects and scenes in nature; tributes to people — such things have been for centuries frequent subjects for the lyricists.

In those nations and periods where conditions favored the free development of the individual, lyric poetry has been at its height. In England, the great periods were the sixteenth, seventeenth, and nineteenth centuries. Conditions in England and America to-day favor a free expression of personality in the arts, with the result that a great amount of lyric poetry is being written.

Consciously or unconsciously, the author of a large number of lyrics reveals himself. We see in them whether he is sprightly or dull, reverent or flippant, conventional or unconventional; whether he is content with the world as it is, or is eager to change it; most of all, we find what interests him. It follows that, when we become acquainted with a large amount of poetry written and admired at any period

in history, we know a good deal about the people of that time. The widespread admiration for Kilmer's "Trees" and Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," for example, indicates that reverence and courage have not departed from this generation.

When we say that a poem has lyric quality, we mean one or both of two things. The words may have a singing quality, so that we wish to have them set to music. Hovey's "Stein Song" (in Section One) is an admirable illustration of this. Or the poem may be an intense expression of personal emotion without being adapted to a musical setting. Baker's "Tools" is an example. We sometimes also apply the term "lyric quality" to such narratives as Dargan's "Path Flower" (in Section One), which have one or the other of these characteristics. Indeed, several recent narrative poems are as notable for their lyric quality as for their stories.

Most of the poems in the other sections are lyrics, and some of those in this section are narratives. Few writers of verse confine themselves entirely to lyrics. They vary their work with narrative and dramatic poems. Any classification of poets must, therefore, be to some extent an arbitrary one. In this section are grouped those younger American poets whose work is chiefly lyric, and principally in regular verse patterns. Few of them have produced the amount of work or have exercised as great an influence as the authors in Section Two; and few of them have tried as extreme experiments as the writers in Section Five.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD

Gamaliel Bradford was born in 1863 at Boston, Massachusetts. Ill health cut short his formal education in 1882, during his first year at Harvard. He has lived at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, for many years, achieving a fine career in literature in spite of continued disabilities in health.

He began to publish books in 1895. In thirty years he had but fifteen to his credit — evidence of careful work. His best known works are prose studies of characters in American history.

A Prophet of Joy and *Shadow Poems*, two small volumes of verse, appeared in 1920. This is poetry of a limited appeal. There is nothing queer or strident to shout for our attention. He throws a light into sundry hidden corners of human motive and conduct, and describes what he finds in a few lines of precise, compact, regular verse. To a sensitive lover of poetry their excellence is immediately apparent.

"I MIGHT — AND I MIGHT NOT"

I might forget ambition and the hunger for success.
I might forget the passion to escape from nothingness.
I might forget the curious dreams of ecstasy that haunt
My fancy day and night. I might forget them. But I can't.

If I could let the pen alone and leave the inkstand dry,
And forego perpetual effort to be climbing, climbing high,
And lay aside my mad designs to startle and enchant,
I might enjoy the sweet of common living. But I can't.

I might be just a Philistine, and eat, and drink, and sleep,
And drive a dusty motor and pile money in a heap,
And let the stream of life run through my brain and be forgot.
If I did, I might be happier. I might — and I might not.

A SOCIAL BEING

You ask me why I ride and run
  With such a wild desire
And come at call of everyone
  With feet that never tire.

Do not believe that I adore
  The creatures that I see;
But one I most of all abhor,
  And I myself am he.

And yet for all my hurrying flight
To anyone I've known,
There come the dreadful hours of night
When I must be alone.

AN UNSOCIAL BEING

It is not that I hate mankind
Or their pursuits at all.
I love them every one, but find
My own the best of all.

Society of man is sweet,
Of woman even sweeter,
With varied interest replete,
Only my own repleter.

For discipline I must deny
Myself myself sometimes;
But I return with luxury
To books and thought and rhymes.

CALE YOUNG RICE

Cale Young Rice was born at Dixon, Kentucky, in 1872, and spent his youth there and at Evansville, Indiana. He was graduated from Cumberland University in 1893 and was appointed instructor in English at his alma mater after two years of graduate work at Harvard. He taught for but one year.

About 1897 he determined to devote his full energies to writing verse, though it promised no rewards. He has since published six books of poetic plays and a dozen books of verse, the most important of which are *Earth and New Earth* (1916) and *Trails Sunward* (1917). His poems are conservative in design, controlled in emotion, fluent and musical in language. He has high standards of self-criticism; careless craftsmanship finds no place in his books.

His work has been accorded a generous critical welcome in England. His wife is Alice Hegan Rice, author of many books, including the popular *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.*

THE RUNAWAY

What are you doing, little day-moon,
  Over the April hill?
What are you doing, up so soon,
Climbing the sky with silver shoon?
What are you doing at half-past noon,
  Slipping along so still?

Are you so eager, the heights unwon,
  That you cannot wait,
But, unheeding of wind and sun,
Out of your nest of night must run,
Up where the day is far from done,
  Shy little shadow-mate?

Up and away then — with young mists
  Tripping, along the blue!
Dance and dally and promise trysts
Unto each that around you lists;
For, little moon, not a one but wists
  April's the time to woo!

ORIGINS

Such beauty cannot be by chance,
  The mere chance of an atom-dance.
The fair shape of yon soft sea-moon
  Was never by mere hazard hewn.

That star which beams its lovely way
  Into my heart has more to say
Than ever by Fortuity
  Was lent to moon or star or sea.

So if moons bide, or pass away,
  If not a star in heaven shall stay,
If like all things I, too, am spent,
  It will not be by accident.

TREES AND GRASS

Whoever will may have the flowers,
  Mine are the trees and grass!
Scent there may be in the blossom-bowers,
  But, oh, when the breezes pass
Thro purling leafy tops of the trees
  That ripple against the sky,
Their murmuring makes it good to live,
To take whatever life has to give;
  And good, at last, to die.

Whoever will may have the flowers —
  Lily or wilding rose.
Common the grass may seem in hours
  Enspelled by love of those.
But, oh, the flowers are little of earth,
  The green grass covers it all —
A couch to be for my head today,
And, when tomorrow I'm gone away,
  A cool clean winding pall.

Whoever will may have the flowers,
  Mine are the trees and grass.
Beautiful care on the one earth dowers,
  But, oh, what peace can pass

Thro the blood and breath and heart and mind —
And into the soul of me,
When I lie down with the grass and trees,
And know God never needs strive for these,
But merely lets them *be*!

BEACONS

Like a spirit spark from the heart of God
The coast-light flashes over the sea,
Then leaves it wandering wild and dark —
As if light never more could be.

And so it is with the spark of faith
In every sad and wandering heart.
It goes — as if forever: then
All deathless up again will start.

FAIR FIGHT

Let me strike my foe down,
If stricken he should be,
Face to face in any place
Of battle-bravery.
Let our arms be equal.
And never let me use
Petty vantage-place or power
To smite him from, in a dark hour:
Rather let me lose.

Or, if chance comes to me
To shut his worth away
Year by year, from the world's ear
With silence or word-sway,
Let me fling it from me,

Ashamed of coward odds,
And then, avengeless, to him wend
And make of him instead a friend —
Or leave him to the Gods.

KARLE WILSON BAKER

The short poems of Karle Wilson Baker have been published in two small books, *Blue Smoke* and *Burning Bush*. One critic says, "No poet in America writes a bigger little poem." She has sentiment without sentimentality, an ardent love of nature, a keen mind, a fine philosophy of living. As an artist she shows a fine choice of symbols and a gift for condensation.

Karle Wilson was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1878. She was educated at the University of Chicago. After some years of teaching she rejoined her family, then living in Texas. She married Thomas Ellis Baker in 1907 and has since lived in Nacogdoches, Texas.

GOOD COMPANY

Today I have grown taller from walking with the trees,
The seven sister-poplars who go softly in a line;
And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.

The call-note of a redbird from the cedars in the dusk
Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free and fine;
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue smoke —
Lord, who am I that they should stoop — these holy folk of Thine?

APPLE AND ROSE

My little daughter is a tea-rose,
Satin to the touch,
Wine to the lips,
And a faint, delirious perfume.

But my little son
Is a June apple,
Firm and cool,
And scornful of too much sweetness,
But full of tang and flavor
And better than bread to the hungry.

O wild winds and clumsy, pilfering bees,
With the whole world to be wanton in,
Will you not spare my little tea-rose?
And O ruthless blind creatures,
Who lay eggs of evil at the core of life,
Pass by my one red apple,
That is so firm and sound!

TOOLS

We found ready to our hands in the beginning
A trowel and a knife:
I have kept them both.
You throw away the knife, and call the throwing,
Courage;
I flinch, but I use it,
And call the using, Choice.
I think I was given so terrible a tool
Because it was needed.

One can tell the difference by looking at our gardens.
God knows which is the better:
For the passer-by I suppose it's a matter of taste.

MEEKNESS AND PRIDE

Meekness and Pride
Are fruits of one tree:
Eat of them both
For mastery:
Take one of Pride —
Of the other, three.

COURAGE

Courage is armor
A blind man wears;
The calloused scar
Of outlived despairs:
Courage is Fear
That has said its prayers.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

Born in New York City in 1878, Grace Hazard was educated at Smith College and later studied music and languages for two years at Heidelberg and Paris. She was married to Roscoe Platt Conkling in 1905. One of her children, Hilda Conkling, a child poet, is also represented in this book. Since 1914 Mrs. Conkling has been associate professor of English at Smith College.

Her volumes are *Afternoons in April* (1915) and *Wilderness Songs* (1920). Her gracious and pleasing verse flows easily through precise rhymes and rhythms. In some of her poems there is a deft whimsicality.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF BERKSHIRE BROOKS

To build the trout a crystal stair;
To comb the hillside's thick green hair;
To water jewel-weed and rushes;
To teach first notes to baby thrushes;

To flavor raspberry and apple
And make a whirling pool to dapple
With scattered gold of late October;
To urge wise laughter on the sober
And lend a dream to those who laugh;
To chant the beetle's epitaph;
To mirror the blue dragonfly,
Frail air-plane of a slender sky;
Over the stones to lull and leap
Herding the bubbles like white sheep;
The claims of worry to deny,
And whisper sorrow into sleep!

A MEXICAN LULLABY

Away across the yellow plain
  The sleepy sun before he goes
Has hung the shoulders of the hills
  With velvet folds of gold and rose:
And in the garden of the sky
  The petals of the stars uncurl
Like flowers blooming overhead:
  It's sleepy time, my brown-eyed girl!

The mules are safe in the corral:
  The burros on the homeward road
Trudge patiently along and think
  Of laying down the heavy load:
And high upon the mountainside
  The goat-herd's campfire, all ashine,
Tells that the goats have gone to bed.
  Good-night, O blue-eyed maid of mine!

What if the big white stars come out
And find the whole world sound asleep
Excepting just two little girls
Whose wilful eyes wide open keep?
And there are wingèd dreams that come
To flutter round your beds at night:
They never kiss wide-open eyes,
So cuddle down and shut them tight!

ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Robert Haven Schauffler is one of the few Americans with the ability to express himself in three arts. As a young man he made medallions of many of his friends. He studied the 'cello under several masters in Berlin. His chief interest, however, is in writing. In books and magazine articles he has been an ardent advocate of the best in music and art for all the people.

As a poet he sprang into prominence in 1912 with his "Scum o' the Earth." *Magic Flame and Other Poems* (1923), a small volume, contains his own selection of the best things in his earlier books, together with new poems which reveal a growing power and stricter self-criticism. He is particularly deft in the use of rhymed lines of various lengths, a pattern which combines something of the ease of free verse with some of the restraint of regular patterns.

He was born at Brunn, Austria, in 1879, of an American missionary family, and was educated at Northwestern and Princeton universities. His grandfather translated the Bible into Turkish, and several other members of the family have been authors. His surroundings were therefore favorable to his development as an artist. He is an ardent sportsman. In 1906 he played in the tennis doubles in the Olympic games at Athens. His favorite sport to-day is tramping alone through the Maine woods. He served in the World War and was wounded before Montfaucon.

"SCUM O' THE EARTH"

I

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them "scum o' the earth";

Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates' land? —
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong
Fresh from the master Praxiteles' hand?
So, you're of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band —
Deathless in story and song —
Who combed their long hair at Thermopylæ's pass? . . .
Ah, I forget what straits (alas!),
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,
Have doomed you to march in our "immigrant class"
Where you're nothing but "scum o' the earth."

II

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
The sad little tune
That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody
That Dvořák took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavic way;
The little, dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While, watching these folk and their mystery,
I forget that we,
In our scornful mirth,
Brand them as "polacks" — and "scum o' the earth."

III

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
Agaze at Manhattan's pinnacles now
In the first, sweet shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the *Santa Maria's* prow
In that still gray dawn,
Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, who shall foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies?
Cæsar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell.
And you, are you of a different birth? —
You're only a "dago" — and "scum o' the earth"!

IV

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you "scum o' the earth,"
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong, —
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have not I known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art

Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits, ere long,
Who should gather the lambs to his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?
Man — lift that sorrow-bowed head. . . .
Behold, the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.
You're merely a butt for our mirth.
You're a "sheeny" — and therefore despised
And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

V

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on these marvellous folk,
Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
"Rabble and refuse," we name them
And "scum o' the earth," to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,
Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms may rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation strong
In the comradeship of an equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

DIVERS

Clad in thick mail he stumbles down the floor
  Of the dark primeval ocean; — on his head
  A casque more gross than ever helmeted
Crusader against Saracen. Before
His glass-dimmed eyes dart shapes like fiends of yore,
  Or like malignant spirits of the dead,
  To snatch and snap the line where through is fed
A meagre air to that strange visitor.
Stumbling we grope and stifle here below
  In the gross garb of this too cumbering flesh,
    And draw such hard-won breaths as may be drawn,
Until, perchance with pearls, we rise and go
  To doff our diver's mail and taste the fresh,
    The generous winds of the eternal dawn.

HARRY WEBB FARRINGTON

In 1880, when Harry Webb Farrington was a baby, his mother, a musician, came to Baltimore from the Bahama Islands with her five small children. Shortly afterward she was burned to death. This boy was accidentally separated from his relatives and was taken by a poor and intemperate family who allowed him to run wild in the streets. At ten he was legally taken from them and lived for seven years with kindly people in Darlington, Maryland.

He worked in paper mills for several years. A desire for an education led him to Syracuse University, Boston University, and Harvard. Self-support, many college activities, and preparation for the ministry were mingled with his general education for thirteen years.

As the minister of churches in Boston suburbs he had been particularly successful in work with children. He was called to Gary, Indiana, to initiate and supervise for two years the first American experiment in a public school system in setting aside time for the religious and moral instruction of school children under teachers of their own denominations.

As soon as the United States entered the World War he went to France, became connected with the Foyers Du Soldat, and helped provide recreation and introduce American sports to thousands of French soldiers. For this work he was given an honorary commission for life in the French army.

Like many another man in France at that time, he felt prompted to express his emotions in verse. For his subjects he chose such ordinary things as a carrier pigeon and a wounded dog. In his effort to make his verses simple and real he sacrificed more literary qualities. Returning to America he found interest in war poetry dead and publication in the usual manner out of the question.

An opportunity appeared to speak and to read some of his verse before the children in Public School 54, Manhattan. The children and teachers liked his verses. He has followed up this work for six years, speaking frequently six times a day in schools all the way from Boston to Denver and Key West. Nearly two million people have thus become acquainted with his work, and more than 125,000 have bought the small pamphlets in which he had his verses printed. Thus, without publication in the ordinary manner, he has become one of the most widely known American poets.

His work falls into two groups: verses on religious themes and poems interpreting the World War. The selection here given was written after he had partaken of Holy Communion in the American Church in Paris, the bread being the dark brown bread then universally used in Europe.

ROUGH AND BROWN

There walked the Son of God today,
Along the altar of his shrine;
Men saw Him as they stopped to pray,
And felt Him through the bread and wine.
The silver cup was shining bright,
The linen cloth was clean and white;
But as the plate was handed down,
They saw the bread was rough and brown.

There came the Son of God one day
To worship in His Father's shrine;
Men saw Him drive the thieves away
Who profited in doves and kine.
His righteous eye was shining bright,
His seamless robe was clean and white;
But as He cast the tables down,
They saw His hands were rough and brown.

There walks the Son of God today
Along His world's last battle line;
Men see Him as they stop to pray,
And find Him human, though divine.
His saddened eye is shining bright,
His robe, though torn, is clean and white;
But men thank God that He sent down
A Son, whose hands are rough and brown.

WITTER BYNNER

Witter Bynner was born at Brooklyn, New York, in 1881. He was graduated from Harvard and has been an instructor at the University of California. He has also been connected with the editorial staffs of various periodicals and publishing houses.

He has published several books of verse, the best known being *The New World* (1915), a book-length poem in which he treats some of the problems and ideals of democracy. It is written in a pleasing pattern of rhymed lines of various lengths. For its vivacity and its sincerity of feeling this book was for a time one of the most popular books in the new poetry. His finest work, however, is to be found in a few of the lyrics in *Grenstone Poems* (1917), from which two selections are taken.

The very facility with which he writes has been his undoing. It has led him into the writing of much imitative verse which has little but its easy technique to demand our attention.

TO A PHŒBE-BIRD

Under the eaves, out of the wet,
You nest within my reach;
You never sing for me and yet
You have a golden speech.

You sit and quirk a rapid tail,
Wrinkle a ragged crest,
Then pirouette from tree to rail
And vault from rail to nest.

And when, in frequent dainty fright
You grayly slip and fade,
And when at hand you re-alight
Demure and unafraid,

And when you bring your brood its fill
Of iridescent wings
And green legs dewy in your bill,
Your silence is what sings.

Not of a feather that enjoys
To prate or praise or preach,
O phœbe, with so little noise,
What eloquence you teach.

A MOCKING-BIRD

An arrow, feathery, alive,
He darts and sings —
Then with a sudden skimming dive
Of stripèd wings

He finds a pine and, debonair,
  Makes with his mate
All birds that ever rested there
  Articulate.
The whisper of a multitude
  Of happy wings
Is round him, a returning brood,
  Each time he sings.
Though heaven be not for them or him
  Yet he is wise
And tiptoes daily on the rim
  Of paradise.

HEY-DAY

Come and go a-berrying,
  Would you wiser be!
Come and learn that everything
  Younger is than we —

We who almost dared to think
  In our wearying
There were no more springs to drink,
  No more pails to swing!

We were dusty with our books.
  Come and let us go
Out among the lyric brooks,
  Where the verses grow,

Where the world is one delight
  Made of many a song
Lasting till the nod of night,
  Lovely all day long.

Till the smallest glimmering nook
  Holds the moon in glory;
And the heavens are the book
  And the stars the story!

There the peaceful earth is sweet,
  Either way it lies, —
Under unacquainted feet
  Or on tired eyes.

HERMANN HAGEDORN

Hermann Hagedorn was born in 1882 in New York City; he was educated at Harvard, Berlin, and Columbia universities; and taught at Harvard for two years. Since 1919 he has been secretary of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

He has written various books about Roosevelt and his contemporaries, numerous occasional plays and poems, one novel, and three volumes of verse. He was educated in classic literatures and loves and follows conservative designs in his own writings. His style was formed when the poet was allowed wide variations from the sentence structure of simple prose. It was assumed that the requirements of rhyme and meter made such variations necessary. Our youngest poets insist on overcoming those difficulties or using free verse. Mr. Hagedorn, shunning free verse, is, at his worst, awkward and artificial. At his best he writes spirited narrative verse and an occasional excellent lyric.

His chief books of poems are *Troop of the Guard* (1909) and *Poems and Ballads* (1912).

SONNET IN CANDLELIGHT

Now on my shoulder droops thy little head
  Resigned to weariness at last, to sleep.
  Mute are the rebel wailings, calm and deep
The bosom's gentle motion, comforted
Of every pain! How swiftly are they fled,
  The day's loud cares! Above thee now I keep
  The shepherd's watch beside the weary sheep.
Slumber, dear lamb! No wolf shall near thy bed!

Over thy face I bend, the little hands.
And as I gaze, lo, all the mighty schemes
That reason builds, triumphant over faith,
Melt as the wave's crest in the sea, a wraith.
And all man's wisdom is the light that streams
Glorious, where He who blessed the children stands.

DAY'S END

Now the day
Slips away
Through the valley, see him go,
Down the canyon, soft of tread,
Up the mountain, o'er the snow —
Now he's gone and dead.
Whither hath he fled?
Who shall know?
Stars shine in his stead
And the new moon low.
Lady moon like a dove
In a silver swing,
Calling to the earth, her love,
Through a night in Spring.

HARRY KEMP

Harry Kemp was born in Youngstown, Ohio, in 1883. Few influences surrounding him in childhood were favorable to the development of his abilities except a disposition on the part of his family to let him alone in gratifying his passion for reading. Like many another poet his progress through school was irregular because he was interested in only two things, language and literature. He left school to work in a factory; returned to high school to study English; and then ran away to sea. As cabin boy, common sailor, and stowaway he saw a good deal of Australia and the Pacific Ocean during the next two years. Returning to America he traveled over much of the United States as a tramp and occasional laborer.

At the age when many are graduating from college he entered the University of Kansas as a special student of literature. After four years of study there he journeyed to Europe, and then returned to New York to conduct his own little theater, in which he has been playwright and actor. His life has been a constant search for freedom from the conventional restrictions of community life. He is most widely known for his *Tramping on Life* (1922), an autobiographical novel.

He is also known as "the tramp poet." Yet one does not find in his poetry the vulgarity of thought and the crudeness of expression which the curiosity seeker would expect. His long companionship with the great English poets, especially Keats, has resulted in delicacy of expression and precise but easily flowing rhythms. His chief book of verse is *Chanteys and Ballads* (1920), which contains many fine poems of the sea.

THE REMEDY

When you've failed with ordered people, when you've sunk
neck-deep again
In the sluggish wash and jetsam of the slackened tides of men,
Don't get old and mean and bitter, — there's a primal
remedy, —
Just take a ship to sea, my lad, just take a ship to sea.

There are shipmen grey and agèd but still full of ancient mirth,
And they drew their joy of living, not from rooting in the
earth,
But from striking out forever with a sail that's never furled
And by seeing all the oceans and the wonder of the world;
In the dim, Phœnician days and in the wild sea-times of old
Do you think they only voyaged for the red of shining gold?
No, they slid beyond the sky-line, for they felt it good to be
On a ship that tramped with thunder down the highways of
the sea.

When you've drunk the lees of failure, when you've fought
and never won,
When you've cursed the stale recurrence of the certain, weary
sun

And the daily, fruitless struggle pledging youth for usury,
Come, and cast the world behind you, and take ship for open sea;

All you'll need will be your dunnage and your knife upon your hip,
And you'll find a bunk that waits you in the fo'c'sle of a ship,
And you'll find the wind about you and the everlasting sky
Leaning huge from four horizons as the flying scud blows by—
And you'll find the ancient healing, ever waiting, ever free,
That all men have found forever in the sailing of the sea.

TRANSIT GLORIA

Toward yon star-cluster in vast Hercules
Our sun with all its worlds drops down the sky,
For, banked in shining heaps, the great suns fly
Onward in fiery swarms like golden bees,
While from all sides the everlasting seas
Of night break on them as they thunder by. . . .

And ignorant generations live and die
Amid this storm of stars, and feel at ease.

FAREWELL

Tell them, O Sky-born, when I die
With high romance to wife,
That I went out as I had lived,
Drunk with the joy of life.

Yea, say that I went down to death
Serene and unafraid,
Still loving Song, but loving more
Life, of which Song is made!

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Marguerite Ogden Bigelow was born in 1883 at Halifax, Canada. She was educated at Northwestern University and has long lived in New York City. She was married in 1909 to James G. Wilkinson. She is the editor of *Contemporary Poetry* (1923), a collection primarily for school use; and of *New Voices* (1919), an extended anthology of recent poetry with several chapters of critical comment on the newer poets and on the art of poetry. This is one of the best studies of the new poetry and would be a valuable addition to any library.

She is the author of several books of verse. Her *Bluestone* (1920) shows a decided advance over her first book, *In Vivid Gardens* (1911). The long title poem is especially good. Her later volumes have been *The Great Dream* (1923), *The Way of the Makers* (1925), and *Yule Fire* (1925). Her work as a whole is musical and thoughtful. She is equally at home in free verse and in the ordinary verse patterns.

THE MOUNTAIN LILAC OF CALIFORNIA[1]

(Near San Diego)

Upon the hills,
Upon the little foothills,
Out there, beyond the pungent sage of the mesa,
A film of blue has shadowed the soft green
That followed the rains of spring.
And into the mountains
Far beyond the foothills,
A film of fine, elusive blue is rising,
Even as smoke might rise from spreading fires
Long smouldering near the earth.

The golden sun pitched camp upon the hills,
After the long, grey rains had washed them clean;

[1] From *Bluestone*, by Marguerite Wilkinson. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And where he touched it, and where his fingers wandered,
The earth, grown hot with pride in his bright beauty,
Gave back this smoke,
Soon to be broken by the flaring flame
Of mimulus and tarweed.
Soon through this living haze,
This dear blue smoke,
Will the sun-kindled summer break and burn
Upon the hills.

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

Fannie Stearns Davis was born at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1884. She was educated at Smith College. After a period of teaching she was married, in 1914, to Augustus McKinstry Gifford and now makes her home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

She is the author of three books of verse, *Myself and I* (1913), *Crack o' Dawn* (1915), and *The Ancient Beautiful Things* (1923).

A comparison of her first and third books is interesting. *Myself and I* reveals a woman with the passions and the quick perceptions of a poet, struggling for direct and sincere utterance and occasionally succeeding; but in the back of her mind was always the thought, "I'm writing poetry, so I must get exactly eight syllables in this line, and end it with a neat rhyme with the second line above." In other words, the book lacked the effect of effortless ease and inevitability of the finished artist.

In *The Ancient Beautiful Things* she has issued in sixty-three pages what she apparently wishes to preserve from the work of the eight years following her marriage. That is an output of eight short pages of poetry per year. We find in it what we should expect to find. She has learned (possibly from her experimenting contemporaries) how to mold simple and direct language into the patterns of poetry; she is the master, not the slave, of her stanzas. More important is the content of this book. An educated woman in this new world of equality between the sexes, she turns back to an old subject, the love of a woman for her husband and her children. Repeatedly she gives a frank interpretation of ancient and beautiful verities, with only those restraints which are dictated by good taste and artistic form. Clear emotion leaps from these sternly revised pages. The effect she desires on her readers she secures with certainty, speed, and grace.

I DID NOT LONG FOR CHILDREN[1]

I did not long for children, as I know
Most women long, hungry and jealous, — wild
Just for the touch and trouble of a child
Against their hearts.

I thought that I should go
Gypsying down my life, foot-free, and happier so.

I thought it would be always good to fly;
I should not need a hearth for sitting by,
A fire to warm my hands, a haunting face
To lure me home to any prisoned place
Of needy love and clamor. I would die
Without desire for these. . . .

Ah, here am I!
Hugging you fast, strange helpless little star,
Fallen to me from space so clear, so far,
I never coursed it in a dream. For now
It seems I only live to tend you, bow
My freedom to your yoke of each hour's need:
Forget for you my sparkling leagues of speed, —
Winds, hill-tops, passionate seas and stars and suns. . . .
I run to you as some wild mother runs,
Trembling to hold from any hurt of storm
This round head, and this body, curled and warm.
I who desired you not, but would go free,
Am held unfluttering in your frail soft hand.
And no dull happy woman in the land
For loving, — loving, — can keep pace with me!

[1] From *The Ancient Beautiful Things*, by Fannie Stearns Davis. Reprinted by permission of, and by special arrangement with, The Macmillan Company, publishers.

DAVID MORTON

Born at Elkton, Kentucky, in 1886, David Morton was graduated from Vanderbilt University, worked on various newspapers in the South for several years, and then went to Morristown, New Jersey, as a teacher in the high school. In 1924 he became a member of the faculty at Amherst College.

He is the author of *Ships in Harbor and Other Poems* (1921) and *Harvest* (1924). Most of his poems are sonnets, quiet and restrained in spirit, rounded in form, and sonorous in music.

WOODEN SHIPS

They are remembering forests where they grew, —
  The midnight quiet, and the giant dance;
And all the murmuring summers that they knew
  Are haunting still their altered circumstance.
Leaves they have lost, and robins in the nest,
  Tug of the goodly earth denied to ships,
These, and the rooted certainties, and rest, —
  To gain a watery girdle at the hips.

Only the wind that follows ever aft,
  They greet not as a stranger on their ways;
But this old friend, with whom they drank and laughed,
  Sits in the stern and talks of other days
When they had held high bacchanalias still,
Or dreamed among the stars on some tall hill.

JEAN STARR UNTERMEYER

Jean Starr was born at Zanesville, Ohio, in 1886, and was educated at a private school and Columbia University. She was married to Louis Untermeyer in 1907.

The thirty-four poems of her first book, *Growing Pains* (1918), were all that she cared to publish from eight years of slow work. *Dreams Out of Darkness* followed in 1921.

Hers is an intellectual rather than an emotional verse. Only occasionally, as in "Clay Hills," does a cry of passion break through. "Autumn," like the rest of her work, bears evidence of the search for the precise word to evoke the desired effect. This is a picture of the dignity which may and should accompany necessary labor.

CLAY HILLS

It is easy to mould the yielding clay.
And many shapes grow into beauty
Under the facile hand.
But forms of clay are lightly broken;
They will lie scattered and forgotten in a dingy corner.

But underneath the slipping clay
Is rock. . . .
I would rather work in stubborn rock
All the years of my life,
And make one strong thing
And set it in a high, clean place,
To recall the granite strength of my desire.

AUTUMN

(For My Mother)

How memory cuts away the years,
And how clean the picture comes
Of autumn days, brisk and busy;
Charged with keen sunshine.
And you, stirred with activity;
The spirit of these energetic days.

There was our back-yard,
So plain and stripped of green,
With even the weeds carefully pulled away
From the crooked, red bricks that made the walk.
And the earth on either side so black.

Autumn, and dead leaves burning in the sharp air.
And winter comforts coming in like a pageant.
I shall not forget them:
Great jars laden with the raw green of pickles,
Standing in a solemn row across the back of the porch,
Exhaling the pungent dill;
And in the very center of the yard,
You, tending the great catsup kettle of gleaming copper,
Where fat, red tomatoes bobbed up and down
Like jolly monks in a drunken dance.
And there were bland banks of cabbages that came by the wagon-load,
Soon to be cut into delicate ribbons
Only to be crushed by the heavy, wooden stompers.
Such feathery whiteness — to come to kraut!
And after, there were grapes that hid their brightness under a grey dust,
Then gushed thrilling, purple blood over the fire;
And enameled crab-apples that tricked with their fragrance
But were bitter to taste.
And there were spicy plums and ill-shaped quinces,
And long string beans floating in pans of clear water
Like slim, green fishes.
And there was fish itself,
Salted, silver herring from the city.

And you moved among these mysteries,
Absorbed and smiling and sure;
Stirring, tasting, measuring,
With the precision of a ritual.
I like to think of you in your years of power —
You, now so shaken and so powerless —
High priestess of your home.

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Ruth Comfort Mitchell (Mrs. Young) was born in California and still lives on a ranch in that state. She has traveled widely. She is the author of many stories and of two volumes of poems. Several of her poems are interesting because of their reflection of the new position taken by women in the social structure in the last half century.

THE OLD MAID

She crossed over from the mainland on a wicked winter morning —
I have never seen the mainland, — the sky was black with squall;
I mind well the sinful weather
And the ruin of her feather.
Eh, she was wet as water, but she never cared at all.
We took her for a missioner; she giggled when we told her so;
A funny, sudden laugh she had, that lifted like a tune.
She said she liked the look of us,
And thought she'd make a book of us.
She took our little upstairs room and stayed until the June.

No man at all to fend for her! "Poor thing!" I would be calling her.
There was no fortune in her face and she was monstrous old.
When I was lacking years of that
I'd 'Lizabeth and Lem and Nat;
But you'd have thought her seventeen the way she up and told.
And always smiling to herself, the like of hearing happy news,
And kind of keeping marching step, as if she heard a band.
The gay and swinging stride of her!
Eh, grief and care walked wide of her!
I'd leave my work to look at her go speeding down the sand.

"Sea-going men, home-keeping maids," that's what the parson always says,
But just the same he liked her fine, and Doc and Teacher, too,
And rare and pleased to walk with her,
To lug her books and talk with her.
I wonder is her way the way all mainland women do?
And how the children tagged her round, and what she couldn't do with them!
It wasn't hardly fair to us, somehow, it seemed to me,
The way she could be sharing them
Without the pang of bearing them.
I'd sit and think and think of it when Lem was on the sea.

She used to tell me stories, too. Some of them I remember still.
I went far up the Cove and cried the day the book was through.
Afternoons we sewed together
And she *gave* me that grand feather.
I curled it in the oven and it came as good as new.
The while she stayed it didn't seem the island was a lonesome place.
The town went swarming to the boat and waving her Goodby.
I redded up the room again,
Eh, back to mop and broom again!
But I'm going to see the mainland some day before I die.

BARBARA

Barbara, child, with luminous face,
If you had lived in the daintier days
With your fine frank ladyhood look of race,
In your decorous cap and sober grace,
Delicate bards would have penned your praise,

Tenderly sung with a sheltering smile
Of your "starry gaze" and your "brow of snow"
And prayed there should never a breath defile
From a world without that is sad and vile;
"Pure" and "secure" would have rhymed, I know.

But, Barbara, this is a sterner age.
We shall ask for your hands, to help and heal;
We shall call you soon in the war we wage;
We shall want your tears and your high white rage;
Your slim, young shoulder against the wheel.

They'd have set your beauty within a bower,
But we cannot spare you. We need you so!
You are vital force; you are not a flower!
You are challenge and promise; peace and power —
Your starry gaze and your brow of snow!

JOYCE KILMER

Every moment of his life was full of zest for (Alfred) Joyce Kilmer. Into his thirty-two years he crammed a greater variety of experience than many a man does in seventy.

He was born at New Brunswick, New Jersey, in 1886, and was educated at Rutgers College and Columbia University. Soon after leaving college he was married. His wife, Aline Kilmer, is also a poet. To support himself and his family he turned to a variety of occupations. He was a teacher of Latin, the editor of a journal for horsemen, a salesman, and a newspaper man.

When he turned to writing he determined not to starve at it. In addition to his regular newspaper work he wrote voluminously, essays and poems following each other in quick succession. With his second volume of verse, *Trees and Other Poems*, he leaped into national prominence as an author; for the title poem, first published in a magazine, was promptly quoted from one end of the country to the other. Numerous engagements to read and lecture quickly followed. He had won national popularity and an adequate income.

Joyce Kilmer wrote rapidly, and often in an almost hilarious mood. It is only natural that the haste of much of his work, and the influence

of the authors he early admired, should be apparent in his earlier verses. *Trees and Other Poems* (1914) and *Main Street and Other Poems* (1917) contain many excellent pieces. "Trees" is a remarkable achievement. It is the sort of poem that may be equally admired by an ignorant man or a college professor.

In his late twenties he found that his religious convictions had slowly changed since his childhood. For his spiritual peace he courageously followed his new beliefs into the Roman Catholic Church, whose devoted son he was till his death.

His duty as a citizen, following the entrance of the United States into the World War, seemed instantly clear to him. The fact that he had a wife and children did not alter circumstances. Within three weeks after the declaration of war he had enlisted as a private in the Seventh Regiment, National Guard, of New York. At his own request he was soon transferred to the 165th Infantry. He was killed in action at the river Ourcq on July 30, 1918.

TREES

(For Mrs. Henry Mills Alden)

I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is pressed
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.

A tree that looks at God all day
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree.

MARTIN

When I am tired of earnest men,
  Intense and keen and sharp and clever,
Pursuing fame with brush or pen,
  Or counting metal discs forever,
Then from the halls of Shadowland,
  Beyond the trackless purple sea,
Old Martin's ghost comes back to stand
  Beside my desk and talk with me.

Still on his delicate pale face
  A quizzical thin smile is showing,
His cheeks are wrinkled like fine lace,
  His kind blue eyes are gay and glowing.
He wears a brilliant-hued cravat,
  A suit to match his soft gray hair,
A rakish stick, a knowing hat,
  A manner blithe and debonair.

How good that he who always knew
  That being lovely was a duty,
Should have gold halls to wander through
  And should himself inhabit beauty.
How like his old unselfish way
  To leave those halls of splendid mirth
And comfort those condemned to stay
  Upon the dull and sombre earth.

Some people ask: "What cruel chance
  Made Martin's life so sad a story?"
Martin? Why, he exhaled romance,
  And wore an overcoat of glory.

A fleck of sunlight in the street,
  A horse, a book, a girl who smiled,
Such visions made each moment sweet
  For this receptive ancient child.

Because it was old Martin's lot
  To be, not make, a decoration,
Shall we then scorn him, having not
  His genius of appreciation?
Rich joy and love he got and gave;
  His heart was merry as his dress;
Pile laurel wreaths upon his grave
  Who did not gain, but was, success!

ORRICK JOHNS

Orrick Johns was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1887. He was a student at the University of Missouri for three years, studied architecture at Washington University for two years, and then turned to writing rather than architecture for his career. He had begun to love words when he was about fourteen; and his father, the editor of a St. Louis paper, had encouraged him in his study of literature. After a period of writing advertising copy, special articles, and book reviews for newspapers and periodicals, he turned to other kinds of work. He has written two books of verse, *Asphalt and Other Poems* (1917) and *Black Branches* (1920); and one novel, *Blindfold* (1923). His comedy, *A Charming Conscience*, was produced in 1923.

His first book of verse met a rather unfavorable reception. He had become acquainted with some of the ballads and street songs of Paris and attempted to do a similar thing in American slang. These verses are vivid enough but hardly beautiful. In addition some of the poems were opposed to the war spirit of the day. Reviewers condemned the book on two counts. The beauty of the lyrics in the rest of the book almost escaped attention.

At his best, Orrick Johns is a true lyricist and a fine one. Poem after poem exhibits a fine choice of words, a delicate music, and an intense and personal reaction to the world about him. Pervading his work is the sense that the poet and every other lover of pure beauty is out of harmony with the America of to-day, which admires mass production, utility, and applied beauty.

LITTLE THINGS

There's nothing very beautiful and nothing very gay
About the rush of faces in the town by day,
But a light tan cow in a pale green mead,
That is very beautiful, beautiful indeed. . . .
And the soft March wind and the low March mist
Are better than kisses in a dark street kissed. . . .
The fragrance of the forest when it wakes at dawn,
The fragrance of a trim green village lawn,
The hearing of the murmur of the rain at play —
These things are beautiful, beautiful as day!
And I shan't stand waiting for love or scorn
When the feast is laid for a day new-born. . . .
Oh, better let the little things I loved when little
Return when the heart finds the great things brittle;
And better is a temple made of bark and thong
Than a tall stone temple that may stand too long.

FAILURE

Five score years the birds have flown
  Back from March to May,
And this land has never known
  A man who made his way.

Flocks have passed of faces here
  Jovial and dour,
And never a single one of them
  Became a man of power.

Year on year these slopes were plowed
  By man and boy and still
Hardly have they yielded more
  Than the burying bill.

Five score years they've risen green
Almost from the snow;
Now they're beautiful and clean. . . .
Failure made them so.

WILD PLUM

They are unholy who are born
To love wild plum at night,
Who once have passed it on a road
Glimmering and white.

It is as though the darkness had
Speech of silver words,
Or as though a cloud of stars
Perched like ghostly birds.

They are unpitied from their birth
And homeless in men's sight,
Who love, better than the earth,
Wild plum at night.

MARGARET WIDDEMER

Margaret Widdemer was born at Doylestown, Pennsylvania, and was educated at Drexel Institute Library School.

She has written a number of books for girls besides her three volumes of verse, *Factories and Other Lyrics* (1915), *Old Road to Paradise* (1918), and *Cross Currents* (1921). Her second book divided the Pulitzer prize of that year with Carl Sandburg's *Corn Huskers*. She writes from a distinctively feminine point of view. She is best known for the poems of social protest in her first book.

THE GUIDES

Where have you been the long day through,
  Little brothers of mine?
For soon the earth shall belong to you,
Yours to mar or to build anew, —
Have you been to learn what the world shall do,
  Little brothers going home?

We have been to learn through the weary day
Where the great looms echo and crash and sway —
The world has willed it, and we obey,
  Elder brother.

What did you learn till set of sun,
  Little brothers of mine,
Down where the great looms wove and spun,
You who are many where we are one
(We whose day is so nearly done),
  Little brothers toiling home?

We have learned the things that the mill-folk said,
How Man is cruel and God is dead. . . .
And how to spin with an even thread,
  Elder brother.

What did you win with the thing they taught,
  Little brothers of mine,
You whose sons shall have strength you brought,
Fashion their lives of the faith you bought,
Follow afar the ways you sought,
  Little brothers stealing home?

Shattered body and stunted brain,
Hearts made hard with the need of gain,
These we won and must give again,
Elder brother.

How shall the world fare in your hand,
Little brothers of mine,
When you shall stand where we now stand?
Will you lift a light in the darkened land
Or fire its ways with a burning brand,
Little brothers creeping home?

What of the way the world shall fare?
What the world has given the world must bear. . . .
We are tired — ah, tired — and we cannot care,
Elder brother!

THE MODERN WOMAN TO HER LOVER

I shall not lie to you any more,
Flatter or fawn to attain my end —
I am what never has been before,
Woman — and Friend.

I shall be strong as a man is strong,
I shall be fair as a man is fair,
Hand in locked hand we shall pass along
To a purer air:

I shall not drag at your bridle-rein,
Knee pressed to knee shall we ride the hill;
I shall not lie to you ever again —
Will you love me still?

ALAN SEEGER

Alan Seeger was born in June, 1888, in New York City, and passed his childhood on Staten Island. A part of his youth was spent in Mexico, the natural beauty of which country he celebrated in some of his earliest verse. He began to write while a student at Harvard, from which he was graduated in 1910.

He felt he could write better in Paris and went there in 1913. He was one of the many American students and artists there whose sympathies for France were keenly engaged at the outbreak of the war in 1914. With them he enlisted in the Foreign Legion and served in almost constant battle for two years. On his brief leaves he did a little work in preparing his previously written verse for the press; but he found that as an actor in the great world tragedy he had already outgrown most of his work. Like nearly every other writer his early works were imitative and conventional.

During his two years as a soldier he wrote little poetry; but one of his finest poems was written in a few days in the spring of 1916, within sound of the German guns. This is his "Ode in Memory of American Volunteers Fallen for France." It was written to be read at a Memorial Day celebration in Paris.

He died of wounds sustained in action at Belloy-en-Santerre, July 4, 1916, before his powers were developed. He will be remembered chiefly for the one fine poem here quoted. He felt the approach of death and met it with courage.

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air —
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath —
It may be I shall pass him still.

I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear. . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

CLEMENT WOOD

Clement Wood was born in 1888 at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and was educated at the University of Alabama and at Yale. After several years in the practice of law in Birmingham he went to Elizabeth, New Jersey, and later to New York City as a teacher in various preparatory schools.

He is a prolific writer both of stories and of poems. His books of verse are *Glad of Earth* (1917), *The Earth Turns South* (1919), and *Jehovah* (1920). For *Jehovah* he received one of the three prizes of $500 each offered that year by the *Lyric* (New York).

The greater bulk of his work is in regular patterns. Some of his best is in free verse. He is often betrayed by his own fluency.

APRIL IN ALABAMA

(For Salomón de la Selva)

April in Alabama — and I not there!
I go about my tasks with a heavy heart,
A thousand miles from home;
O for one hour on those Alabama hills!

For there, I know, the earth is shyly putting on her bridal flowers
For the hot embrace of summer;
And I know — who better than I? —
Where the pansy violets bloom,
Filmy petals of blue slipt from the heavens,
Under the high pines.

I know where the dogwood laughs in the valleys,
And I know where the big grape-vine swing is;
How many a time I have clung to it and flung myself into the sky,
Then bumping back into the clumsy earth,
Where all dreams end. . . .
Now the peach-orchards are gay and delicate-scented, —
I have tested each limb that would bear me;
I know the tangles of the blossoming blackberry,
And the waxen-bloomed May-apples on the hill-side. . . .

Far away, by the forgotten mill-dam,
I know how to follow the spring-stream to its source,
And there, under the green-shawled rocks,
Find the tiny white violets,
Blooming pearls among the emerald leaves.

Then I would range far for my armfuls of flowers;
There was always someone to give them to:
For a long time my mother, my earliest sweetheart;
There was a teacher I adored like a worshipper;
And an endless stream of brown eyes and grey eyes
That took my boy's heart — and my flowers.
And if ever there was no one else,
I picked them for myself. . . .

I am a part of that land;
It seeded me, budded me, brought me through bloom to fruitage;
Here I am like a ripe apple tumbled away from the high tree
To the strange bottom of the hill. . . .
But that land is my mother. . . .

Oh, April is here too —
I can feel the glory of the Woolworth tower piercing the mists of the morning,
I can see beauty in an unfinished subway excavation,
I love the silent canyons of streets at midnight,
And their flood of men at noon;
I see the decorous blooming of window-boxes,
And the sober flowering of New England's ordered hills and valleys. . . .

But April in Alabama!
Could I lead you to the first pansy-violet,
Sky-blooming out of the earth?
Just try me once!

BERKSHIRES IN APRIL

It is not Spring — not yet —
But at East Schagticoke I saw an ivory birch
Lifting a filmy red mantle of knotted buds
Above the rain-washed whiteness of her arms.

It is not Spring — not yet —
But by Hoosick Falls I saw a robin strutting,
Thin, still, and fidgety,
Not like the puffed, complacent ball of feathers
That dawdles over the cidery Autumn loam.

It is not Spring — not yet —
But up the stocky Pownal hills
Some springy shrub, a scarlet gash on the grayness,
Climbs, flaming, over the melting snows.

It is not Spring — not yet —
But at Williamstown the willows are young and golden,
Their tall tips flinging the sun's rays back at him;
And as the sun drags over the Berkshire crests
The willows glow, the scarlet bushes burn,
The high hill birches shine like purple plumes,
A royal headdress for the brow of Spring.
It is the doubtful, unquiet end of Winter,
And Spring is pulsing out of the wakening soil.

HORTENSE FLEXNER

Hortense Flexner, member of a family distinguished for ability and public service, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and has lived there all her life. She was graduated from the University of Michigan. For several years she was a reporter for a Louisville newspaper.

She is the author of several short plays and a small number of short poems, which were collected to make up her volume, *Clouds and Cobblestones* (1920). Nearly all her poems are in regular verse patterns. She is a strict and conscientious craftsman. Her language is musical, her symbols are apt, her thought is swift and suggestive, and all her work is compact.

FAITH

If on this night of still, white cold,
I can remember May,
New green of tree and underbrush,
A hillside orchard's mounting flush,
The scent of earth and noon's blue hush,
A robin's jaunty way;

If on this night of bitter frost,
I know such things can be,
That lovely May is true — ah, well,
I shall believe the tales men tell,
Wonders of bliss and asphodel,
And immortality.

KHAKI

Under the slow-turning suns,
Age after age,
A bending animal,
A stooped thing,
Whose seed was yet to be a man —
Has fought through many deaths
To one end —
Uprightness and aloofness
From mud.
But today I saw a column of men
Marching on a field,
Striving again to be one
With mud.

FRENCH CLOCK[1]

Time is a heavy legend to be told
By this slight clock, shapely and full of guile,
With brilliants at its throat, the sun in gold,
Louis' own seal, above its painted smile.

[1] (Editor's Note) The term "French clock" is still used to describe small, ornate timepieces, such as were being made more than a century ago to supply the heedless and wealthy aristocracy of France. The French Revolution exiled or executed that aristocracy; and, in 1793, beheaded King Louis XVI.

Some clocks have souls; they grow into a wall,
Become a part of lives they tick away;
This is a toy, perfect, sufficient all
Unto itself — a butterfly at bay.
Hours and years? They change but do not pass!
In this light world of gold and ormolu
Time is one splendid moment under glass!
Mad little clock, so gay it never knew
Blood on the hours, a lifted pike — a head —
And hot throats roaring that the King is dead!

ELINOR WYLIE

Elinor Hoyt was born in Washington, D.C., and was reared amid unusually fortunate surroundings. She writes under the name of her second marriage. She is generally regarded as one of the most brilliant poets of the day.

She is a firefly of a poet, giving out light without heat. She is a scholar as a poet, master of a great range of unusual words. She is a sphinx as a poet, often leaving the casual reader in puzzled ignorance as to her meaning. She is a visitor from another world, viewing life about her with a cool detachment. She is an epigrammatist and wit, sometimes phrasing an idea with sententious brevity. She is never superficial, cheap, or sentimental, and she never tries to win the sympathy of her readers. Because she is all of these things her poetry lacks the general popular appeal of that of such writers as Longfellow or Riley. Other poets and the critics value her work highly.

Besides her prose she has written two small books of poems, *Nets to Catch the Wind* (1921) and *Black Armour* (1923). She is here represented by a sonnet sequence from the former book. The sonnet pattern attracts many poets because of its exact and known requirements. A subject too large to be treated in one sonnet can sometimes be well handled in a group or sequence of sonnets. The difficulty lies in preserving a unity of the whole and a unity in each part. Elinor Wylie is one of the few who have written a successful sonnet sequence.

This poem shows her cool aloofness, her mastery of language and of unusual rhymes and rhythms, and a clearness of emotion unusual in her work.

WILD PEACHES

1

When the world turns completely upside down
You say we'll emigrate to the Eastern Shore
Aboard a river-boat from Baltimore;
We'll live among wild peach trees, miles from town.
You'll wear a coonskin cap, and I a gown
Homespun, dyed butternut's dark gold color.
Lost, like your lotus-eating ancestor,
We'll swim in milk and honey till we drown.

The winter will be short, the summer long,
The autumn amber-hued, sunny and hot,
Tasting of cider and of scuppernong;
All seasons sweet, but autumn best of all.
The squirrels in their silver fur will fall
Like falling leaves, like fruit, before your shot.

2

The autumn frosts will lie upon the grass
Like bloom on grapes of purple-brown and gold.
The misted early mornings will be cold;
The little puddles will be roofed with glass.
The sun, which burns from copper into brass,
Melts these at noon, and makes the boys unfold
Their knitted mufflers; full as they can hold,
Fat pockets dribble chestnuts as they pass.

Peaches grow wild, and pigs can live in clover;
A barrel of salted herrings lasts a year;
The spring begins before the winter's over.
By February you may find the skins
Of garter snakes and water moccasins
Dwindled and harsh, dead-white and cloudy-clear.

3

When April pours the colors of a shell
Upon the hills, when every little creek
Is shot with silver from the Chesapeake
In shoals new-minted by the ocean swell,
When strawberries go begging, and the sleek
Blue plums lie open to the blackbird's beak,
We shall live well — we shall live very well.

The months between the cherries and the peaches
Are brimming cornucopias which spill
Fruits red and purple, somber-bloomed and black;
Then, down rich fields and frosty river beaches
We'll trample bright persimmons, while we kill
Bronze partridge, speckled quail, and canvas-back.

4

Down to the Puritan marrow of my bones
There's something in this richness that I hate.
I love the look, austere, immaculate,
Of landscapes drawn in pearly monotones.
There's something in my very blood that owns
Bare hills, cold silver on a sky of slate,
A thread of water, churned to milky spate
Streaming through slanted pastures fenced with stones.

I love those skies, thin blue or snowy gray,
Those fields sparse-planted, rendering meager sheaves;
That spring, briefer than apple-blossom's breath,
Summer, so much too beautiful to stay,
Swift autumn, like a bonfire of leaves,
And sleepy winter, like the sleep of death.

HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

Howard Mumford Jones is one of several university professors who give the lie to an old assumption, that teachers cannot write. (See also Carruth, Piper, and Leonard.)

He was born in 1892 at Saginaw, Michigan. He was educated at the State Normal School, La Crosse, Wisconsin, at the University of Wisconsin and the University of Chicago. In 1916 he joined the faculty of the University of Texas as instructor of comparative literature.

His *Gargoyles* (1918) is a collection of both regular and free verse. Most of his poems reflect his experiences as a teacher and are written for mature people. He is always a conscientious craftsman; occasionally a paragraph glows with emotion and energy.

AT MILLER

(Second poem in the group, "At the Dunes")

To Miller on a Sunday comes
  Each fellow with his girl,
Deaf to the town's incessant drums
  And piccolo's shrill whirl;
Her escort bears the lunch she takes
  And each girl giggles loud
To hear the jokes her fellow makes
  Upon the joyous crowd.

They build a fire upon the beach
  To roast their wieners by,
They toss a ball from each to each
  With silly shout and cry;
The plain girls read, the couples stroll,
  The men race on the sand,
Or trousers to the knee they roll
  To wade a rod from land.

Impertinent and useless things,
  They eat and drink and shout
Until the night on throbbing wings
  Shakes all her star-dust out;
Then two by two they hurry back
  Like hens to catch the car,
While down the dead day's crimson track
  Falters the evening star.

They are afraid to stand alone
  Under the empty sky;
Back to the town they herd, and drone
Their lives away and die;
They huddle back to town in fear,
  Fear of the night and God —
It's safer where the streets are near,
  Than where His feet have trod!

The sun goes down, the stars come out
  Over the purple sea,
And in the west the chimneys spout
  Hell forth all fiery,
But though night be upon the wolds,
  And hell upon the sky,
Impassively the lake beholds,
  The dunes, impassively.

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Stephen Vincent Benét was born in 1898 at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and was educated in the schools of various cities where his father, an army officer, resided in pursuit of his duties.

He published *Five Men and Pompey* in 1915, the year he entered Yale. This group of six dramatic monologues is more mature than is to be expected from a seventeen-year-old author. At college he took various

prizes for his poems. The work of this period is collected in *Young Adventure* (1918), from which one poem is quoted. This book is naturally somewhat immature both in matter and in manner, but a vigorous and individual method of writing is seen in process of developing. His later books, *Heavens and Earth* (1920) and *The Beginning of Wisdom* (1921), exhibit a growing power of sharp description and of whimsy.

Since his graduation from Yale in 1919 he has lived in New York, engaged in newspaper work and the writing of verse and plays.

He is a younger brother of William Rose Benét.

RAIN AFTER A VAUDEVILLE SHOW

The last pose flickered, failed. The screen's dead white
Glared in a sudden flooding of harsh light
Stabbing the eyes; and as I stumbled out
The curtain rose. A fat girl with a pout
And legs like hams, began to sing "His Mother."
Gusts of bad air rose in a choking smother;
Smoke, the wet steam of clothes, the stench of plush,
Powder, cheap perfume, mingled in a rush.
I stepped into the lobby — and stood still
Struck dumb by sudden beauty, body and will.
Cleanness and rapture — excellence made plain —
The storming, thrashing arrows of the rain!
Pouring and dripping on the roofs and rods,
Smelling of woods and hills and fresh-turned sods,
Black on the sidewalks, grey in the far sky,
Crashing on thirsty panes, on gutters dry,
Hurrying the crowd to shelter, making fair
The streets, the houses, and the heat-soaked air, —
Merciful, holy, charging, sweeping, flashing,
It smote the soul with a most iron clashing! . . .
Like dragons' eyes the street-lamps suddenly gleamed,
Yellow and round and dim-low globes of flame.
And, scarce perceived, the clouds' tall banners streamed.
Out of the petty wars, the daily shame,

Beauty strove suddenly, and rose, and flowered. . . .
I gripped my coat and plunged where awnings lowered.
Made one with hissing blackness, caught, embraced,
By splendor and by striving and swift haste —
Spring coming in with thunderings and strife —
I stamped the ground in the strong joy of life!

HILDA CONKLING

The public is used to hearing of children who are prodigies in music, mathematics, or languages. *Poems by a Little Girl* (1920), with a preface by Amy Lowell, introduced to the reading public Hilda Conkling, a new kind of child prodigy, who began to "tell" poems when she was four years old!

She was born at Catskill-on-Hudson in October, 1910, the daughter of Grace Hazard Conkling, a poet also represented in this book. Since 1913 the family has lived at Northampton, Massachusetts, where Mrs. Conkling is on the faculty of Smith College. Hilda is a normal little girl except for her unusual endowment of sight and insight. Her first book contains about one hundred fifty short poems composed from her fourth to her tenth year. The child "tells" the poems to her mother, who contributes nothing to the process except writing them down and dividing them into lines.

Poets of mature years are naturally concerned with questions of form and versification. Hilda Conkling is spared all this. She is concerned with "telling" something she has seen, a fanciful comparison that has flitted through her mind — and then she is ready to play again. The outside world loses the power to enchant people as they grow familiar with it through passing years. To every child it is full of beauty; of power and mystery and awe; of curious resemblances. In other words, it is *new*. These little poems are a revelation of the reaction of an alert child-mind to the world about her.

WATER [1]

The world turns softly
Not to spill its lakes and rivers.
The water is held in its arms
And the sky is held in the water.

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Poems by a Little Girl*, by Hilda Conkling. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

What is water,
That pours silver,
And can hold the sky?

SUN–FLOWERS [1]

Sun-flowers, stop growing!
If you touch the sky where those clouds are passing
Like tufts of dandelion gone to seed,
The sky will put you out!
You know it is blue like the sea. . . .
Maybe it is wet, too!
Your gold faces will be gone forever
If you brush against that blue
Ever so softly!

NATHALIA CRANE

In 1923 a New York newspaper received through the mail and accepted some poems signed "Nathalia Crane." When the editor later met the author he was surprised to find her a girl of ten. She had not indicated her age on the manuscript. The poems had been accepted because they were good and not because their author was a precocious child.

Nathalia Crane was born in 1913, her mother being of Spanish descent and her father of an old American family. The home of the family is in Brooklyn. Nathalia is a girl of normal interests. Beyond that she has a love of words, an instinct for rhythm, and ideas more mature than one would expect in a girl of her age. She began to write in secret, beating out the rhythms by clapping her hands. When her parents found out what she was doing they gave her discreet encouragement and protection. By the time she was twelve she had written two books, *The Janitor's Boy* and *Lava Lane.*

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Poems by a Little Girl*, by Hilda Conkling. Copyright, 1920, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

THE READING BOY

He is carved in alabaster, he is called the Reading Boy.
A cross-legged little pagan, pondering o'er the Siege of Troy;
He's a miniature Adonis, with a bandeau round his head,
And he's reading late and early when he ought to be in bed.

He cons an ancient manuscript, he scanneth as a sage,
But with all his mighty reading never yet hath turned a page;
Never alabaster side glance at the turtle in the bowl,
Never alabaster wiggle, though I know he has a soul.

I have watched him late and early, just an image out of Rome,
And politely offered bookmarks to divert him from that tome;
Yea, with aggravating gestures sought to turn aside his face,
But not for pots of honey could you make him lose his place.

There he sits in sweet perfection that the chisel did unveil,
With the rapture of an angel up against a lively tale.
But I'd give an old maid's ransom just to see that little wretch
Discard that Trojan magazine, and give a real good stretch.

SECTION FOUR

THE POETS OF THE FAR CORNERS

In this section are gathered several of the poets who portray for us life in various corners of the United States, as it is now or has been within the last century. In connection with them should be read Robert Frost, who has interpreted rural New England; Robert W. Service, whose reputation rests on his poems of Alaska; and William Henry Drummond, whose account of the French people of Canada will apply equally to thousands of them who live on farms along the northern boundary of the United States. Limitations of space have prevented the representation of other poets. Those particularly interested in this phase of the study will wish to turn to *Carolina Chansons* by Hervey Allen and DuBose Heyward, and to the interpretations of the American Indian of to-day in *Many, Many Moons*, by Lew Sarett. For contrasting poems of city life in this book, see Carl Sandburg, Alter Brody, Lola Ridge, and John V. A. Weaver.

Half of the people in the United States now live in cities and towns of more than 2,500 population. For them, life is made safe by the health department, orderly by the police department, convenient by the public utilities, entertaining by park concerts, and exciting by the traffic congestion, the sporting page, and the tax collector. The average city man earns a living for his family with less than nine hours of work a day, generally in relative safety, and in some occupation where his work must be closely coördinated with others. The city dwellers, and particularly the young people of city

birth, accept as a matter of course and of natural right a life that is easier and more replete with possibilities than their grandfathers could even have dreamed.

This was not always the case. A half century ago, frontier conditions prevailed over half the area of this country; in various corners they are only now passing away. Among large cities, industrial towns, fertile farming regions, and sparsely settled mountain districts a tremendous variety of social conditions still exist. In cities the social system is complex; in villages and established farming regions it is less so; and in various mountain localities life still has something of the quality of the old frontier.

For nearly three centuries the frontier was one of the largest factors in determining the quality of the American people and the nature of their institutions. Frontier life had two leading characteristics. Frontier people experienced relatively little contact and conflict with other people; rather, they were forced to pit their wits and strength against nature in order to maintain life. And they were compelled by circumstances to depend on themselves, and not on any outside help.

These poets tell us something of the passed or passing frontier, and of life in more sparsely settled places. Their work is racy of the American soil. It has the optimism of a new country. The philosophy of individualism, the reckless determination, the sheer physical endurance, and the cheery gusto of a nation of empire builders are reflected in it.

GEORGE STERLING

George Sterling was born at Sag Harbor, New York, in 1869, was educated at St. Charles College, Maryland, and has lived in California since 1898.

He was educated in the classical tradition and follows it without experimentation in new poetic patterns. The first of his eleven books

of verse, *The Testimony of the Suns and Other Poems*, appeared in 1903. He tried to reflect the grand scale of nature in the west in a flamboyant manner which was popular in its place and hour. In his later books he has exercised more restraint without lessening the pictorial quality of his work. These quieter poems are more effective and are now more popular than his earlier work.

FATHER COYOTE

At twilight time, when the lamps are lit,
Father coyote comes to sit
At the chaparral's edge, on the mountain-side —
Comes to listen and to deride
The rancher's hound and the rancher's son,
The passer-by and everyone.
And we pause at milking-time to hear
His reckless carolling, shrill and clear, —
His terse and swift and valorous troll,
Ribald, rollicking, scornful, droll,
As one might sing in coyotedom:
"Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!"

Yet well I wot there is little ease
Where the turkeys roost in the almond trees,
But mute forebodings, canny and grim,
As they shift and shiver along the limb.
And the dog flings back an answer brief
(Curse o' the honest man on the thief),
And the cat, till now intent to rove,
Stalks to her lair by the kitchen stove;
Not that *she* fears the rogue on the hill;
But — no mice remain, and — the night is chill.
And now, like a watchman of the skies,
Whose glance to a thousand valleys flies,
The moon glares over the granite ledge —
Pared a slice on its upper edge.

And father coyote waits no more,
Knowing that down on the valley floor,
In a sandy nook all cool and white,
The rabbits play and the rabbits fight,
Flopping, nimble, scurrying,
Careless now with the surge of Spring. . . .
Furry lover, alack! alas!
Skims your fate o'er the moonlit grass!

THEN AND NOW

Beyond the desolate expanse of plain
The sunset like a fiery menace glowed.
The bones of brutes, along the uncertain road,
Were half a year unvisited of rain.

A woman dug within the river-bed,
Eager to know if water could be found.
Her breathing filled the space with weary sound;
On those gaunt arms and face the light lay red.

The turbid water gathered in the hole.
Pausing, she watched the west with steady stare. . . .
Impatiently the oxen sniffed the air,
Tethered and tired beside the wagon pole.

Above, a hungry child began to push
Aside the canvas of their prairie-van;
Near the low bank a grim, impatient man
Tugged, grunting, at a thick and withered bush.

It snapped. He rolled, then rose with angry face.
The woman stood with gnarly hands on hips,
As broke in epic music from her lips
The swift, unsparing laughter of the race.

. . . . . .

Beyond the fenced and many-pastured plain
The sunset rose like minarets of dream.
The bridge across the summer-wasted stream
Roared with the passing of the splendid train.

And from a shining car whose inmates quaffed
Their jeweled wines, a girl with ivory hands
Gazed forth, nor knew that on those very sands,
One sunset time, her mother's mother laughed.

Eastward she hastened to the roofs of kings,
Her each desire accorded ere 'twas felt —
She who had never toiled nor borne nor knelt,
She, tired of life and love and human things.

EDWIN FORD PIPER

Son of pioneering parents, Edwin Ford Piper was born in 1871 in Nebraska, when that state had few railroads, schools, or people. He watched the prairie country being conquered by settlers while he was growing up. This has given him a background of unequaled interest from which to draw material for his work. He was graduated from the University of Nebraska, and took graduate work at Harvard. From 1899 till 1905 he was on the English faculty at the University of Nebraska, going thence to the University of Iowa.

His versification is stiff and awkward but his poems are full of racy pictures of the people, the places, and the social conditions he knew in boyhood. His *Barbed Wire and Other Poems* (1917) is an illuminating record of pioneering conditions which have now disappeared from the state of his birth.

THE BOY ON THE PRAIRIE[1]

At thirteen he first saw a railway train
With all the amazing violence of the wheels,
And the coughing, and the rebuking bell,

[1] From *Barbed Wire and Other Poems*, by Edwin Ford Piper. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

A theme for round-eyed wonder. He could ride
A bucking pony, cut strange toys in wood,
Braid hair or leather into lasso knot,
Dive, swim, throw stones, — lacked mates for bat and ball —
But with a rifle could behead a quail,
Such lore men taught him.

And he whiled long hours
Of lonely sunshine with his horse and dog;
Their hearty love dilating soft, bright eyes,
Pricking the glossy ears, — their comradeship
In quiverings, poisings of graceful bodies,
Plain, age-old words of the beasts.

He learned to read
The look and life of all that roamed the wild;
Where the first elm seeds showered on April grass,
Why creatures slipped through thicket, or stirless, hid;
Where coyotes denned, how plover nest on the ground,
Two pear-shaped eggs the color of grass and dust,
Open to sight, so hard to see.

And he knew
The frowns and benedictions of the sky;
Whether piled thunderheads bridged all the blue,
Or horsetails wavered in the path of wind,
Or solid gray led up the long, long rain.
He saw the earth arrayed in all its hours;
The level sun laugh in the morning dew
A-shimmer on each grass-blade while bare feet
Were happy in that coolness; he saw the snow
One dazzle under winter sunlight shoot
A flickering rainbow in rebellious eyes.

Sometimes he read the weekly newspaper;
And winter evenings helped him into books.
On him the Ancient Mariner cast a spell;
The Lady of the Lake answered his horn;
He struck the proudest blow in Chevy Chase,
Linking the while Kit Carson, Daniel Boone,
With Grant and Lincoln as his greatest men.

ANN COBB

Ann Cobb was born at Chiltonville, Massachusetts, in 1873, and was educated at Wellesley College.

A descendant of pioneering American stock, she followed her ancestral bent by going in 1904 to become a teacher at the Settlement School at Hindman, a village of three hundred population, the county seat of Knott County in the mountains of Kentucky. This school, the pioneer of its kind, had been established a few years previously to carry educational advantages into a section of the mountains then two days' journey by horseback from the nearest railroad. Besides the children of the town the school had about one hundred boarding scholars from more remote mountain valleys.

The school has been her life. From it she has watched and been a part of the sweeping changes in the social life of the mountains in the last twenty years. This period has seen the passing of the mountain feuds, the extension of the railroads, and the improvement of the roads and schools. The Settlement School has contributed to the change by training teachers for the little country schools and by fitting its pupils for life in the mountains by its emphasis on farming and homemaking. Ann Cobb, in her book of poems, *Kinfolks* (1922), and her fellow-teacher, Lucy Furman, in her novels, *Mothering on Perilous* and *The Quare Women*, have been the truest interpreters of this changing social order. (See also William Aspenwall Bradley and the section of Folk Poetry.)

THE NEWEST BOY

Seen quare folks and places
Everywhere I've been,
But the right-down quarest
Is this school I'm in.

Jest afore her passing
Mammy got my hand,
Not to go a-wandering
Doless through the land.

So I joined the work-school.
Allus heard folks say
If you craved high larning
They could show the way.

Gee-oh, boys, the vittles —
Cheese and rice they'll eat,
Soup and fancy pudding,
Served us once for meat.

But I've never follered
Being choosy much,
What I mind is doing
Woman's work and such.

Milking cows, three times, too,
Feeding hogs and hens,
Packing water buckets —
Woman's work, not men's.

Then the bells a-ringing
Every hour or so,
Like to turn me franzied
Thinking where to go.

Tell you when to study,
Tell you when to eat,
Tell you when it's bedtime,
And when to wash your feet.

Still the big boys like it,
Never seem to go.
Reckon I could try hit
Another day or so.

THE BOY

Everything's predestīned,
So the preachers say —
Wisht I'd been predestīned
To be my brother Clay.

He's the only man-child
Mammy ever bore.
Four of us that's older,
Sev'ral young-uns more.

Eats with Pop and Grandsir',
While we women wait.
Has his wings and drumsticks
Waiting, if he's late.

Rides behind with Poppy,
When he goes to mill,
Fun'ral-meetings, anywhar
Hit suits his little will.

Folks delight to sarve him,
Let him come and go, —
No! he's not so pettish,
Hit's a marvel, though.

Everything's predestīned,
And hit's not so bad.
We'd 'a' been right lonesome
With nary little lad.

WILBERT SNOW

Wilbert Snow was born on an island off the coast of Maine and was reared in that state. He has been a lobster catcher, a book agent, and a country school teacher there. Later he was Eskimo and Reindeer Agent for the Department of the Interior, in Alaska. He has served in both the navy and the army and was an artillery officer during the World War. His education was obtained at Bowdoin College and Columbia University. He has been an instructor of English at several American colleges, his latest connection being with Wesleyan University.

A child unconsciously gathers an exact knowledge of the things around him, fortified with many picturesque details which are stored in the memory. Later life in other places allows him to make comparisons and sort out of his memory the things which reveal the essential characteristics of his childhood surroundings. For this reason the best interpreter of a locality is one who has spent his youth there and part of his mature years elsewhere. Wilbert Snow was in this respect admirably qualified to write his *Maine Coast* (1923).

These poems, chiefly narrative, give a vivid picture of the people of the Maine coast, the dangers and delights of their lives, their humors and their courage. In "Mail Time" he has done more; he has here portrayed a characteristic of village life all over the country. There are thousands of hamlets in the United States still served by but one mail a day. The post office is the center of their social life. When the carrier is due every one goes to the post office, as much to chat with friends as to get the mail.

Mr. Snow is a master of his material; he succeeds admirably in communicating to his readers the "feel" of his place and his people.

MAIL TIME

The full moon staggers from the quivering sea,
Turning to glistening white the snow-thatched roofs,
And silhouetting limbs of maple trees
Against the moon-white homes and big red barns
That catch the wind's moan in the dead of winter.
The crisp clear spirit of the night calls forth
Hallos that echo through bare pasture woods,
And stillness holds the flushed pearl-handled shoreline
Securely on the knife-blade of the tide.

Faint sleigh bells ring far up the winding roadway,
And speed the lagging pulse-beat of the village.
The crunching snow beneath expectant feet,
The clear, sharp bells of neatly painted sleighs,
One with a lover and his smiling sweetheart, —
The opening and closing of shed doors,
The dull, slow cow-bell on a farmer's woodsled,
The steady click of oars in distant rowlocks,
Proclaim to every one, "The mail has come;"
And in the postoffice the people gather
So thickly that the carrier with mail-bags —
A lame, grease-spotted, walrus-whiskered veteran —
Must wriggle like a skillful football player
To break his way through groups of waiting neighbors.

Before the numbered boxes in the corner
The little girls, in faded woolen dresses
And tightly braided pigtails tied with twine,
On tiptoe stare excitedly for tidings
Of brothers over-seas or out West ranching,
Or brothers office-bound in busy cities.
The bigger girls distribute knowing glances
From eyes that flash the code of silent comment,
Whenever Frone, the postmistress, stops pounding
Ker-stamp, ker-stamp, ker-stamp, on fifty letters,
And takes time out to read a scrawling postal.

The old men in a circle round the fire
Dig out and fill their pipes as they spoon out
And tamp a lewis hole in ash-gray quarries.
They talk about the weather and deplore
The backing of the wind, and prophesy
A heavy snow storm, if the changing moon
Does not bestir herself to stave it off.

The three survivors of the Civil War:
(Stout Eben, with his right forefinger curled
Around his T. D. stem — he lifts it high
Whenever he removes it for a speech; —
Old Tower, with his long, white-flowing beard
Just reaching to his lap when he leans forward
To praise the strategy of George McClellan;
And Jonathan, lean boyhood friend of Eben,
Nicknamed "By Joe," to fit his favorite oath, —)
Retell the dashing stories of Bull Run
And Fredericksburg: and Eben always adds —
The playing of the band across the river
That night at Fredericksburg; his hair stood up
To hear the band play Dixie, and deep shame
Rushed over him that he should like it more
Than his, replying bravely with John Brown.
The flutter of the youngsters at the mail
Perturbs these patriarchs little, for their day
Of getting letters vanished long ago
Beyond the woods of age, too bare of leaves
To catch the afterglow and bring it back.

"The mail is open," pipes the Ever Faithful,
And one by one, according to their natures,
Alive with hope, they face the small square window.

The village belle takes up a clean white letter
And smiles her swift way out, while others watch her.
The frozen earth, to her, becomes a carpet
Of gorgeous tapestry on which she floats
Through some white Oriental crystal palace,
Where hidden orchestras near marble fountains
Play bits like "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

A shy-faced boy, with mystical detachment
Apparent in his eyes and on his mouth,
With dreamy otherworldness in his walk,
And head just slightly tilted to one side,
Takes tremblingly his twice-rejected poem
That vaguely phrases dim, aspiring visions.

The drawn, pale man, with stone-cutter's consumption,
Recoils with fear to see a lawyer's letter,
And slinks away without a word of greeting.

The cocksure dude, expecting special matter,
Rejects the shaking of Aunt Fronie's head,
Insisting he has something in the mail,
At which an altercation soon brings out
Aunt Fronie's rapier gift of shining speech
Whose cutting epithets thrust in and twist,
Driving the youth for refuge to the sidewalk.

The village wag sends home a bunch of postals
From Boston to his friends: "Wish you was here."
"Played checkers with the Iron Man last night
At Austin Stone's Museum. Did he beat me?
Well I should say so; take him on yourself once."
"Having a swell time. Went out to Harvard College,
And seen the flowers at the Agassiz,
That beat the posies in Aunt Cal's front yard."

The crowd thins out. The old men take their papers
And face again the clear December night.
A slamming door far down the village street
Tells loudly some one's disappointed heart.
The merrily jingling bells of sleighs that carry
Well wrapped up lovers, ring melodious mockery
To Jeremiahs preaching staves of doom.

The dull, slow cow-bell on the farmer's woodsled
Tells neither joy nor sorrow, for the men
Who ride it have turned in the quiet woodroad
Leading along earth's still, gray neutral slopes.
I listen for the oars in distant rowlocks,
And only hear the far off moaning rote
Of ocean on the ledges in the harbor;
At nine the village lights are out, and all
The beauty of the town beneath the stars
Is wrapped once more in silence as the last
Faint tinkle of the mail team dies away.

WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

William Aspenwall Bradley is the author of the most spirited interpretation in verse of the passing social order in our Southern mountains. His *Old Christmas* (1917) and *Singing Carr* (1918) portray social customs and conditions that are rapidly changing as the people of the mountains become less isolated from the rest of the world. Material for these books was gathered while the author was on a trip for his health through the Cumberland Mountains. Most of the poems in *Old Christmas* are for mature readers. "Will Warner," probably his finest poem, captures the spirit of the old English ballads and tells a story with simplicity, compactness, and amazing speed.

This poet was born in 1878 at Hartford, Connecticut. He was educated at Columbia University and has since worked on the staffs of various publishers. During the World War he served as first lieutenant with the Sanitary Corps. His dozen books cover a wide range of interest from American biography to French and Dutch art.

WILL WARNER

(Ballad for a Cumberland Broadside)

Shot in the back, in the courthouse square,
By a dog of a Darrell skulking there,
Will Warner staggered and clutched the air.

Clutched the air, and the world went black
For an age, it seemed, then the light came back,
And, as in a dream, he sought the shack.

Shot in the back, so the spine came through
With the spurting blood, as each foot he drew,
Will Warner was near to his death, he knew.

Near to his death, and his heart went gray.
Each of his brothers had passed this way.
He had paid *their* score. Who now would pay?

Jeff, as he drank at a creekside spring,
Ned, at the plough, had felt the sting,
Cal, as he rode to his infaring.[1]

But a death for a death the dogs had paid.
Three Darrells low in their graves were laid.
Must the fourth go ever unafraid?

Still as he pondered the unpaid score,
He saw his mother who stood in the door,
As she had stood there thrice before.

Somber and silent, no word she said,
But drew the covers down on the bed
That had held the living and held the dead.

No word she said, but on cat's feet crept
Through the firelit room where her watch she kept
O'er her baby, her least one, who woke and slept.

Woke, then slept but to wake again.
Slept with the weakness, woke with the pain,
And a bee that buzzed and boomed in his brain.

[1] (Editor's Note.) Infaring, a part of the wedding ceremony.

And only once from his lips came a cry.
"Aw, Will, quit that! If ye've got to die,
Die like a Warner," with flashing eye

Flung his mother. Ere night she had laid him straight,
And all on her shoulders had borne his weight
Up the steep hillside, to the gravehouse gate.

She bore him up and she dug him deep,
And left him alone in the earth to sleep,
Then stumbled back to the shack — to weep.

HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

Henry Herbert Knibbs is a naturalized citizen of the United States. He was born in Canada, near Niagara Falls, in 1874, and came to the United States in 1895. For fourteen years he worked at various things from an iron foundry to the office of the traffic manager of a railroad. He determined at the age of thirty-five on a career as a writer and for three years studied at Harvard in preparation for it. At the end of his course he went into the wilderness in western Canada to gather material. Sometime later he settled in California.

He has written several novels and three books of verse, of which *Songs of the Trail* (1920) is perhaps the most popular. The love of the open and of the hardy men and women who are still conquering nature is his chief characteristic. He has not been influenced by the experimental work done by eastern poets. He writes about the things he knows intimately, forthright tales in colloquial language and familiar literary patterns. The easy swing of his rhythm and the high spirits and manliness of his content should win him many admirers.

CHANCE

Sixty miles from a homestead, straight as the crow can fly,
We camped in the Deadwood foothills. Mineral? Yes —
and gold.
Three of us in the outfit; the burro and Chance and I;
Chance wasn't more than a pup then, goin' on two year old.

Already he knew the music that a desert rattler makes
When, glimmerin' under a yucca, he'd seen 'em coil to spring;
But he didn't need no teachin' to keep him away from snakes;
You should see his tail go under when he heard a rattler sing!

Town-folks called him the "Killer," and I reckon that they was right;
Deep in the chest, wolf-muscled, and quicker than fire in tow;
But one of the kind that never went out of his way to fight,
Though he'd tackle a corral of wildcats if I gave him the word to go.

There was more to him than his fightin' — he was wise; it was right good fun
To see him usin' his head-piece when the sun was a-fryin' eggs,
Trailin' along with the outfit and cheatin' the desert sun
By keepin' into the shadow right clost to my burro's legs.

I knew that some day I'd lose him, for the desert she don't wait long; —
Hosses and dogs and humans, none of 'em get too old;
Gold? Looks good in a story and sounds right good in a song,
But the men that go out and get it — they know what they pay for gold!

If I struck a ledge that showed me a million, — the whole thing mine, —
I'd turn it over tomorrow (and never so much as glance

At the papers the law-sharks frame up and hand you a pen to sign)
For a look at my old side-pardner, the "Killer," that I called "Chance."

Why? Well, my eyes, one morning, was blinkin' to shake a dream,
And Chance was sleepin' beside me, breathin' it long and deep,
When I saw a awful somethin' and I felt I was like to scream. . . .
There was a big, brown rattler coiled in my arm, asleep.

Move . . . and I knew he'd get me. Waitin', I held my breath,
Feelin' the sun get warmer, wonderin' what to do,
Tryin' to keep my eyes off that shinin' and sudden death,
When Chance he lifted his head up and slow come the rattler's, too.

"Take him!" I tried to whisper. Mebby I did. I know
Chance's neck was a-bristle and his eyes on the coiled-up snake;
Its head was a-movin' gentle — like weeds when the south winds blow,
When Chance jumped in . . . the "Killer" . . . Do that for a pardner's sake?

I'd like to think that *I'd* do it! . . . Up there in the far-off blue
Old Marster He sits a-jedgin' such things. Can you tell me why,
Knowin' what he had comin', he went at it fightin'-true;
Tore that snake into ribbons, then crawled to the brush to die?

Never come near me after; knew that he'd got his call;
How come I went and shot him. God! I can see his eyes!
See where those pointed shadows run down that canyon wall?
That there's his tombstone, stranger, bigger than money
can buy.

WILLA SIBERT CATHER

Willa Sibert Cather was born in 1876 at Winchester, Virginia, and was graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1895. She worked four years on the staff of a Pittsburgh newspaper and six years on a New York magazine. She has since devoted herself to writing novels.

She is one of the most widely known novelists in America. Few of the admirers of her *My Antonia* and *One of Ours* know that her first book was a small volume of verses, *April Twilights* (1903). With some new poems added it was reissued in 1923. A gentle melancholy is the chief characteristic of her earliest lyrics. Her later poems, with the West for their background, are more vigorous and more objective.

SPANISH JOHNNY

The old West, the old time,
The old wind singing through
The red, red grass a thousand miles,
And, Spanish Johnny, you!
He'd sit beside the water ditch
When all his herd was in,
And never mind a child, but sing
To his mandolin.

The big stars, the blue night,
The moon-enchanted plain:
The olive man who never spoke,
But sang the songs of Spain.

His speech with men was wicked talk —
To hear it was a sin;
But those were golden things he said
To his mandolin.

The gold songs, the gold stars,
The world so golden then:
And the hand so tender to a child
Had killed so many men.
He died a hard death long ago
Before the Road came in;
The night before he swung, he sang
To his mandolin.

PRAIRIE SPRING

Evening and the flat land,
Rich and somber and always silent;
The miles of fresh-plowed soil,
Heavy and black, full of strength and harshness;
The growing wheat, the growing weeds,
The toiling horses, the tired men;
The long, empty roads,
Sullen fires of sunset, fading,
The eternal, unresponsive sky.
Against all this, Youth,
Flaming like the wild roses,
Singing like the larks over the plowed fields,
Flashing like a star out of the twilight;
Youth with its insupportable sweetness,
Its fierce necessity,
Its sharp desire;
Singing and singing,
Out of the lips of silence,
Out of the earthy dusk.

JOHN G. NEIHARDT

When John Gneisenau Neihardt was a small boy he was taken by his father to see the Missouri River in flood. The sight of the mile-wide torrent made an unforgettable impression on him. The river valley, the Indians who lived in it, and its exploration and settlement by white people during the last century have since been for him a study of absorbing interest.

He was born in 1881, at Sharpsburg, Illinois. As a boy he was of an inventive and mechanical turn of mind. Not till he was about fourteen did he become much interested in literature. He was educated at the Nebraska Normal College, where he largely earned his own way, and was a brilliant student, especially in literature. For six years (1901–1907) he lived among the Omaha Indians to study their traditions and customs. For many years he supported himself and his family chiefly by reading and reviewing the best of the new books for a Minneapolis paper.

The first of his many books of verse appeared in 1901. His earliest lyrics attracted little attention. Some stories written then were well received; but he soon ceased writing stories. By 1906 his lyrics began to attract widespread and favorable attention among the critics. However, poetry was at such a low ebb in the general public estimation that he won little general reputation. At this time also he experimented somewhat in free verse before those now known as the authors of free verse had published their first books. He soon abandoned free verse in favor of the rhymed iambic pentameters in which his notable long poems have been written. The best of the lyrics in his various early volumes were collected in *The Quest* (1916).

He will be chiefly remembered for the book-length narrative poems celebrating various exploits in the exploration and settlement of the Missouri Valley. Of a projected series of such works *The Song of Hugh Glass* (1915), *The Song of Three Friends* (1919), and *The Song of the Indian Wars* (1925), have thus far appeared. For his material he searched old newspapers, diaries, letters, and the records of army posts, and got the reminiscences of old settlers. Then in person he visited the scenes of these events. In recognition of the poetic and historical value of these poems the legislature of Nebraska in 1921 appointed him poet laureate of that state. *The Song of Hugh Glass* is somewhat marred by inappropriate references to classical literatures and by a rather heavy style. These faults were largely overcome in the later books.

He is here represented by a selection from *The Song of Hugh Glass*, a poem of 126 pages celebrating a feat of unparalleled endurance. The first part of the poem records the fact that in 1823 a small detachment of troops conducted a campaign against the Ree Indians, leaving them

undefeated and revengeful. Late that summer a band of eighty trappers went through the same country, "up the dwindling Grand," "For where the Big Horn meets the Yellowstone." One of the troop was Hugh Glass, a man of mature years; another was his young friend, Jamie. After four days of travel Glass was mauled by a bear. The troop found the unconscious man and camped by him for a day, waiting for him to die. Feeling then that they must press on, they hired one LeBon to wait with Jamie beside Hugh till his death. Hugh remained unconscious for four days. His two comrades, becoming terrified and thinking Hugh must die soon, took his gun, knife, flint, and blanket, and deserted him. Sometime later Glass recovered consciousness. He could see that a camp had been made around him and that he had been robbed and deserted by his friends. His hip was so severely injured that he could not stand. Hating his comrades and desiring revenge, he determined to crawl back to the great river where he might find white men or friendly Indians to nurse him back to health. He succeeded in doing so without a gun, fire, or blanket. Most of the book is an account of this amazing crawl to safety.

FROM

THE SONG OF HUGH GLASS[1]

On creeps the windless tempest up the vale,
The while the murmur deepens to a roar,
As with the wider yawning of a door.
And now the agitated green gloom gapes
To belch a flood of countless dusky shapes
That mill and wrangle in a turbid flow —
Migrating myriads of the buffalo
Bound for the winter pastures of the Platte!

Exhausted, faint with need of meat, Hugh sat
And watched the mounting of the living flood.
Down came the night, and like a blot of blood
The lopped moon weltered in the dust-bleared East.
Sleep came and gave a Barmecidal feast.

[1] From *The Song of Hugh Glass*, by John G. Neihardt. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

About a merry flame were simmering
Sweet haunches of the calving of the Spring,
And tender tongues that never tasted snow,
And marrow bones that yielded to a blow
Such treasure! Hugh awoke with gnashing teeth,
And heard the mooing drone of cows beneath,
The roll of hoofs, the challenge of the bull.
So sounds a freshet when the banks are full
And bursting brush-jams bellow to the croon
Of water through green leaves. The ragged moon
Now drenched the valley in an eerie rain:
Below, the semblance of a hurricane;
Above, the perfect calm of brooding frost,
Through which the wolves in doleful tenson tossed
From hill to hill the ancient hunger-song.
In broken sleep Hugh rolled the whole night long,
Half conscious of the flowing flesh below.
And now he trailed a bison in the snow
That deepened till he could not lift his feet.
Again he battled for a chunk of meat
With some gray beast that fought with icy fang.
And when he woke, the wolves no longer sang;
White dawn athwart the white world smote the hill,
And thunder rolled along the valley still.

Morn, wiping up the frost as with a sponge,
Day on the steep and down the nightward plunge,
And Twilight saw the myriads moving on.
Dust to the westward where the van had gone,
And dust and muffled thunder in the east!
Hugh starved while gazing on a Titan feast.
The tons of beef, that eddied there and swirled,
Had stilled the crying hungers of the world,
Yet not one little morsel was for him.

The red sun, pausing on the dusty rim,
Induced a panic aspect of his plight:
The herd would pass and vanish in the night
And be another dream to cling and flout.
Now scanning all the summit round about,
Amid the rubble of the ancient drift
He saw a boulder. 'Twas too big to lift,
Yet he might roll it. Painfully and slow
He worked it to the edge, then let it go
And breathlessly expectant watched it fall.
It hurtled down the leaning yellow wall,
And bounding from a brushy ledge's brow,
It barely grazed the buttocks of a cow
And made a moment's eddy where it struck.

In peevish wrath Hugh cursed his evil luck,
And seizing rubble, gave his fury vent
By pelting bison till his strength was spent:
So might a child assail the crowding sea!

BADGER CLARK

While he was still an infant the parents of Badger Clark moved in 1883 from Iowa to Dakota Territory, where he grew up in the open. He was educated chiefly by the hills and plains, the cowboys, and his horses. He has wisely limited his writings to the wild life he has personally experienced — a field largely untouched by more "literary" poets. He is one of the too small group who have tried to interpret the passing West in enduring, worthy verse.

His books are *Sun and Saddle Leather* (1915) and *Grass-Grown Trails* (1917). One of his ballads, "The Glory Trail," caught the fancy of the cowboys and was passed all over the west by word of mouth till its authorship was lost and it was published as an anonymous ballad in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.*

Like the other poets of the West, Badger Clark sticks to established verse patterns. His colorful and spirited poetry is sure to appeal to boys and men. "On the Oregon Trail" is especially to be commended. No one has given a better interpretation of the spirit of the settlers of the West.

A RANGER

He never made parade of tooth or claw;
  He was plain as us that nursed the bawlin' herds.
Though he had a rather meanin'-lookin' jaw,
  He was shy of exercisin' it with words.
As a circuit-ridin' preacher of the law,
  All his preachin' was the sort that hit the nail;
He was just a common ranger, just a ridin' pilgrim stranger,
  And he labored with the sinners of the trail.

Once a Yaqui knifed a woman, jealous mad,
  Then hit southward with the old, old killer's plan,
And nobody missed the woman very bad,
  While they'd just a little rather missed the man.
But the ranger crossed his trail and sniffed it glad,
  And then loped away to bring him back again,
For he stood for peace and order on the lonely, sunny border
  And his business was to hunt for sinful men!

So the trail it led him southward all the day,
  Through the shinin' country of the thorn and snake,
Where the heat had drove the lizards from their play
  To the shade of rock and bush and yucca stake.
And the mountains heaved and rippled far away
  And the desert broiled as on the devil's prong,
But he didn't mind the devil if his head kept clear and level
  And the hoofs beat out their quick and steady song.

Came the yellow west, and on a far-off rise
  Something black crawled up and dropped beyond the rim,
And he reached his rifle out and rubbed his eyes
  While he cussed the southern hills for growin' dim.

Down a hazy 'royo came the coyote cries,
Like they laughed at him because he'd lost his mark,
And the smile that brands a fighter pulled his mouth a little tighter
As he set his spurs and rode on through the dark.

Came the moonlight on a trail that wriggled higher
Through the mountains that look into Mexico,
And the shadows strung his nerves like banjo wire
And the miles and minutes dragged unearthly slow.
Then a black mesquit spit out a thread of fire
And the canyon walls flung thunder back again,
And he caught himself and fumbled at his rifle while he grumbled
That his bridle arm had weight enough for ten.

Though his rifle pointed wavy-like and slack
And he grabbed for leather at his hawse's shy,
Yet he sent a soft-nosed exhortation back
That convinced the sinner — just above the eye.
So the sinner sprawled among the shadows black
While the ranger drifted north beneath the moon,
Wabblin' crazy in his saddle, workin' hard to stay astraddle
While the hoofs beat out a slow and sorry tune.

When the sheriff got up early out of bed,
How he stared and vowed his soul a total loss,
As he saw the droopy thing all blotched with red
That came ridin' in aboard a tremblin' hawse.
But "I got 'im" was the most the ranger said
And you couldn't hire him, now, to tell the tale;
He was just a quiet ranger, just a ridin' pilgrim stranger
And he labored with the sinners of the trail.

THE FOREST RANGERS

Red is the arch of the nightmare sky,
  Red are the mountains beneath,
Bright where a million red imps leap high,
  Dancing and snapping their teeth.

A keen fight! a clean fight!
  Shoulder your shovels and follow
Up, while they stop in the pines at the top,
  Shooting their sparks in showers.
Up, with your hats ducking under the smoke of it,
Next to the scorch of it, into the choke of it!
  Fight for the ranch in the hollow.
    Fight! for it is not ours.

Why are we fighting from dark to day,
  From summit to canyon wall?
Twice for the Service, and once for the pay —
  Most, for the fun of it all!

A stand fight! a grand fight!
  Into the smother we wallow,
Stopping their march where the ridge pines parch
  Over the shrivelling flowers.
Stick! with the smoke steaming out of the coats of you,
Sweat in the eyes of you, fire in the throats of you!
  Fight for the ranch in the hollow.
    Fight! for it is not ours.

ON THE OREGON TRAIL

We're the prairie pilgrim crew,
  Sailin' with the sun,
Lookin' West to meet a great reward,
Trailin' toward a land that's new

Like our fathers done,
Trustin' in our rifles and the Lord.

A-ll set! Go ahead!
Out the prairie trail.
Leave the woods and settlements behind.
Trail and settle, work and fight
Till the rollin' earth is white, —
That's the law and gospel of our kind.

Desert suns and throats o' dust,
But we never stop;
Wimmin-folks are knittin' as they ride.
We're a breed that, when we must,
Fight until we drop,
But our work and git-thar is our pride.

A-ll set! Go ahead!
Up the sandy Platte.
Leave the circle smokin' in the dawn,
So the comin' hosts will know,
'Mongst the trails of buffalo
Where their darin' brother whites have gone.

Night so black 'twould blind a fox,
Yells and feathered sleet,
Aim the best you kin and trust to luck.
Arrows whang the wagon box
But all hell kaint beat
Rifles from Missoury and Kentuck.

A-ll set! Go ahead!
Leave the dead to sleep
Till the desert sees the Judgment Day.
Mourn the good boys laid so low,
But we'll mourn them on the go —
Pawnee! Ogalalla! Cl'ar the way!

Far across the glarin' plain
  See the mountain peaks
Glimmer 'long the edge like flecks o' foam.
Shove! you oxen, till your chain
  Stretches out and squeaks;
Somewhere out beyond that range is *Home!*

  A-ll set! Go ahead!
  Trailin' toward the West
Till the sunset's shinin' flag is furled.
  Ay, our flag's the Western skies,
  Flag that drew our fathers' eyes,
Flag that leads the white man round the world.

GWENDOLEN HASTE

Gwendolen Haste was born in Illinois, spent her childhood in that state and Wisconsin, and was graduated in 1912 from the University of Chicago. For about seven years thereafter she lived in Montana. Most of her poems, which have appeared in various magazines, deal with western scenes and people. She won the poetry prize offered by the *Nation* in 1922. Her best work is in free verse.

In the wide plains and amid the gigantic mountains of the west, man is a tiny, lonely, and helpless being. The spectacle of men battling for a livelihood in such surroundings and against such forces is her chief preoccupation. Her further development will be worth watching.

PRAYER OF THE HOMESTEADER

Dear Lord, we are afraid.
We do not know this land.
These mountains are too cold and tall and bare,
Within their flanks the grey wolf has his lair.
Safety lay thick upon the fields
And friendly hill tops of our youth.
Lord, you will understand
We are not cowards,
But we do not like this land.

We were taught simple things when we were young.
We know the path a plow makes in black loam,
The way of pleasant showers on April days,
The soft winds of our home.
We know the healing rains of summer nights,
And the gold plenty of the harvesting.
But this land fights,
Its hard brown sod protests against the plow,
Its stubborn grasses cling.
Our young crops are beat flat by roaring hail,
And when the rains should visit us in spring,
There comes a hot, strange gale,
Like desert wind blown over glittering sand,
That dries the little wheat.
Lord, did you mean that men should farm this land?

Lord, this is not a land where men should live.
Our minds rake up a harvest of old tales
Whispered around old fires,
And butte and coulee ring with chattering wails.
Upon these iron benches Things have stalked.
When morning breaks we are afraid to look
For fear great feet have walked
And left crushed tracks upon the buffalo grass.
These creeping nights of ghosts were never made
For man and sleep.
Dear Lord, we are afraid.

Lord, can it be that this is not your land?
Your ways are peaceful ways through country lanes,
But you have never walked upon these plains,
We never see your face beneath these skies.
Come to us, Lord;

Man should not live alone within the world,
He is not strong or wise.
Bless our thin crops,
Teach the small trees to grow.
Stretch us your kindly hand.
We must have comfort in this alien land.

DRIED OUT

This place was the first home we ever had,
And I was sick of farming for other folks —
First in Wisconsin and then in Dakota.
It looked so pretty when he broke sod that day.
There wa'n't only three sides to the house,
But what did I care!
There was sunlight and wet rain and a coulee full of springtime where the children could play.

Seven full years, says the Book, and seven lean —
And we come in at the end of the seven full ones, I guess.
There ain't no crops where they's no rain.
And the stock died in the big blizzard.
So now we're goin'
Back to Dakota to farm for other folks.

Oh, God, the nice white ranch house with a floor
We was to have! The roses by the door!

SECTION FIVE

THE EXPERIMENTALISTS

Whether in science, manufacturing, or art, most experiments result in failure. The successes open new fields of knowledge, utility, and beauty. When experiments are not being tried in any field of endeavor, lifeless uniformity lies over all its accomplishments.

The poets here presented are selected from a numerous group of experimenters whose work ranges all the way from a ridiculous, incoherent babble up to the exquisite vignettes of Adelaide Crapsey. The "lunatic fringe" (to appropriate Roosevelt's phrase) has been omitted from this book, as well as a number of poets whose productions are of interest chiefly to their fellow poets and to the critics.

Many of the authors in the other sections also have sought fresh material or have experimented with the language and rhythms of poetry. This is true of all the writers in Section Two, of many of the Lyricists, and of the younger English poets. Most of the authors here grouped are less widely known than the poets in Section Two; and they have, in general, made more daring experiments in the use of language and of new materials.

These poets have nothing in common but the desire to experiment. Their chief concern is to be vivid. If beauty comes too, so much the better; but they are contemptuous of mere prettiness.

Conrad Aiken and James Weldon Johnson might with equal propriety be put in other sections. They are here listed for the following reasons. Conrad Aiken has experimented, not

so much with new patterns as with new rhythms in old patterns. He is chiefly notable, however, for his study and use of that great field of day dreams, hidden wishes, and other obscure emotional states which the psychologists are trying to survey. James Weldon Johnson has written little, and only this one fine poem, in free verse, is well known.

JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

James Weldon Johnson was born at Jacksonville, Florida, in 1871. He was educated at Atlanta and Columbia universities and was for several years principal of the colored high school in Jacksonville. Later he practiced law in Florida. He translated the book of the Spanish opera, *Goyescas*, for production in New York; and he has collaborated with his brother, J. Rosamund Johnson, in writing musical comedies. For seven years he was United States consul at two Central American ports. Since 1913 he has lived in New York, engaged in social work. He is also the editor of a collection of negro folk songs and of *The Book of American Negro Poetry* (1921), which revealed the variety and extent of the English verse written by colored people.

"The Creation" is the best poem in his small output of verse. It combines robust humor, exuberant fancy, and reverence in a curiously effective fashion. The reverence is obvious; the humor is deftly kept from being discordant; and the fancy is typically negro in thought and feeling.

This poem is an experiment, and an important one. Former colored poets had ordinarily done one of two things: they had interpreted their racial feeling in dialect poems; or they had taken subjects and assumed a point of view like that of the poets of the white people, writing them in ordinary English. This poem catches the racial spirit of the negro and interprets it without resort to dialect. It has had a marked influence on some of the younger writers among the colored people.

THE CREATION

(*A Negro Sermon*)

And God stepped out on space,
And He looked around and said,
"*I'm lonely —*
I'll make me a world."

And as far as the eye of God could see
Darkness covered everything,
Blacker than a hundred midnights
Down in a cypress swamp.

Then God smiled,
And the light broke,
And the darkness rolled up on one side,
And the light stood shining on the other,
And God said, "*That's good.*"

Then God reached out and took the light in His hands,
And God rolled the light around in His hands
Until He made the sun;
And He set that sun a-blazing in the heavens.
And the light that was left from making the sun
God gathered it up in a shining ball
And flung it against the darkness,
Spangling the night with the moon and stars.
Then down between
The darkness and the light
He hurled the world;
And God said, "*That's good.*"

Then God himself stepped down —
And the sun was on His right hand,
And the moon was on His left;
The stars were clustered about His head,
And the earth was under His feet.
And God walked, and where He trod
His footsteps hollowed the valleys out
And bulged the mountains up.

Then He stopped and looked and saw
That the earth was hot and barren.
So God stepped over to the edge of the world
And he spat out the seven seas;
He batted His eyes, and the lightnings flashed;
He clapped His hands, and the thunders rolled;
And the waters above the earth came down,
The cooling waters came down.

Then the green grass sprouted,
And the little red flowers blossomed,
The pine tree pointed his finger to the sky,
And the oak spread out his arms,
The lakes cuddled down in the hollows of the ground,
And the rivers ran down to the sea;
And God smiled again,
And the rainbow appeared,
And curled itself around His shoulder.

Then God raised His arm and He waved His hand
Over the sea and over the land,
And He said, "*Bring forth! Bring forth!*"
And quicker than God could drop His hand,
Fishes and fowls
And beasts and birds
Swam the rivers and the seas,
Roamed the forests and the woods,
And split the air with their wings.
And God said, "*That's good!*"

Then God walked around,
And God looked around
On all that He had made.
He looked at His sun,
And He looked at His moon,

And He looked at His little stars;
He looked on His world
With all its living things,
And God said, "*I'm lonely still.*"

Then God sat down
On the side of a hill where He could think;
By a deep, wide river He sat down;
With His head in His hands,
God thought and thought,
Till He thought, "*I'll make me a man!*"

Up from the bed of the river
God scooped the clay;
And by the bank of the river
He kneeled Him down;
And there the great God Almighty
Who lit the sun and fixed it in the sky,
Who flung the stars to the most far corner of the night,
Who rounded the earth in the middle of His hand;
This Great God,
Like a mammy bending over her baby,
Kneeled down in the dust
Toiling over a lump of clay
Till He shaped it in his own image;

Then into it He blew the breath of life,
And man became a living soul.
Amen. Amen.

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

Born in 1878 at Rochester, New York, Adelaide Crapsey was educated at Kemper Hall, Kenosha, Wisconsin, and at Vassar College. Later she studied archæology in Italy. She taught literature for some time at Kenosha and in 1911 was instructor in poetics at Smith College. She

was forced to resign because of poor health and died at Saranac Lake, New York, in 1914.

Her unfinished study of the problems of English metrics was published in 1918. Her small output of verse was also posthumously printed in 1915. She originated a pattern called cinquains, two of which are here given to represent her work. The arbitrary metrical scheme of two, four, six, eight, and two syllables to a line may have been suggested to her by the Japanese *hokku*. This compels an even greater condensation than the sonnet. Each cinquain is a figure of speech, fragile, intense, and exquisite.

CINQUAINS

The Guarded Wound

If it
Were lighter touch
Than petal of flowers resting
On grass, oh still too heavy it were,
Too heavy!

The Warning

Just now,
Out of the strange
Still dusk . . . as strange, as still,
A white moth flew. . . . Why am I grown
So cold?

FREDERICK MORTIMER CLAPP

Frederick Mortimer Clapp was born in New York City in 1879, was graduated from Yale, and studied at various European universities, receiving an advanced degree from the Sorbonne. He has traveled throughout the United States. Since 1904 he has lived in Italy, France, and Switzerland except for long sojourns in China, Korea, and Japan to study the arts of those countries. He served in the World War, being trained in Canada with the Royal Flying Corps. He was adjutant and raid officer with several British squadrons; and after America entered the war he was attached to the 22nd and 17th Aero Squadrons of the American army.

Aside from English and ancient literatures his chief interests have been in Italian and Oriental art. He has written on these subjects both in French and in English.

His most interesting poems are in *New York and Other Verses* (1918). Few poets have departed farther from conventional patterns and succeeded in keeping the feel of poetry in their work. He looks at the world sometimes as does a painter, searching for its shapes and colors; sometimes as a poet, seeing curious resemblances; sometimes as a philosopher, interpreting the life of man in relation to his environment.

TRADE

Her derricks thrust their yellow booms through the lilac air,
like the naked sticks of a shuffled fan,
and her wireless sags between slanting masts.
Rusty teeth of winches clatter and grate,
as bale after bale,
jerked up on a tawny rope,
dodders an instant over the river
to flash from a wailing block
into the thudding grumble of the hold.
Like a huge bassoon her loose-lipped whistle flibbers.
I see the puffed flurry of the steam
grip her smoke-stack like a hand
and drift out into lingering torn undulations.
She is peeling the rooted wharf away from her side
and her life-boats seem to glide along its pebbled roof.
Tugs waddle around her whipping the river into a cream of foam;
they are panting and ringing frantic little bells;
they are heaping around her great drab walls
a snow-drift of heaving steam.
At last she emerges —
she strides toward the sea, a-quiver with the shake of her engines,
and the proud lust of the deep water is upon her.
At last the boiling spine and fluffy silver of her wake,

the wet shoulder of her rudder, and her name, and the quickening snap-snap
of her little red flag.
How flapped about she is with the veering squeal of gulls;
how dense and foreboding and grey the mist is that she steams into;
how, as I think, like a vast green mass of glass, the sea
lies immovable in its deep drowned valleys
and sunken mountains.
A thousand unconquerable thoughts have become
her delicate wires and wheels and rods;
a thousand patient hands have fitted them together
and heaped a fire among them until they have made her creep
on the bright skin of the sea.
She is taking a thousand souls with her,
each with his hands full of treasure,
each with a lifetime of love and hope
flowering like a living tree in the hollow of his heart.
Yet how dim her stern lights wink, now the sun has set.
So dim and far it seems that, watching her, I wonder
how she can ever reach England,
with her hull no bigger than a waterfly,
and her humming screw a pinpoint
grazing the flimy face of the unending dark green death.
And yet can it be she will ever sink down,
in a fluttering sheath of bubbles,
to some ledge laid bare like a spectral claw,
among sodden ocean ranges,
to rot into the very stuff
of eternal darkness and silence?

A dray clanks jangling over the cobbles past the pier;
its rumble is slashed into bits
by the sliding clink of the horses' hoofs.

It is life taking up the unshaken prose of existence.
It is the clicking of the rushing and eternal looms
of calculation,
reeling forever out their unchanging pattern
of profit and loss,
that counts her, and all who peer across her trembling rail
and see no land now,
only a shuttled thread.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

Arthur Davison Ficke was born at Davenport, Iowa, in 1883. He was graduated from Harvard in 1904, taught English at the University of Iowa for one year, and was admitted to the practice of law in Iowa in 1908. He served two years during the World War in the Ordnance Department.

He published ten books between 1907 and 1917, the best known being *Sonnets of a Portrait Painter* (1914) and *An April Elegy* (1917). He is one of the few who are equally at home in the use of established poetic patterns or free verse. Where restraint is required he writes a sonnet. Greater power and vividness are found in his free verse.

Writing under pseudonyms, he and Witter Bynner published *Spectra* in 1916. Their introduction gravely represented it as the first of a new school of poetry. It was in fact a burlesque on the formless and incoherent stuff then being solemnly issued by sundry authors and special magazines as poetry. The "lunatic fringe" of the world of art instantly hailed the book as a great achievement, a vast advance in the art of poetry. The authors then revealed their intention and the joyous hoax was complete.

One selection from *Spectra*, "Opus 40," is quoted here. It should serve as a warning against indiscriminate enthusiasm for everything that labels itself as great new art. The new thing may indeed be great as well as new; but if it is not clearly intelligible it is probably just bad writing.

CAFÉ SKETCHES — XIII

I have known so many waiters —
Not intimately, but well.

There comes into being a relation
Such as is possible with none other

When a waiter, well-bred unto his duties,
Stands beside his patron (also well-bred).
There will be, I know, no intrusions.
He will respect my privacy, and I his.
And a perfect art-form,
A complete conventionalization,
Will be our medium of speech.
"And for the salad?"
"Lettuce with Roquefort, please."
"One lump?"
"None, thank you.". . .
Meager words, but sufficient.

And he, I know,
Will with especial care
Perform his limited function.
And I, I know,
Shall reward him with complete sufficiency,
And say — "Good night,"
And he will say —
"Good night, sir."

Thus we shall part
With mutual respect. . . .
Oh God, if Thou art good, —
In this wild universe of tangled torments,
Where nothing is easy and clear and certain
Or blessed with demarcation, —
Where no communication seems
True, comprehensible, —
Oh God, if Thou art good,
Before I die
Make me a waiter!

EIGHT SONNETS — VI

Out of a small urn blooms the iris proud.
Into a small urn Caesar's dust can go.
One marshy frog makes the whole woodland loud,
And Troy turned ashes at a torch's glow.
Today's great prophets shall depart where scorn
Not even is vouchsafed them, quite forgot;
And homages shall rise from men unborn
To men we pass today, regarding not.
My foulest deed to others seems most fair;
My fairest song wakens a wondering nod
From you, my friend. I smile when you despair,
And worship chaos as you worship God.
From these confusions, endless and unblest,
Rest comes in death; and death at least is rest.

OPUS 40

I have not written, reader,
That you may read. . . .
They sit in rows in the bare school room
Reading.
Throwing rocks at windows is better.
And oh the tortoise-shell cat with the can tied on!
I would rather be a can-tier
Than a writer for readers.

I have written, reader,
For abstruse reasons.
Gold in the mine. . . .
Black water seeping into tunnels. . . .
A plank breaks and the roof falls. . . .
Three men suffocated.

The wife of one now works in a laundry;
The wife of another has married a fat man;
I forget about the third.

ALFRED KREYMBORG

Alfred Kreymborg was born in New York City in 1883, was educated in its schools, and continues to make his home there.

He is generally known as the most radical and "queer" of the experimenting poets. He has edited various anthologies of the work of the extreme experimenters. *Others* (1916) will give to curious readers an idea of the work of a considerable group of little known writers. These verses range from a suggestive and exhilarating beauty to a mere strained effort to say something. His own books include *Mushrooms* (1916) and *Blood of Things* (1921). He was the first to use free verse as a medium of expression in short plays in his *Plays for Poem-Mimes* (1918) and *Plays for Merry Andrews* (1920). Many audiences have found him an excellent interpreter of his own verse and plays.

He is one of the most successful of the radical poets. He endeavors, not to draw a picture, but to suggest an idea or to call up an emotion with the strictest economy of effort.

VISTA

The snow,
ah yes, ah yes indeed,
is white and beautiful, white and beautiful,
verily beautiful —
from my window.
The sea,
ah yes, ah yes indeed,
is green and alluring, green and alluring,
verily alluring —
from the shore.
Love,
ah yes, ah yes, ah yes indeed,
verily yes, ah yes indeed!

EARTH WISDOM

Said the earth:
I love you, flower.
Go up and see the sun.
And feel the rain — it's soft.
Winds will play with you,
merry winds.
But see that great blue —
I like that round blue —
I want that high blue —

Said the earth:
I love you, flower.
It is late.
Come back to me.
I don't want to —
I won't —
I want the moon —
I want —

You've been playing too long, flower.
That isn't good for you.
Nor fair to the morrow.
Come,
said the earth.

EUNICE TIETJENS

Eunice Hammond was born in Chicago in 1884. She was educated in France, Germany, and Switzerland. In 1904 she was married to the musician, Paul Tietjens. She has served as associate editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* and during 1917–1918 was in France as a correspondent for a Chicago paper.

She is the author of one novel and of three volumes of verse, *Profiles from China* (1917), *Body and Raiment* (1919), and *Profiles from Home*

(1925). The first is a group of sketches, pictures of incidents and people observed in the interior of China. Miscellaneous poems make up the second book. The impressionistic sketches of her third book approach dangerously near the rhythm of prose.

Hers is, in a few poems, free verse at its best. She deftly handles cadence and on occasion rhymes as well. More notable is her ability to strip an incident of needless details and present its essence, as well as her ability to evoke in a reader a desired mood with great economy of effort.

THE MOST SACRED MOUNTAIN

Space, and the twelve clean winds of heaven,
And this sharp exultation, like a cry, after the slow six thousand steps of climbing!
This is Tai Shan, the beautiful, the most holy.

Below my feet the foothills nestle, brown with flecks of green; and lower down the flat brown plain, the floor of earth, stretches away to blue infinity.
Beside me in this airy space the temple roofs cut their slow curves against the sky,
And one black bird circles above the void.

Space, and the twelve clean winds are here;
And with them broods eternity — a swift, white peace, a presence manifest.
The rhythm ceases here. Time has no place. This is the end that has no end.

Here when Confucius came, a half thousand years before the Nazarene, he stepped, with me, thus into timelessness.
The stone beside us waxes old, the carven stone that says: *On this spot once Confucius stood and felt the smallness of the world below.*

The stone grows old.
Eternity
Is not for stones.

But I shall go down from this airy space, this swift white peace, this stinging exultation;
And time will close about me, and my soul stir to the rhythm of the daily round.
Yet, having known, life will not press so close,
And always I shall feel time ravel thin about me.
For once I stood
In the white windy presence of eternity.

THE GREAT MAN

I cannot always feel his greatness.
Sometimes he walks beside me, step by step,
And paces slowly in the ways —
The simple, wingless ways
That my thought treads. He gossips with me then
And finds it good;
Not as an eagle might, his great wings folded, be content
To walk a little, knowing it his choice,
But as a simple man,
My friend.
And I forget.

Then suddenly a call floats down
From the clear airy spaces,
The great, keen lonely heights of being.
Then he who was my comrade hears the call
And rises from my side, and soars,
Deep-chanting to the heights.
Then I remember.
And my upward gaze goes with him, and I see
Far off against the sky
The glint of golden sunlight on his wings.

LOLA RIDGE

Lola Ridge is an American by adoption. She was born in Ireland, passed her childhood in New Zealand, studied art in Australia, and came to the United States in 1907.

For three years she wrote short stories. This she found a treadmill, destructive of her literary ideals. She ceased writing for a few years and supported herself in a variety of ways. *The New Republic* published her long poem, "The Ghetto," in 1918, and overnight Lola Ridge "arrived" as a poet.

"The Ghetto" is the title poem of a volume issued in 1918. *Sun-Up* followed in 1920. Intensity, power, and fiercely held convictions are the chief characteristics of these books. Some of the shorter poems are bitter indictments of the violence that has accompanied race and class struggles.

"The Ghetto," from which a passage is quoted, is her most notable achievement. She has looked at New York, and especially the slums and foreign quarter of the city, with the freshness of vision of a newcomer. She does not use language to make music but to convey pictures, which we see as we see a landscape under flashes of lightning. A few strokes, picturing essentials, and she is done. This is poetry by virtue of its swiftness, its compactness, and the emotion which informs it.

Section Three of

THE GHETTO

The sturdy Ghetto children
March by the parade,
Waving their toy flags,
Prancing to the bugles —
Lusty, unafraid. . . .
Shaking little fire sticks
At the night —
The old blinking night —
Swerving out of the way,
Wrapped in her darkness like a shawl.

But a small girl
Cowers apart,
Her braided head,

Shiny as a blackbird's
In the gleam of the torch-light,
Is poised as for flight.
Her eyes have the glow
Of darkened light.

She stammers in Yiddish,
But I do not understand,
And there flits across her face
A shadow
As of a drawn blind.
I give her an orange,
Large and golden,
And she looks at it blankly.
I take her little cold hand and try to draw her to me,
But she is stiff. . . .
Like a doll. . . .

Suddenly she darts through the crowd
Like a little white panic
Blown through the night —
Away from the fervor of oncoming feet . . .
And drums rattling like curses in red roaring mouths. . . .
And torches sputtering silver fire
And lights that nose out hiding places . . .
To the night —
Squatting like a hunchback
Under the curved stoop —
The old mammy-night
That has outlived beauty and knows the ways of fear —
The night — wide-opening crooked and comforting arms,
Hiding her as in a voluminous skirt.

The sturdy Ghetto children
March by the parade,

Waving their toy flags,
Prancing to the bugles,
Lusty, unafraid.
But I see a white frock
And eyes like hooded lights
Out of the shadow of pogroms
Watching — watching.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

John Gould Fletcher was born in 1886, at Little Rock, Arkansas. He was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Harvard. During the eight years after leaving college he devoted much time to travel in Europe and the United States. He returned in 1916 to London, where he had previously spent four years, and established his home.

He is a student of painting and music as well as of the poetry of several languages.

His chief books of verse are *Irradiations — Sand and Spray* (1915); *Japanese Prints* (1918); and *Breakers and Granite* (1921). He early identified himself with the group of imagist poets in London. (See the discussion of imagism in the introduction to Section Two.) For poetic material he turned chiefly to nature. He is, however, not concerned with description for its own sake; rather he tries to suggest the mood created in him by the thing he sees. More than almost any other poet of the day he has experimented with language, searching for new rhythms and for the fresh and exact word.

A PICNIC UNDER THE CHERRY TREE

The boat drifts to rest
Under the outward spraying branches.

There is faint sound of quavering strings,
The reedy murmurs of a flute,
The soft sigh of the wind through silken garments;

All these are mingled
With the breeze that drifts away,
Filled with thin petals of cherry blossom,
Like tinkling laughter dancing away in sunlight.

FUGITIVE BEAUTY

As the fish that leaps from the river,
As the dropping of a November leaf at twilight,
As the faint flicker of lightning down the southern sky,
So I saw beauty, far away.

EVENING SKY

The sky spreads out its poor array
Of tattered flags,
Saffron and rose,
Over the weary huddle of housetops
Smoking their evening pipes in silence.

CLIFF — DWELLING [1]

(From Arizona Poems)

The canyon is choked with stones and undergrowth;
The heat that falls from the sky
Beats at the walls, slides, and reverberates
Down in a wave of grey dust and white fire:
Stinging the mouth and eyes.

The ponies struggle and scramble,
Half way up, along the canyon wall;
Their listless riders seldom lift
A weary hand to guide their feet;
Stones are loosened and clatter
Down to the sunbaked depths.

Nothing has ever lived here,
Nothing could ever live here;

[1] From *Breakers and Granite*, by John Gould Fletcher. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Two hawks, screaming and wheeling,
Rouse the eyes to look aloft.
Boldly poised in a shelf of the stone,
Tiny walls peer down on us;
Towers with little square windows.

When we plod up to them,
And dismounting, fasten our horses;
Suddenly a blue-grey flock of doves,
Burst in a flutter of wings from the shadows.

Shards of pots and shreds of straw,
Empty brush-roofed rooms in darkness;
And the sound of water tinkling,
A clock that ticks the centuries off to silence.

PAUL ELDRIDGE

Paul Eldridge was born in America in 1888 and was educated in American and French universities. Two small volumes of verse, published in his early twenties, lack distinction. He is here represented by later work which has appeared in magazines.

He abhors the diffuseness and sentimentality of much of our current prose; and like many another poet he can find little to admire in the hurry and money-madness of the present life in our cities. As a refuge from these things he has turned to the study of oriental art and literature. Chinese poetry is compact, restrained, and thoughtful; its authors are never in a wild rush to change society or to rebel against the natural world. The Chinese poet accepts the world as he finds it, the good and the bad together.

These selections are not translations. They are original poems which try to catch the point of view and the spirit of Chinese literature.

KU HUNG REFUTES HIS FRIEND

To gain Heaven, Po-Yi, is very simple.
Place a bowl of clear water
Upon your threshold,
Some moonlit night,

And Heaven, on tip-toes,
Softer than the foot-fall
Of a wary wolf at dawn,
Shall come
Glittering at your door.

But how shall we gain the Earth,
The mad, the whimsical Earth,
The laughing dancer
Dancing upon the far-flung tips
Of the Sun?
Oh, how shall we gain the Earth,
Po-Yi, my ancient friend?

TSI OUAN WISHES TO BELIEVE IN RESURRECTION

The leaves of the lotus flower
Fall into the river,
Which flows from the Great Mountain
Into the White Sea.
Some say
The river will change its manner,
Will flow out of the White Sea
Upward,
Over the Great Mountain,
Bringing back
The leaves of the lotus flower.

I drink a thousand cups of wine,
Hoping to understand this.

CONRAD AIKEN

Conrad (Potter) Aiken was born at Savannah, Georgia, in 1889. After his graduation from Harvard in 1912, he established his home in Massachusetts and devoted himself to the writing of poetry and of criticism of poetry. His critical essays, *Scepticisms*, appeared in 1919.

His books of verse are *Earth Triumphant and Other Tales in Verse* (1914), *Turns and Movies* (1916), *The Jig of Forslin* (1916), *Nocturne of Remembered Spring* (1917), *The Charnel Rose* (1918), *The House of Dust* (1920), *Punch: The Immortal Liar* (1921), *Priapus and the Pool* (1921).

His work is likely to be of more interest to other poets and to critical students than to the general reader. Only occasionally does he use sharply defined, objective material. He has studied the wishes and day-dreams by which we escape from the hard monotony of every-day life, and uses this and other equally slight material for his poems. One critic describes them as having a "moony splendor." The average reader will feel that they lack sufficient substance. It would be difficult to set down the gist of many of them in a paragraph of prose.

He has been an experimenter in manner in that he has tried by new cadences and rhythms to achieve a new, individual music in his verse. He has overstressed the importance of music in poetry; often he has made it his master, not his servant. As a result whole pages are tiresome to read.

The passage from "Senlin" (in *The Charnel Rose*), here quoted, is probably his best known and most successful poem. Here his music is a servant to his material.

MORNING SONG FROM "SENLIN"

It is morning, Senlin says, and in the morning
When the light drips through the shutters like the dew,
I arise, I face the sunrise,
And do the things my fathers learned to do.
Stars in the purple dusk above the rooftops
Pale in the saffron mist and seem to die,
And I myself on a swiftly tilting planet
Stand before a glass and tie my tie.

Vine-leaves tap my window,
Dew-drops sing to the garden stones,
The robin chirps in the chinaberry tree
Repeating three clear tones.

It is morning. I stand by the mirror
And tie my tie once more.

While waves far off in a pale rose twilight
Crash on a white sand shore.
I stand by a mirror and comb my hair:
How small and white my face! —
The green earth tilts through a sphere of air
And bathes in a flame of space.
There are houses hanging above the stars
And stars hung under a sea. . . .
And a sun far off in a shell of silence
Dapples my walls for me. . . .

It is morning, Senlin says, and in the morning
Should I not pause in the light to remember God?
Upright and firm I stand on a star unstable,
He is immense and lonely as a cloud.
I will dedicate this moment before my mirror
To him alone, for him I will comb my hair.
Accept these humble offerings, clouds of silence!
I will think of you as I descend the stair.

Vine-leaves tap my window,
The snail-track shines on the stones;
Dew-drops flash from the chinaberry tree
Repeating three clear tones.

It is morning, I awake from a bed of silence,
Shining I rise from the starless waters of sleep.
The walls are about me still as in the evening,
I am the same, and the same name still I keep.
The earth revolves with me, yet makes no motion,
The stars pale silently in a coral sky.
In a whistling void I stand before my mirror,
Unconcerned, and tie my tie.

There are horses neighing on far-off hills
Tossing their long white manes,
And mountains flash in the rose-white dusk,
Their shoulders black with rains. . . .
It is morning, I stand by the mirror
And surprise my soul once more;
The blue air rushes above my ceiling,
There are suns beneath my floor. . . .

. . . It is morning, Senlin says, I ascend from darkness
And depart on the winds of space for I know not where;
My watch is wound, a key is in my pocket,
And the sky is darkened as I descend the stair.
There are shadows across the windows, clouds in heaven,
And a god among the stars; and I will go
Thinking of him as I might think of daybreak
And humming a tune I know. . . .

Vine-leaves tap at the window,
Dew-drops sing to the garden stones,
The robin chirps in the chinaberry tree,
Repeating three clear tones.

JOHN V. A. WEAVER

John V. A. Weaver was born in 1893, at Charlotte, North Carolina. Most of his youth was spent in Chicago. He was graduated from Hamilton College and later took graduate work at Harvard. For four years he was on the staff of the Chicago *Daily News*. During the World War he was in the ordnance department for two and a half years. He went to New York after the armistice as secretary to the rector of an Episcopal church. Later he became connected with the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*.

His first book, *In American*, met instant success in 1921. Others before him have successfully interpreted the feelings of uneducated people. He conceived the idea of presenting them in their own slang and ungrammatical speech put into regular verse patterns. He shows

a penetrative insight into people, a sense for the drama in their lives. These qualities coupled with his humor and gayety assured his popularity. His second book, *Finders* (1923), and his later poems in magazines deal with similar material in the same medium.

THE PIGEON-SCARER

Every mornin' I useta watch and wonder,
  While all them pigeons was flyin' around his head,
What was he doin' with that, now, fishin'-pole,
  Funny and black-like, and the sky all red.

After a while, I thought he must be crazy:
  Didn't he know they don't catch birds that way?
But still he done it, and I finely goes
  Inta the bird-store, and I asts 'em, "Say,

"That dizzy gink there, way up on the roof,
  What is he doin'? What's he tryin' to prove?"
They says he was a reg'lar pigeon-scarer,
  And has to keep them pigeons on the move.

A pigeon is a lazy thing, you see?
  They like to set around, and hate to fly;
But if you let 'em, then they clean forget
  How flyin' is, and so get sick, and die.

Now ain't that funny? But I got to thinkin'
  How Life is like that. And, you know, it seems
Troubles and things like those is pigeon-scarers,
  And pigeons is your soul, or elset your dreams.

If everything goes right, they get all lazy,
  And fat, and crawl around all weak and slack;
So then old pigeon-scarer comes along,
  And pokes 'em up. And all the stren'th comes back

Into your dream-wings or your soul-wings — see? —
And — whish! — they leave the lazy parts of you
Down on the ground; and up, 'way up they go,
Up where it's clean, and beautiful, and blue. . . .

But here's the sad part, when you come to think:
They sneak back to the place he chased them from.
Always they get back to the lazy ways —
Always the pigeon-scarer has to come.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Babette Deutsch was born in New York City in 1895 and was educated at Barnard College and the School for Social Research.

She is the author of translations, critical articles, and poems for various magazines. Her *Banners* (1919) is a fine first book. In it are blended an enthusiasm for every kind of life and experience with an unexpected maturity of thought. She uses various verse patterns with fluent ease. In a number of descriptive poems, like the one here quoted, she gives a picture with the economy and sharpness of line of a cameo. Her later work, *Honey Out of the Rock* (1925), fulfills the promise of the first.

DISTANCE

Two pale old men
Sit by a squalid window playing chess.
The heavy air and the shrill cries
Beyond the sheltering pane are less
To them than roof-blockaded skies.
Life flowing past them:
Women with gay eyes,
Resurgent voices, and the noise
Of pedlars showing urgent wares,
Leaves their dark peace unchanged.
They are innocent
Of the street clamor as young children bent
Absorbed over their toys.

The old heads nod;
A parchment-colored hand
Hovers above the intricate dim board.
And patient schemes are woven, where they sit
So still,
And ravelled, and reknit with reverent skill.
And when a point is scored
A flickering jest
Brightens their eyes, a solemn beard is raised
A moment, and then sunk on the thin chest.
Heedless as happy children, or maybe
Lovers creating their own solitude,
Or worn philosophers, content to brood
On an intangible reality.
Shut in an ideal universe,
Within their darkened window-frame
They ponder on their moves, rehearse
The old designs,
Two rusty skull-caps bowed
Above an endless game.

ALTER BRODY

Alter Brody was born in November, 1895, at Kartushkiya-Beroza, in the Province of Grodno, Russia. While he was still a small boy the family came to New York. The family was large; it was necessary for him to leave school after finishing the grades. He went to work as a printer and as a translator for various publications.

The poems that comprise his first volume, *A Family Album* (1918), appeared in rapid succession in the magazines in 1917. The principal poem, "Kartushkiya-Beroza," too long to quote here, is a brilliant picture of the home town of his childhood, seen through a rosy haze of memory. In it are implied or stated all the joys, sorrows, and handicaps of a poor Jewish family in a Russian town. Most of his poems, however, are concerned with life in American cities. All his work is in free verse.

People are often unable to see the essential quality of those things with which they are most familiar. A visitor to a town, a college, or a

ranch may be able to describe it more vividly than a resident. Alter Brody and Lola Ridge (q.v.) have thus been able to give us some of the most brilliant pictures of life among the poorer people of New York City.

A FUNERAL: ITALIAN QUARTER

Someone is dead. . . .
Like an intermittent wail,
The music rises at each corner,
As the band blares out the strain —
Poignantly rises and falls,
Like a sharp-crested wave
Breaking wearily against the stone tenements;
Like the sigh of an invisible sword
Cleaving through the air,
Up and down —
Someone is dead.

Like a row of black beetles
The coaches crawl after the bedecked hearse,
Through the narrow gully of the streets, banked by brooding tenements,
Slowly, monotonously filing
Into the boisterous breadth of the Avenue, under the harsh-rumbling Elevated —
The coachmen crack their whips and the horses strain forward;
And the music strikes a shriller, wilder key,
Struggling desperately to assert itself in the multi-mouthed tumult —
Someone is dead.

In the garland-decked hearse he is lying —
In the garland-decked hearse, within the carved casket,
Reposing royally.

Yesterday he was a hewer of wood and a carrier of coal,
Bending under his endless burdens on the endless stairs —
Now he is riding in a garland-decked hearse, within a carved
casket,
In fine linen — bathed and washed at last —
Guarded by four angels in livery!

SECTION SIX

LIGHT VERSE

The twentieth century also has its wits, as did the eighteenth; men of wide knowledge who are alert for the foibles, the fads, the delusions, and the cant of the moment, and who delight in setting forth these things in their true light for the joy of a sophisticated audience. The eighteenth century wits in London won a more or less enduring reputation through their conversation at the coffee houses and their essays in the periodicals of the day. The principal American cities are now so large that no man can win a very wide reputation by his conversation. The wit of to-day writes a column for a daily paper.

Eugene Field was the first American to win a wide reputation as a poet through work turned off rapidly to satisfy the demands of a daily paper. His place and time wanted humor and sentiment, and he was qualified to meet the demands of his audience. Collected in book form, his poems have secured for him a lasting place in the hearts of his fellow countrymen, particularly as a poet of childhood. Christopher Morley's work follows in the Field tradition.

Bert Leston Taylor was inclined toward wit and satire, instead of humor and sentiment. He delighted in holding up all kinds of insincerities and puncturing them like toy balloons. Franklin P. Adams, Don Marquis, and Edwin Meade Robinson follow in this tradition.

Arthur Guiterman is widely known for his poems in weekly periodicals, particularly his rhymed book reviews. His longer humorous poems are best known in book form.

Burges Johnson's work is of a somewhat different order. He is one of those rare souls who can write nonsense verse.

Other poetry is written to stir pity, reverence, anger, or other emotions; light verse is intended to provoke laughter. It accomplishes its purpose by pointing out incongruities and absurdities which are instantly grasped by the mind of the reader and stir his sense of humor without appealing to other feelings.

It is difficult to imagine that successful light verse could be written except in regular patterns. The dexterous turns of thought are given added point by the precision of the rhythms and the neatness of the rhymes. Nor can slovenly craftsmanship be tolerated in it. A national anthem, which springs from and stirs deep emotion, might contain some awkward lines and still retain our liking for it; but awkward lines in light verse are unpardonable.

The newspaper poets write under one serious disadvantage. They take their subjects from the news of the day; and poems on such subjects are likely to become uninteresting and even unintelligible as soon as the subjects lose news value. The hero of one baseball season may be forgotten in five years; and fads, such as wearing wrist watches or bobbing the hair, are accepted or forgotten customs in as short a time. But B. L. T.'s "Canopus" can be aptly quoted in any political campaign, because its subject is perennially fresh.

James J. Montague, Berton Braley, and a dozen other writers of verse, chiefly humorists and known principally through their newspaper work, might be included in this book, but limitations of space prevent.

BERT LESTON TAYLOR

Bert Leston Taylor was born in Massachusetts in 1866, was educated at the College of the City of New York, and died in Chicago in 1921 after a life devoted to newspaper work. He wrote two novels but he will

be better remembered for his two books of light verse, *A Line-o'-Verse or Two* (1911) and *Motley Measures* (1913). His column in the Chicago *Daily Tribune*, signed with his initials, was for years the classic of its kind in American journalism. His books of verse were made up of poems written for his column.

None of the newspaper poets has shown a more profound passion for excellence in craftsmanship. He searched unceasingly for the deft rhythm, the exact word to express his meaning, the neat (and unexpected) rhyme.

CANOPUS

When quacks with pills political would dope us,
  When politics absorbs the livelong day,
I like to think about that star Canopus,
  So far, so far away.

Greatest of visioned suns, they say who list 'em;
  To weigh it, science almost must despair.
Its shell would hold our whole dinged solar system,
  Nor even know 'twas there.

When temporary chairmen utter speeches,
  And frenzied henchmen howl their battle hymns,
My thoughts float out across the cosmic reaches
  To where Canopus swims.

When men are calling names and making faces,
  And all the world's ajangle and ajar,
I meditate on interstellar spaces
  And smoke a mild seegar.

For after one has had about a week of
  The argument of friends as well as foes,
A star that has no parallax to speak of
  Conduces to repose.

EARLY TRAINING

In a basket, all the day,
I must sleep the hours away;
  And it does no good to cry,
  For they simply let me lie.
No one rocks or coddles me;
I am being "trained," you see.

There are roses on the wall,
But the basket is so tall
  I can only see the flowers
  When, at the appointed hours,
I am lifted out with care,
To be taken down the stair.

After I am dressed and fed,
Back I go again to bed.
  Sleeping, waking, there I lie,
  And it does no good to cry.
I shan't have a bit of fun
Till this being "trained" is done.

T. A. DALY

Thomas Augustine Daly was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1871, and has made that city his home. After two years of college, at Villanova and Fordham, he took up newspaper work. The verses which compose his five volumes first appeared in various newspapers and magazines. He has received honorary degrees from several colleges, and has been president of the American Press Humorists' Association.

His best, and best known, poems are to be found in *Canzoni* (1906), and *Carmina* (1909). Humor, sentiment, and pathos are mingled in dexterous lyrics and brief narratives, almost anecdotes, chiefly about the Irish and Italian people in America. His is a simple, wholesome work, which has enjoyed a wide popularity.

BETWEEN TWO LOVES

I gotta love for Angèla,
  I love Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
  So w'at I gona do?

Oh, Angela ees pretta girl,
She gotta hair so black, so curl,
An' teeth so white as anytheeng.
An' oh, she gotta voice to seeng,
Dat mak' your hearta feel eet must
Jomp up an' dance or eet weell bust.
An' alla time she seeng, her eyes
Dey smila lik Italia's skies,
An' makin' flirtin' looks at you —
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

Carlotta ees no gotta song,
But she ees twice so big an' strong
As Angela, an' she no look
So beautiful — but she can cook.
You oughta see her carry wood!
I tal you w'at, eet do you good.
W'en she ees be som'body's wife
She worka hard, you bat my life!
She nevva gattin' tired, too —
But dat ees all w'at she can do.

Oh, my! I weesh dat Angela
  Was strong for carry wood,
Or else Carlotta gotta song
  An' looka pretta good.

I gotta love for Angela,
  I love Carlotta, too.
I no can marry both o' dem,
  So w'at I gona do?

TO A RICH MAN

What worries me and makes me blue
May seem a little thing to you;
  But then, you see, you have a lot
  Of cash and bonds, perhaps a yacht —
Your bills are paid, but mine are due.

You say you have your troubles, too;
A jaded heart, a jaundiced view
  Of life? Thank heaven that is not
    What worries me!

My heart trips light, my wife's beats true;
We pluck life's roses, not its rue.
  And so when next you ask me what
  My worries are, what cares I've got,
  I'll answer you with courage new:
    "What? Worries? Me?!"

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Vienna, Austria, was the birthplace, in 1871, of Arthur Guiterman. His parents were Americans. He was educated at the College of the City of New York. He has long been one of the most widely known writers of light verse in America.

Of his own work he probably likes best the small amount of serious poetry, which may be found scattered in his books. The general public prefers the wit of his light verse and rhymed book reviews, and the humor of his ballads. His chief volumes of verse are *The Laughing Muse*

(1915), *The Mirthful Lyre* (1918), and *Ballads of Old New York* (1919). For the material for the last named book he hunted out anecdotes and legends of New York City and its surroundings, from the time of its discovery till the present. Both for its poetry and its pictures of changing customs through three centuries of our history, it may be heartily commended to students.

He is a stickler for careful technique, whether in light or serious verse. He says, "If an artist works in gold, his technique should be worthy of his material. If he works in iron, it should be good in order that the product may be worthy of consideration."

DUTCHMAN'S BREECHES

(A May-Day Legend of Mannahatta)

'Twas in the month when lilacs bloom,
When apple-blossoms breathe perfume
To call the bees; when bluebirds throng,
When bobolink regains his song;
When, clear and cloudless, archly smile
The dear blue skies that love our isle.

Across a dimpling, dancing bay
That laved its brows with golden spray,
Full-sailed, a little squadron bore
To Mannahatta's virgin shore
A city's founders — Kips, Van Dorns,
Van Tienhovens, Schermerhorns,
Van Dams, Van Wycks, Van Dycks, Van Pelts,
And Onderdoncks and Roosevelts.

Right glad they leaped ashore — when lo!
With threatening spear, and supple bow
In menace bent, a stately band
Of woodland chieftains barred the strand.
"In peace return!" a sachem old
Began; "This bowered isle we hold

As sacred — ever blessed anew
By footprints of the Manitou;
Nor may we yield, for blood or spoil,
Our birthright in its hallowed soil."

Rejoined that man of subtle wit,
The wily Peter Minuit,
"Hail, noble chiefs! Your island's fame
Hath reached the land from whence we came,
Wide leagues away. But little space
We crave — a meager resting-place.
Behold these keen-edged knives; this store
Of well-barbed hooks and beads galore;
These blankets and this fragrant cask!
For all, a poor exchange we ask:
The scanty plot of countryside
A Dutchman's breeches serve to hide!"

The chief assented with a smile —
(Alas! unskilled in paleface guile!)
Then, loyal to his leader's look,
Advanced the sturdy Gert Ten Broeck —
Through Holland noted far and near
For amplitude of nether gear —
And spread, amid a hush profound,
His mighty garment on the ground!

Perhaps the wonder came to pass
By grace of good Saint Nicholas;
Perhaps a marvelous array
The Dutchman wore — I cannot say;
But, while the Red Men stared, dismayed,
Ten Broeck, in silence, stripped and laid

His mystic garments, row on row,
Until to Spuyten Duyvil's flow
A cloud of knickerbockers quite
Obscured the soil from mortal sight!
And thus our cherished dwelling-place
Was ransomed from the savage race.

For proof you ask? Ah, skeptic few!
Will Nature's word suffice for you?
Attend! When flower-laden May
Is ushered in by Moving Day,
And all our folk, with van and stage,
Renew the ancient pilgrimage —
Where still, unchained by steel and stone,
The Gentle Goddess holds her own,
Appear on clustered stems a clan
Of dancing blossoms, known to man
As "Dutchman's Breeches" — in the style
Of Sixteen-Twenty. Thus our isle
Again displays in every nook
The garments of the great Ten Broeck.

MUMPS

Holidays come, and you're sick;
  When you get well, there is school.
Playthings get broken so quick!
  All that they feed you is grool.

More trouble's coming, and that's
  Doctors and doses, I guess.
Kittens grow up to be cats.
  Life is a terrible mess!

BURGES JOHNSON

Burges Johnson was born in 1877 at Rutland, Vermont, and was educated at Amherst College. For sixteen years he was connected in editorial capacities with various New York publishing houses. He became associate professor of English at Vassar College in 1915.

He is the author of several volumes of verse. The one here quoted is from *Animal Rhymes* (1906).

THE GNU WOOING

There was a lovely lady Gnu
Who browsed beneath a spreading yew.
  Its stately height was her delight;
A truly cooling shade it threw.
Upon it little tendrils grew
Which gave her gentle joy to chew.
  Yet oft she sighed, a-gazing wide,
And wished she knew another Gnu
(Some newer Gnu beneath the yew
To tell her tiny troubles to.)

She lived the idle moments through,
And days in dull succession flew,
  Till one fine eve she ceased to grieve —
A manly stranger met her view.
He gave a courtly bow or two;
She coolly looked him through and through:
  "I fear you make some slight mistake —
Perhaps it is the yew you knew!"
(Its branches blew and seemed to coo,
"Your cue, new Gnu; it's up to you!")

Said he: "If guests you would eschew,
I'll say adieu without ado;
  But let me add I knew your dad;
I'm on page two, the Gnu's 'Who's Who'."

"Forgive," she cried, "the snub I threw!
I feared you were some parvegnu!
'Tis my regret we've never met —
I knew a Gnu who knew of you."
(This wasn't true — what's that to you?
The new Gnu knew; she knew he knew.)

"Though there are other trees, 'tis true,"
Said she, "if you're attracted to
The yews I use, and choose to chew
Their yewy dewy tendrils, do!"

. . . . . .

The end is easily in view:
He wed her in a week or two.
The "Daily Gnus" did quite enthuse,
And now, if all I hear is true,
Beneath that yew the glad day through
There romps a little gnuey new.

DON MARQUIS

Donald (Robert Perry) Marquis was born in Illinois in 1878, and has been a newspaper man all his life. He became widely known for his columns in New York newspapers and the books derived in part from them. In his column, in both prose and verse, he poked fun at all sorts of things, from sumptuary legislation to the freaks in art. Thousands of newspaper readers chuckled over his Hermione, The Old Soak, and archy, the office cockroach. He made The Old Soak the basis of a successful play by that name. He tosses off light verse with what appears to be indifferent ease — sometimes almost carelessness. There are high spirits, wit, and a Falstaffian gusto in the humorous verse in his *Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith* (1922).

There is danger in a man's becoming known as a humorist. The public so loves humor that it overlooks the serious work of the humorist. And Don Marquis has done some admirable serious poetry in both free

and regular verse in his *Dreams and Dust* (1915) and *Poems and Portraits* (1922). Shrewd wisdom and fragile dreams; the spirit of a liberal philosopher in interpreting the aspirations of men; an imagination that is set to soaring by the soaring towers and bridges of his city; an admiration for every sort of courage — all these are here.

Several other books, in prose and verse, have enhanced his reputation.

LINES FOR A GRAVESTONE

Here the many lives I led,
All my Selves, are lying dead:
All they journeyed far to find
Strewed by the dispersing wind:
You that were my lovers true
That is neither sad nor new!
Naught that I have been or planned
Sails the seas nor walks the land:
That is not a cause for woe
Where the careless planets go!
Naught that I have dreamed or done
Casts a shadow in the sun:
Not for that shall any spring
Fail of song or swallow's wing!
Neither change nor sorrow stays
The bright processional of days, —
When the hearts that grieved die, too,
Where is then the grief they knew?
Speed, I bid you, speed the earth
Onward with a shout of mirth,
Till your eager eyes with light
Put my face and memory
Out of mind and out of sight.
Nothing I have caused or done,
But this gravestone, sees the sun.
Friends, a great Simplicity
Comes at last to you and me!

WHEN ONE LOVES TENSELY

(From "Love Sonnets of a Cave Man")

When one loves tensely, words are naught, my Dear!
You never felt I loved you till the day
I sighed and heaved a chunk of rock your way;
Nor I, until you clutched your father's spear
And coyly clipped the lobe from off my ear,
Guessed the sweet thought you were too shy to say —
All mute we listened to the larks of May,
Silent, we harked the laughter of the year.

Later, my Dear, I'll say you spoke enough!
Do you remember how I took you, Sweet,
And banged your head upon the frozen rill
Until I broke the ice, and by your feet
Held you submerged until your tongue was still?
When one loves tensely, one is sometimes rough.

THE EXPLORERS

And some will cry: *"What is the use?*
The service rendered? What the gain?
Heroic, yes! — but in what cause?
Have they made less one earth-borne pain?
Broadened the bounded spirit's scope?
Or died to make the dull world hope?"

Must man still be the slave of Use? —
But these men, careless and elate,
Join battle with a burly world
Or come to wrestling grips with fate,
And not for any good or gain
Nor any fame that may befall —
But, thrilling in the clutch of life,
Heed the loud challenge and the call; —

And grown to symbols at the last,
  Stand in heroic silhouette
  Against horizons ultimate,
  As towers that front lost seas are set; —
The reckless gesture, the strong pose,
  Sharp battle-cry flung back to Earth,
And buoyant humor, as a god
Might say: "*Lo, here my feet have trod!*"
  There lies the meaning and the worth!

They bring no golden treasure home,
  They win no acres for their clan,
Nor dream nor deed of theirs shall mend
  The ills of man's bedeviled span —
Nor are they skilled in sleights of speech,
  (Nor overeager) to make plain
The use they serve, transcending use, —
  The gain beyond apparent gain!

EDWIN MEADE ROBINSON

Edwin Meade Robinson (not related to Edwin Arlington Robinson), known to the newspaper world as "Ted" Robinson, was born in Indiana in 1879, and since his youth has been connected with newspapers in the Middle West.

His volumes are *Mere Melodies* (1918) and *Piping and Panning* (1920). Like Bert Leston Taylor he is at his best in castigating frauds and puncturing balloons of sentimentality. He delights, as does Franklin P. Adams, in giving a surprising turn to his last lines. He is a skillful master of rhyming and finds unusual words for his purpose.

HALCYON DAYS

Ere yet the giants of modern science had gone a-slumming in
  smelly slums,
And through the Ghettos and lazarettos had put in plumbing
  (and pulled out plums!)

When wily wizards in inky vizards employed their talents at homicide,
And poisoned goblets for faithless squablets by knightly gallants were justified;
When maids were fairest, and baths were rarest, and thaumaturgy was wrought by dames,
When courts were rotten and faith forgotten, and only clergy could write their names —

When he who flouted the Church, or doubted, would find his neck fast in hempen ruff,
And saint and sinner thought eggs for dinner and beer for breakfast the proper stuff;
When men were scary of witch or fairy, of haunted castle, of spook and elf,
When every mixer of cough elixir was thought a vassal of Nick himself;
When income taxes and prophylaxis and Comic Sections were yet unborn,
When Leagues of Nations and Spring Vacations and Fall Elections were held in scorn —

When all brave fellows would fight duellos with sword and dagger, with lance and mace,
When good men guzzled until, clean fuzzled, they'd reel and stagger about the place;
When pious journeys and jousts and tourneys brought high adventure and secret tryst,
When knives were many, but forks not any — 'twas fist to trencher and mouth to fist! —
Oh, men had chances for true romances, for fame and glory and knightly acts. . . .
(And childish quarrels and beastly morals, if song and story would stick to facts!)

RURAL DELIGHTS

The days of my boyhood were spent
  In a very remote, Hoosier village;
And so, to a middling extent,
  I have knowledge of georgics and tillage.
I've lived in the city for years,
  And my memory's more or less faulty,
But I long for the country, with tears
  That are normally bitter and salty.

I recall how we locked up the bees,
  And gathered the eggs from the ganders;
I remember the turkey had fleas,
  And the cows were afflicted with glanders.
I think we subsisted on oats
  And greens, when our stomachs were able —
For we fed all the food to the shoats,
  And saved what they left for the table.

We arose every morning at four,
  In the winter as well as in summer,
And we washed just outside the back door,
  (Our folks never heard of a plumber!)
We worked until long after day,
  For quitting at six was a scandal,
And then we retired right away
  To save the expense of a candle.

O soul! For those simply sublime
  Though primitive pleasures thou starvest!
For the raptures of hog-killing time,
  For the gladness of haying and harvest!

O heart that dost achingly yearn
To taste them again, ere thou diest,
When I hear thee desire to return,
I sadly suspect that thou liest!

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

"The Conning Tower," which appears daily in various newspapers over the initials of Franklin P. Adams, is to-day probably the most widely known column in the country.

Franklin P. Adams was born in Chicago in 1881. After one year at the University of Michigan he worked for some months as an insurance solicitor and then, in 1903, became a reporter for the Chicago *Journal*. He had already been a contributor to B. L. T.'s famous column. Soon he had the opportunity to run one himself. The New York *Mail* called him east to conduct a column in 1904. He has since been connected with other New York papers in the same capacity.

As a columnist he is concerned with the minutiæ of life — from bread pudding to the misuse of the pronoun *who*. His books of verse are *Tobogganing on Parnassus* (1909), *In Other Words* (1912), *By and Large* (1914), *Weights and Measures* (1917), and *Something Else Again* (1920). They are made up of the bits of gay verse with which he occasionally heads his column. Like Field he sometimes writes paraphrases of Latin classics. Like B. L. T. he delights in satirical comments on current events. No contemporary author of light verse excels him in deftness and compactness of structure, in the amusing mockery of his satire, in the neatness of his versification.

WHAT CUT INTO HORACE'S WORK

AD MÆCENATEM

HORACE, EPODE XIV

"Mollis inertia cur tantam diffuderit imis Oblivionem sensibus —"

"What is the cause of this tardy inspiring —
Too many juleps traversing your throat?"
Thus, my Mæcenas, your ceaseless inquiring.
Chop it, old top, it arouses my goat.

Blame not the stuff that is sacred to Bacchus;
Cupid's the reason that pome isn't done.
He is some deity, flip it from Flaccus,
Keeps me from finishing work I've begun.

Well, old Anacreon had the bacillus;
Burning affection kept him on the rack.
He couldn't work when he thought of Bathyllus
(Read what was written on that by Anack.)

As to *your* Beautiful Lady, Mæcenas,
Helen herself was no fairer a frail.
Phryne the flirt, but consid'able Venus,
Keeps me from work for The Evening Mail.

CHEER UP, POSTUMUS

Ad Postumum

Horace, Book II, Ode 14

"Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume —"

O Postumus, dear Postumus, Old Father Time's a sprinter,
The summer of my life is spent, approaches now the winter;
Nor all my Wit nor Piety, to quote Omar Fitzgerald,
Can keep my obit from appearing in the Sabine *Herald.*

If for a daily sacrifice you killed three hundred cattle,
Think you that it would keep from you the Dread and Final Rattle?
Nix! Though you build eight colleges and lib'ries eighty-seven,
You can't avoid what rhyme demands I designate as Heaven.

Your home, your wife, your family, your uncles, ay! and your aunts —
You'll have to leave 'em all behind. (Have you enough insurance?)
And O, the cobwebbed Cæcuban now aging in your cellar
You'll have to deed to some one who's a nice, deserving feller.

A PARFIT, GENTIL KNIGHT

Yesterevening's shades descending
On — you've guessed it — yesterday
Found me, as the bard says, wending
Home my way.

In the subway, squeezed and tightsome,
(This is not to be a rhyme
Of the subway. That I'll write some
Other time.)

In the subway (O my brothers,
What a subject for a pome!)
I was — with a lot of others —
Going home.

And a lady stood beside me
Fair as any I have seen.
She was — yes, whate'er betide me! —
Quelque queen.

Fair as lady ever sought of
Knight of a forgotten year.
(I immediately thought of
Guinevere.)

Fain for her would I demand some
Boon. . . . And underneath her strap
Sat a knightly and a handsome-
Looking chap.

Sturdy, brave, and true — the kind of
Man who'd fight and falter not.
(Straightway he put me in mind of
Launcelot.)

"Now," methought (my thoughts are tender
And as maple sugar sweet),
"To the lady he'll surrender
Up his seat."

But he read along unheeding,
Giving Guinevere no look;
And he kept intently reading
In his book.

And I looked, the title page of
That there volume for to see.

. . . . . .

It was Bulfinch's "The Age of
Chivalry."

TO HIS LYRE

AD LYRAM

HORACE: BOOK I, ODE 32

"Poscimur. Si quid vacui sub umbra —'

If ever, as I struck thy strings,
I've sounded one enduring note,
Let me, O Lyre, think up some things
That folks will simply have to quote.

A Lesbian lyrist owned thee once;
He used to sing a lot, he did,
Of dames and demijohns and stunts
Like that. He was the Tuneful Kid.

Help me, mine ancient ukulele,
Sing songs of sorrow and of joy,
Such as, composed and printed daily,
Will make the public yell, "Oh, *boy!*"

VOICES

O there were many voices
Vying at the feast,
And through them I remember
Yours — you spoke the least.
(Witter Bynner in *McClure's.*)

I hope that all the speakers
That I've heard in my time
Will get the subtle message
Of Mr. Bynner's rhyme.

"IF"

(Addressed, with obeisances to Joseph R. Kipling, the well-known English author, to some young woman who desires Economic Independence.)

If you can keep your job when all about you
Are leaving theirs for something more a week;
If you can smile when someone ought to clout you,
And yet refrain to giggle like a geek;
If you can wait — that is, can wait on table,
And not insult the hostess or the guest;
If you can pass the cream; if you are able
To wear a solemn look if I should jest;

If you can cook — and not make food your master;
  If you can read — and not make Hearst your aim;
If you can bake a crust that isn't plaster;
  If you can use the gas, nor waste the flame;
If you can take a message telephonic,
  And tell me who she was and what she said;
If you are less loquacious than laconic,
  And tuck the covers tightly in the bed;

If you can wash my socks without their shrinking;
  If you can iron kerchiefs without starch;
If you have friends who do not care for drinking;
  (Alas! the time our Gretchen had last March!)
If you can rise at seven in the morning;
  If you will now and then turn off the light;
If you can smother every look of scorning
  My "Seven extra places, please, tonight";

If you can Tidy Up, nor lose my papers;
  If English be akin to what you talk;
If you can cook sans onions, sage, or capers;
  If you don't clatter-clatter when you walk;
If you can boil an egg for but a minute,
  Instead of — as is usual — two or three,
Yours is the flat and everything that's in it,
  And — which is more — you'll get a job with me!

GRANTLAND RICE

Grantland Rice is first of all a reporter of news of all the sports from golf to football. His descriptions and comments are syndicated to many newspapers. The fact that he often heads a column of comment with a bit of verse has made him one of the most widely read writers of verse in America.

A wholesome philosophy of life, a shrewd sense of humor, and an ardent love for good sports, clean sportsmen, and all the joys of life in

the open are the chief characteristics of the content of his work. In his diction he dodges back and forth between clean, sparkling English and the humorous exaggerations of current slang. His rhythms have a hearty swing, appropriate to his material. Irvin S. Cobb thinks him the natural successor to James Whitcomb Riley as our most typical writer of homely, gentle, American verse.

Grantland Rice was born in Tennessee and was educated at Vanderbilt University. He began his newspaper career as a reporter in Atlanta, going from there to New York.

CHEERING, MUSIC, AND THE PLAYER

("Leading football players in action say they rarely hear the cheering or the songs.")

"To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohorts of the damned —"
(As a Mr. Rudyard Kipling said before us),
When a halfback, dashing forward, is quite violently slammed,
He has very little thought for any chorus;
When your feet are cut beneath you and your nose is oozing red,
And an added swirl of incidents befall you
As you sail into the ozone and arrive upon your head,
There are not so many voices that enthrall you.

When I was somewhat younger and they handed me the ball,
With the certain ills that bucking then engendered,
I had hazy recollections as I started in to fall
Of the musical potpourri that was rendered;
Undoubtedly rare voices wafted melodies on high
As some vicious rushing tackler had me winging,
But the only turns that met me as I landed on an eye
Were the "Tweet-tweet-tweet" of birds around me singing.

I understand that cheering is to liven up the game
And that music is to pepperize each faction,
But when forty-seven cleated boots are stalking on your frame
It's a pity you must miss the big attraction;

When a cleat is in your eyeball and a heel is in your ear,
When eleven men are tearing you to tatters,
When a knee is in your stomach and your head is feeling queer,
It's remarkable how little music matters.

MORE PHILOSOPHY

There was a time I liked the brilliant glow
Of untamed courage as it ripped along,
That charged headlong upon the waiting foe
With all the dash and fury of the strong,
Mindless of poise, that could not bear to wait,
But left the final issue up to fate.

But now I rather like the lesser flame
Of one who stands serene before the storm,
Unmindful of the raw breaks of the game
That follow lack of touch or shift of form;
Where one remains, although his soul is flayed,
Cool, undisturbed and always unafraid.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Christopher (Darlington) Morley was born in 1890 at Haverford, Pennsylvania, and was educated at Haverford College and at New College, Oxford, England, where he was a Rhodes scholar, 1910–1913. After various newspaper and magazine connections elsewhere he went to New York in 1920 to conduct a column for the New York *Evening Post*. He is the author of an admirable novel, *Where the Blue Begins*, and of several volumes of essays of which *Pipefuls* is especially entertaining.

His books of verse are *Songs for a Little House* (1917), *The Rocking Horse* (1919), and *Hide and Seek* (1920). He is less likely to be remembered for his serious poems than for his lighter, sentimental verse. He follows in the tradition of Eugene Field with many poems for or about children. The everyday affairs of home life are the material for his poems. Some of them are too sweet; they sink into sentimentality. At his best he is hearty, lively, and likable.

WASHING THE DISHES

When we on simple rations sup
How easy is the washing up!
But heavy feeding complicates
The task by soiling many plates.

And though I grant that I have prayed
That we might find a serving-maid,
I'd scullion all my days, I think,
To see Her smile across the sink!

I wash, She wipes. In water hot
I souse each dish and pan and pot;
While Taffy mutters, purrs, and begs,
And rubs himself against my legs.

The man who never in his life
Has washed the dishes with his wife
Or polished up the silver plate —
He still is largely celibate.

One warning: there is certain ware
That must be handled with all care:
The Lord Himself will give you up
If you should drop a willow cup!

THE OLD TROUSERS

When Daddy comes home from the office
  Then Sarah and Peter and John
Go hunt out the old pair of trousers
  And beg him to hurry them on!

Those ancient remarkable garments
  Are hung on the hall cupboard door;
Their use is not ended, as they are intended
  For romps on the nursery floor.
The raggy old trousers, the baggy old trousers,
  That romp on the nursery floor.

When Daddy lies down he's enormous —
  He is such a mountainous man!
We bustle and hustle and tussle
  And climb to the top if we can.
But then he rears up like a grizzly
  And tumbles us off with a roar,
And so far below him we hardly would know him,
  Down there on the nursery floor,
If it weren't for the trousers, the jolly old trousers,
  That romp on the nursery floor.

Dad thinks that those trousers descended
  From some very old patriarch;
He says they were carefully mended
  For Noah to wear on the ark;
But though they are shabby and dusty
  We love them and know what they're for;
And Mother will spare them while Daddy can wear them
  For games on the nursery floor —
The old fraying trousers, the old playing trousers,
  That romp on the nursery floor!

SECTION SEVEN

AMERICAN FOLK POETRY

Several of the arts had their origin before the beginning of recorded history. Primitive man painted or carved pictures of animals on cliffs and on the walls of his cave homes. In the development of the race, at various times not exactly known, man began to decorate his weapons and his pottery, to make ornaments of shells and gold and feathers, to develop religious ceremonials, and to cultivate other arts.

Song was probably one of the first arts to be cultivated. It is instinctive for mothers to hush uneasy children with soothing sounds. Among primitive tribes, perhaps those sounds were meaningless at first. It is inevitable that gradually a pattern of words and sounds should be developed in the lullaby, and that it should be slowly passed by word of mouth to all the tribe. In a similar manner there arose songs of rejoicing over success in hunting and battle, over the coming of the spring and the ripening of the fruits, songs for marriage ceremonies, songs addressed to good and evil spirits, songs of mourning. Dance and song were thought of as one art. Early observers of the western American Indians noticed that an Indian would say, "I can sing that dance," or "I can dance that song."

As one way of singing a song or telling a story was slowly found to be more pleasing or more easily memorized, it would become in that pattern a part of the culture of the tribe. As time passed, new songs and dances would be developed, and changes would creep into old ones. Thus a body of tribal

culture would grow up, including song, dance, seasonal festivals, pictorial arts, and religious observances.

Folk poetry may be defined as that poetry which is transmitted by word of mouth instead of by the written or printed page. It is to be found among peoples who have not developed an art of writing, and in remote sections of civilized countries where few or none of the people can read or write. Interest in this ancient art, except among a few scholars, is comparatively new. The appearance in recent years of several books of American folk poetry has surprised even well-educated readers, who had not supposed that any folk poetry existed in this new country. As a matter of fact, a great variety of folk poetry, some of it still uncollected, exists in America. Among the groups not represented in this book are the songs of the lumbermen; ballads of tramps, drug addicts, and the rest of the underworld; the songs of the I. W. W.; the songs of the French people of Louisiana; and the songs of the Mexicans of the Southwest. Selections are given from the ballads of the Southern mountaineers; sea chanties; cowboy songs; negro spirituals; and Indian songs, in translation.

During most of historic time, a great gap has separated the educated classes from the illiterate common people. The masses had songs, dances, and plays which educated men did not know about, or did not think of sufficient interest or beauty to record. In England and Scotland there was a wealth of this sort of balladry, which was not collected until the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The student will do well to read in any standard collection of ballads at least "Sir Patrick Spens," "Edward, Edward," and "Barbara Allen's Cruelty."

It is not difficult to imagine how such ballads began, and finally grew to the perfect form in which they have been preserved in print. Some violent incident stirred the imagina-

tion of a countryside. Some one started a ballad about it. In the process of repetition through generations, the needless details of the song were omitted. If the ballad originally bore distinctive marks of individual authorship, these also were erased as successive singers tried to improve it, till at last it came to seem an absolute and impersonal thing. Finally some educated man heard the ballad sung, realized that it was a swift, condensed, beautiful song, and recorded it. Once in print, such poetry becomes standardized.

These English and Scotch ballads continued, however, to be handed down orally among country people, and were thus brought to this country by the early settlers. Among the educated people of the towns they were quickly forgotten, but they have been orally preserved to this day in the mountains. The present editor heard the "Barbara Allen" ballad sung by a blind boy in the Kentucky mountains in 1914. He said he had learned it from his father, who "follered pickin'" — that is, amused himself and his family winter evenings by singing these old songs to the accompaniment of a home-made dulcimer.

In recent years, these American survivals of English folk poetry have been collected in a number of places. Almost all those known in England have been found in this country. Two humorous songs were chosen for this book because they are less known than the tragic ballads.

The refrain, *Tum a wing waw waddle*, etc., in "The Foolish Boy," presents a problem concerning which students have various opinions. What were the words originally? We cannot tell. They may have contained some reference to place or time or person which became meaningless when the song passed to a new locality or with the passing of time. If meaningless, they would be less likely to be remembered accurately, and more likely to be debased into jargon. They may have been in the first

place something like what they are now, a succession of disconnected syllables which a gathering might hilariously sing or shout at the end of each stanza as sung by a leader.

Ballad making has not ceased in the mountains. One of recent but unknown authorship, "The Rowan County Trouble," having its origin in a mountain feud, was collected by Miss Lucy Furman, a teacher at the settlement school at Hindman, Kentucky, and kindly contributed by her to this book. Its crudity is obvious, yet the fourth stanza has something of the swift and stripped quality of traditional poetry. Possibly "Edward, Edward" was no better when first composed. Had this song been refined through generations of singers, who knows how fine it might have become?

"A Long Time Ago" is one of the chanties used for more than a century by the sailors of English and American vessels. Chanties long and short, quick and slow, were devised for the practical purpose of getting men to haul together at the ropes. A leader sang one line while the men drew breath, then the men would sing the next line, a sort of chorus, while they pulled. Obviously, the important thing was an appropriate tune and time. The words of all the chanties are doggerel. With the passing of the sailing vessels, the chanties were almost forgotten. Stanton H. King, an old sailor, set down some of them from memory in 1918. Concerning the one here quoted, Mr. King writes, "To mast-head a topsail yard, or any hauling of length, a long drag chanty was used."

West of the Mississippi River from about 1850 till about 1890 there was one important condition favorable to the development of a native folk poetry: the population was sparse, and was thrown on its own resources for amusement. The cowboys composed hundreds of songs, to be sung around the camp fire or while riding herd at night. The miners and the lumbermen also had their songs. In contrast with the

authors of the English ballads, these American pioneers were people of some education. They took their subjects from their immediate surroundings, as do all balladists; but they composed their songs on the model of the sentimental poems and the cheap popular songs of their day. Moreover, these cowboy songs have not had time to be perfected through generations of repetition. These two facts account for their inferior literary merit.

The chief contribution of the negroes to American art is their songs, the music of which is superior to the words. Religious fervor and aspiration, sometimes enlivened by negro humor, may be found in the spirituals. The words seem artless and disjointed. Spirituals are often improvised at camp meetings, a natural leader composing the burden and the congregation making up a chorus as they go along.

"The Peanut-Picking Song" may be considered typical of the work songs in the folk lore of various peoples. There is one important distinction between such work songs and the sea chanties. The chanties, and many negro levee songs, are sung to get a number of people to pull together. Primitive peoples undertake few projects requiring coördinated labor. Their work songs are sung to pass away the time while a number of people are engaged at similar tasks.

Acceptable translations into English of French or German poetry can be easily made because the three peoples have a considerable cultural background in common. The American Indians had a culture, a religion, and a habit of daily life so different from ours that translation of their songs is almost impossible. The poetic translation is not exact; the exact translation is not poetic. Some of the difficulties are illustrated in the three selections here given from George Cronyn's "Path on the Rainbow."

Some of the songs of the Ojibway Indians show a delight in nature akin to the spirit of our own poets. For the Sia

Indians of an arid section of the Southwest, enough rain to produce a crop of corn was a matter of life and death. This prayer, therefore, is a true supplication. The translation is hardly more intelligible to us than the original would be, because we do not know the meaning of its many symbols. The finest Indian poem in Mr. Cronyn's collection is the Omaha Indian ceremony which corresponds to the baptismal service in Christian churches. In its tenderness for the child and its reverence for the powers above us, it is comparable with the Christian ceremony.

Poetry, unfortunately, has no place in the daily life of most of us to-day. This section reveals the different condition among simpler people.

BALLAD OF THE BASHFUL LOVER

A gentleman came to our house,
He would not tell his name.
I knew he came a-courtin'
Although he were ashamed.[1]
O, although he were ashamed.

He drew his chair up by my side,
His fancy pleased me well.
I thought his spirit moved him
Some handsome tale to tell.
O, some handsome tale to tell.

And there he sat the livelong night,
And not a word did say.
With many a sigh and bitter groan,
He oft-times wished for day.
O, he oft-times wished for day!

[1] Ashamed — bashful.

The chickens they began to crow,
And daylight did appear,
"How-dye-do, good morning, sir,
I'm glad to see you here!"
O, I'm glad to see you here!

He was weary of the live-long night,
He was weary of his life,
If this is what you call courting, boys,
I'll never take a wife.
O, I'll never take a wife!

Whenever he goes in company,
The girls all laugh for sport,
They say, there goes a ding-dang fool,
He don't know how to court!
O, he don't know how to court!

THE FOOLISH BOY

When I was a little boy, I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got, I laid them on the shelf.
Tum a wing waw waddle,
Tum a jack straw straddle,
Tum a John paw faddle,
Tum a long way home.

The rats and the mice they gave me such a life,
I had to go to London to get me a wife.

The roads were so long and the streets were so narrow,
I had to bring her home on an old wheelbarrow.

My foot slipped and I got a fall,
Down went wheelbarrow, wife and all.

I swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a horse,
And then I rode from cross to cross.

I swapped me a horse and got me a mare,
And then I rode from fair to fair.

I swapped my mare and got me a cow,
And in that trade I just learned how.

I swapped my cow and got me a calf,
And in that trade I just lost half.

I swapped my calf and got me a mule,
And then I rode like a dog-gone fool.

I swapped my mule and got me a sheep,
And then I rode myself to sleep.

I swapped my sheep and got me a hen,
O what a pretty thing I had then.

I swapped my hen and got me a rat,
Looks like two little cats upon a hay-stack

I swapped my rat and got me a mole,
And the dog-gone thing went straight to its hole.

THE ROWAN COUNTY TROUBLE

Come all young men and ladies, mothers and fathers too,
I'll relate to you the history of the Rowan County crew.
Concerning Bloody Rowan and her many hideous deeds,
My friends, pray give attention and remember how it reads.

It was in the month of August, all on election day,
John Martin he was wounded, they say by Johnny Day;
Martin could not believe it — he could not think it so,
He thought it was Floyd Toliver who struck the fatal blow.

Toliver and a friend or two about the streets did walk,
They seemed to be uneasy, though no one wished to talk.
He stepped into Judge Cary's grocery and stepped up to the bar,
Oh, little did he think, dear friends, he had met his fatal hour.

The sting of death was near him — Martin came in at the door,
A few words passed between them concerning a row before.
The people soon were frightened and began to rush out of the room,
A ball from Martin's pistol laid Toliver in his tomb.

His friends soon gathered round him, his wife to weep and wail,
Martin he was arrested and soon confined in jail.
He was put in jail in Rowan, there to remain a while,
In the hands of the law and justice to bravely stand his trial.

Some people talked of lynching him — at present though they failed,
Martin's friends soon moved him into the Winchester jail.
Some persons forged an order — their names I do not know,
The plan was soon agreed upon, for Martin they did go.

Martin seemed discouraged, he seemed to be in dread,
"They have sought a plan to kill me," to the jailer Martin said.
They put some handcuffs on him, his heart was in distress,
They hurried to the station and stepped on the night express.

Along the line she lumbered, all at her usual speed,
There were only two in number to commit the dreadful deed.
When they arrived at Farmer's, they had no time to lose,
The band approached the engineer and bid him not to move.

They stepped up to the prisoner with pistols in their hands,
In death he soon was sinking, he died in iron bands.
His wife soon heard the horrid sound, she was in another car,
She cried, "Oh, Lord, they have killed him," when she heard the pistol fire.

They shot and killed Sol Bradley, a sober and innocent man,
Left his wife and eleven children to do the best they can.
They wounded young Ad Sizemore, although his life was saved,
He seemed to shun the grop-shop since he stood so near the grave.

They killed the deputy sheriff, Baumgardner was his name,
They shot him from the bushes by taking deliberate aim.
The death of this brave officer will never be forgot,
His body was pierced and torn by thirty-three buckshot.

The death of these two men has caused great trouble in our land,
Caused many to leave their families and take the parting hand.
I compose this as a warning, and Oh, beware, young men,
Your pistols will cause trouble, on this you may depend.
At the bottom of the whiskey glass a lurking devil dwells,
Burns the breast of those that drink it, and sends their souls to hell.

A LONG TIME AGO

A long time and a very long time,
To me way-ha-ha-yah!
A long time and a very long time,
And a long time ago.

A dollar a day is a stevedore's pay,
To me way-ha-ha-yah!
A dollar a day, I heard them say,
And a long time ago.

I bought in Hong-Kong a pretty silk dress,
To me way-ha-ha-yah!
I'm taking it home to my sweetheart Bess,
And a long time ago.

My Bess is fair and sweet to view,
To me way-ha-ha-yah!
Her hair is brown and her eyes are blue,
And a long time ago.

I thought I heard our second mate say,
To me way-ha-ha-yah!
One more pull and then belay,
And a long time ago.

THE DAYS OF 'FORTY-NINE

You are looking now on old Tom Moore,
A relic of bygone days;
A bummer, too, they call me now,
But what care I for praise?

For my heart is filled with the days of yore,
And oft I do repine,
For the Days of Old, and the Days of Gold
And the Days of 'Forty-nine.

Refrain

Oh, my heart is filled with the days of yore
And oft do I repine
For the Days of Old, the Days of Gold,
And the Days of 'Forty-nine.

I had comrades then who loved me well,
A jovial, saucy crew:
There were some hard cases I must confess,
But they all were brave and true;
Who would never flinch, whate'er the pinch,
Who would never fret nor whine,
But like good old bricks they stood the kicks
In the Days of 'Forty-nine.

Refrain

There was Monte Pete — I'll ne'er forget
The luck he always had.
He would deal for you both day and night,
So long as you had a scad.
He would play you Draw, he would Ante sling,
He would go you a hatful blind —
But in a game with Death Pete lost his breath
In the Days of 'Forty-nine.

Refrain

There was New York Jake, a butcher boy,
That was always a-getting tight;
Whenever Jake got on a spree,
He was spoiling for a fight.

One day he ran against a knife
  In the hands of old Bob Cline —
So over Jake we held a wake
  In the Days of 'Forty-nine.
Refrain

There was Rackensack Jim, who could outroar
  A buffalo bull, you bet!
He would roar all night, he would roar all day,
  And I b'lieve he's a-roaring yet!
One night he fell in a prospect hole —
  'Twas a roaring bad design —
For in that hole he roared out his soul
  In the Days of 'Forty-nine.
Refrain

There was poor lame Ches, a hard old case
  Who never did repent.
Ches never missed a single meal,
  Nor he never paid a cent.
But poor lame Ches, like all the rest,
  Did to Death at last resign,
For in all his bloom he went up the flume
  In the Days of 'Forty-nine.
Refrain

And now my comrades all are gone,
  Not one remains to toast;
They have left me here in my misery,
  Like some poor wandering ghost.
And as I go from place to place,
  Folks call me a "Travelling Sign,"
Saying "There goes Tom Moore, a bummer sure,
  From the Days of 'Forty-nine."
Refrain

PUNCHING COWS[1]

One day I thought I'd have some fun
And see how punching cows was done.
So when the round-up did begin,
I tackled a cattle king.
Says he, "My foreman is in town;
He's in that saloon, and maybe he'll take you down."

Says I, "That's just the thing!"
We started for the ranch next day;
Brown talked to me most all the way.
He said punching cows was nothing but fun,
There was nothing to do but ride.
But, Jiminy Christmas, how he lied! He surely had his gall.

They put me in charge of the cuvvy yard,
A hundred and forty head to guard;
And to watch them was nothing but play, unless one should break,
And after him my horse would take;
Unless, perhaps, my horse should fall,
And I'd shoot on like a cannon-ball, till the earth came in my way.

They saddled me up an old gray hack
With big set parts all over his back;
They patched him up with gunny sacks, and used my bedding all.
When I got on to this old gray hack,
He went in the air to turn around;
When he came down, I struck the ground; I had a terrible fall.

[1] Set down in 1913 by Mr. G. F. Will, Bismarck, N. D., from Mr. William Sunderland, of the same city. Another version may be found in *Cowboy Songs*, by John A. Lomax.

They picked me up, they carried me in,
They rubbed me down with a rolling pin;
And then says Brown, "If you don't die
We'll give you another broncho to try."
"But won't you let me walk?" says I.
"Yes, into town," says Brown.

Come, young men, take my advice,
Get a heavy insurance on your life,
Kiss your pretty little wife
And shoot yourself with a butcher knife;
For that's the easiest way to die.

THE TEXAS COWBOY[1]

I am a roving cowboy just off the Texas plain,
My trade is cinching saddles, and pulling bridle-reins;
I can throw a lasso, I can throw it with my ease,
I can rope a broncho, and ride him where I please.

My bosses they all like me, they say I can't be beat,
For I gave them all the bold stand-off, — you know I've got the cheek.
It's true I work for wages, I take my pay in gold,
But I'm bound to follow the long-horn cows until I get too old.

I once did love a little girl, I loved her with my heart,
I would have worked and supported her, and taken her for my part;
But when I made a little stake, and married thought we'd be,
The prettiest girl in this wide world went square back on me.

[1] Set down in 1913 by Mr. G. F. Will, Bismarck, N. D., from Mr. Arthur Bivins.

It almost broke my heart when she was taken away,
She fell in love with another gent, and cursed be the day!
But I will cheer up my courage now, and love another one,
But I'll punch the cows on the Lone Star trail until my race is done.

Adieu, kind friends, I'll leave you now,
You see, I am bound to roam, leave my dear old sweetheart, two sisters and a home.
But when I am on the Lone Star trail, I'll ofttimes think of thee,
I will ofttimes think of the pretty girl that went square back on me.

FIRE-FLY SONG

(Ojibway Indians)

Flitting white-fire insects!
Wandering small-fire beasts!
Wave little stars about my bed!
Weave little stars into my sleep!
Come, little dancing white-fire bug,
Come, little flitting white-fire beast!
Light me with your white-flame magic,
Your little star-torch.

PRAYER FOR RAIN

(From the Sia Indians. Translated by Matilda Coxe Stevenson)

White floating clouds,
Clouds like the plains
Come and water the earth.
Sun embrace the earth
That she may be fruitful.

Moon, lion of the north,
Bear of the west,
Badger of the south,
Wolf of the east,
Eagle of the heavens,
Shrew of the earth,
Elder war hero,
Warriors of the six mountains of the world,
Intercede with the cloud people for us,
That they may water the earth.
Medicine bowl, cloud bowl, and water vase
Give us your hearts,
That the earth may be watered.
I make the ancient road of meal,
That my song may pass over it —
The ancient road.
White shell bead woman
Who lives where the sun goes down,
Mother Whirlwind,
Father Sus'sistinnako,
Mother Ya'ya, creator of good thoughts.
Yellow woman of the north,
Blue woman of the west,
Red woman of the south,
White woman of the east,
Slightly yellow woman of the zenith,
And dark woman of the nadir,
I ask your intercession with the cloud people.

THE CHILD IS INTRODUCED TO THE COSMOS AT BIRTH

(An Omaha Indian Ritual Chant, Translated by Alice Fletcher)

Ho! Ye Sun, Moon, Stars, all ye that move in the heavens,
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life.
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth, that it may reach the brow of the first hill!

Ho! Ye Winds, Clouds, Rain, Mist, all ye that move in the air,
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life.
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth, that it may reach the brow of the second hill!

Ho! Ye Hills, Valleys, Rivers, Lakes, Trees, Grasses, all ye of the earth,
I bid you hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life.
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth, that it may reach the brow of the third hill.

Ho! Ye Birds, great and small, that fly in the air,
Ho! Ye Animals, great and small, that dwell in the forest,
Ho! Ye Insects, that creep among the grasses and burrow in the ground —
I bid you hear me!

Into your midst has come a new life.
Consent ye, I implore!
Make its path smooth, that it may reach the brow of the fourth hill!

Ho! All ye of the heavens, all ye of the air, all ye of the earth:
I bid you all to hear me!
Into your midst has come a new life.
Consent ye, consent ye all, I implore!
Make its path smooth — then shall it travel beyond the four hills!

GOD'S A-GWINE TER MOVE ALL DE TROUBLES AWAY

God's a-gwine ter move all de troubles away,
God's a-gwine ter move all de troubles away,
God's a-gwine ter move all de troubles away,
See'm no more till de comin' day![1]

Genesis, you understan',
Methuselah was de oldes' man,
His age was nine hundred and sixty-nine,
He died and went to Heaven in due time.

Dere was a man of de Pharisee,
His name was Nicodemus an' he wouldn't believe.
De same he came to Christ by night,
Want-a be taught out o' human sight.

[1] This chorus is sung at the beginning, and after each verse. The original version does not have the last two verses and the final shout, which were added by the negroes of St. Helena's Island.

Nicodemus was a man who wanted to know,
"Can a man be born-a when-a he is ol'?"
Christ told Nicodemus as a frien',
"A-man, you must be born again!"

a-Read about Samson from his birth,
De stronges' man ever walked on earth.
a-Read way back in de ancient time
He slew ten thousan' Philistine.

a-Samson he went a-walkin' about,
a-Samson's strength-a was never found out
Twell his wife sat down upon his knee,
An'-a "Tell me whar yo' strength-a lies, ef you please."

a-Samson's wife she done talk so fair,
a-Samson tol' her, "Cut off my hair,
Ef you shave my head jes' as clean as yo' han',
Ma strength-a will become-a like a natcherl man!"

There is a road to heaven laid,
By heavenly Truth the rails are made;
God's word the power, truth the steam
That drives the engine of the train;

The Bible is the engineer
That points out the way to Heaven clear.
Now, poor sinner, is your time,
The Gospel train is on the line;

. . . . . .

Get yo' ticket 'fore yo' lef' behin'!

PEANUT-PICKIN' SONG

You kin do jes'-a what you please,
I's gwine ter pick off-a Massa's peas,
I's gwine ter pick off-a Massa's peas,
An' den I's gwine home.[1]

I kin fill dis baskit if I choose,
Den Massa gwine give me Chris'mus shoes,
Two red han'k'chiefs an' a walkin' cane,
Den I's gwine strut down de Big House lane.

Fill dis baskit an' dis ol' sack,
Den ol' Massa, when he gits back,
Gwine ter sen' me to de Big House ter git off dat rack
His ol' coat fer ter put on ma back.

Dat ol' possum is up de tree,
I bet he's waitin' dere fer me,
I's gwine ketch him 'less he flies,
Den talk 'bout dem dumplin' pies!

O RIDE ON, JESUS

O ride on, Jesus,
Ride on, Jesus,
Ride on, conquerin' King!
I want t' go t' Hebb'n in de mo'nin'.[2]

[1] This chorus is sung at the beginning, and after each verse. The line, "An' den I's gwine home," is repeated after each line of all the verses.

[2] This is the chorus, which is sung at the beginning, and after each stanza. After the first two verses, others may be put in, using "Sister," "Brother," etc.

Ef yo' see my Mother,
O yes!
Jes' tell her fo' me,
O yes!
For t' meet me t'-morrow in Galilee:
Want t' go t' Hebb'n in de mo'nin'.

Ef you see my Father,
O yes!
Jes' tell him fo' me
O yes!
For t' meet me t'-morrow in Galilee.
Want t' go t' Hebb'n in de mo'nin'.

Ef yo' see John de Baptis',
O yes!
Jes' tell him fo' me,
O yes!
Dat I's been to de ribber and I's been baptize':
Want t' go t' Hebb'n in de mo'nin'.

Ef yo' want t' go t' Hebb'n,
O yes!
I'll-a tell yo' how,
O yes!
Jes' keep yo' han's on de gospel plow:
Want t' go t' Hebb'n in de mo'nin'.

SECTION EIGHT

CONTEMPORARY POETS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, AND CANADA

Of contemporary authors, those of our own country have the best claim to the attention of American high school pupils. This book is so fashioned, therefore, as to include poems by practically all those Americans who have published a considerable amount of verse worth knowing and within the range of interest of young people. For the sake of comparative study this small section of poetry from England, Ireland, and Canada has been added.

The inference should not be drawn that only a small amount of good poetry has been written in the rest of the English-speaking world in the last generation. A book compiled on the basis of literary merit alone might show a greater number of pages of English than of American verse. In such a book Kipling, Yeats, and Masefield would bulk large; and a number of Americans would be displaced by such Englishmen as Ralph Hodgson, Laurence Binyon, and Stephen Phillips.

The Poets of England

In the introduction to Section Two of this book, the fact is pointed out that the recent strong revival in American poetry followed two decades (1890–1910) which were comparatively barren. In England that period was not marked by so pronounced a depression in the quality of writing or in the interest of the reading public. True, the English poets

of that period did not often reach the heights attained by Shelley, Wordsworth, and others in the early years of the nineteenth century; but the tradition of excellence was being maintained at no low level by such poets as Swinburne, Henley, and Stevenson whose work was done in the last century, and by Alice Meynell, Kipling, Housman, Thompson, and Yeats whose careers extended into the present century. The work of the younger English poets does not offer so pronounced a contrast with their immediate predecessors as is the case with the newer American poets.

As in the case of the Americans, it is impossible to make a hard-and-fast classification of the English poets. Yet some general remarks about them may not be amiss.

Alice Meynell and Sir William Watson represent a group of thoughtful artists whose work is in an old and conservative tradition in English lyric verse. This group occupied in England a position similar to the American poets in Section One. In the new century the prolific Noyes has shown a similar conservatism. In the last years of the nineteenth century Yeats and Kipling, with their use of new materials, and Housman with his vigorous and simpler utterance, showed themselves in rebellion at once against the smart artificiality of Oscar Wilde and against the excessive restraint of other contemporaries. In the new century, Davies and Masefield, after spending their early years in wanderings outside England, wrote directly out of their experiences and observations. Their work manifests a new spirit in old verse patterns. Chesterton and Drinkwater, more noted for other kinds of writing, have occasionally turned aside to write vigorous and beautiful verse. Walter de la Mare spins delicate poetry out of the world of his imagination. Gibson is notable for his portrayal of the English laboring people as they face the hazards of sickness, accident, and frequent privation. Such younger men as Flecker, Brooke,

Aldington, and Sassoon, in close touch with the literary world of London, consciously write a new and fresher sort of poetry. Aldington is the only English imagist represented in this book.

England is an old and settled country with long traditions; the United States is a new and changing country with short traditions. This distinguishing difference is unconsciously mirrored in the poetry of the two countries. Housman and Gibson, and other poets not included in this book, exhibit a pessimism not paralleled in American verse because the poets of the new world live in an atmosphere of buoyance, hope, and change. It will be noted that Kipling, Davies, and Masefield, who spent much of their lives outside England, reveal a different spirit.

The poets of recent years in England have, on the whole, been less inclined to experiment with the patterns, the language, and the material of poetry than have the Americans. Such experimenters as Sassoon and Aldington have not the relative importance in England that Sandburg, Amy Lowell, and James Oppenheim enjoy in the United States. Further, the English poets refine and polish their work more carefully. This section of British poetry shows a higher average of literary merit than the American verse. The difference at first sight will seem very marked. But if the student will choose for comparison an equal number of the best American poems, the difference will be slight. For example, compare Brooke's "The Soldier" with Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death"; Housman's "Loveliest of Trees" with Teasdale's "May Day"; Gibson's "Rebecca Nixon and Martha Waugh" with Frost's "The Code."

The Poets of Ireland

During centuries of English rule, the Irish people lost neither their racial characteristics nor their desire for self-government. The incessant and growing demand for self-

government has resulted recently in the establishment of the Irish Free State. Nothing has been of more service in advertising the Irish cause to the whole world than the theater and the poetry of Ireland. They were evidences of a distinct national culture. At the same time, the growth in the last forty years of a body of plays and poetry, English in language and Irish in spirit, has been a rallying point and a stimulus to Irish people all over the world.

Of the Irish poets, William Butler Yeats has been perhaps the most important; and his poetry is not more famous than his plays. Following his example, many other Irish writers have turned for material to the history, the legends, and the folklore of their island, as well as to its natural beauty and to the originality and the quaintness of the people in its remote corners. In this body of poetry one finds naïveté, mysticism, devoutness, whimsy, a passion for simple beauty, a music of language that seems to come from fairyland. Definitely Irish in character, it is an important addition to the culture of the English-speaking world.

The Poets of Canada

The people of Canada have not completed the conquest and settlement of their vast territory. The time has not yet come when they can pause, draw breath, and create a distinctive literature. Canada has artists of all kinds, but their art is naturally still a derivative one. They utilize the materials at their hands; but, like the American artists of a century ago, their technique follows safe precedents from England.

Canada has many poets known to her own people through their papers and magazines. Few of them are known beyond their own land. Three of their best known poets are here represented. One who reads their works extensively will find in them an energy and an optimism more nearly akin to contemporary American than English poetry.

SECTION VIII

ALICE MEYNELL

Alice Thompson, born in 1850, was carefully educated at home by her father, a graduate of Cambridge. Her one sister, similarly educated, became a distinguished painter. The father spent much time with his daughters in Italy.

She was married to Wilfrid Meynell, an author and journalist. Two of their children also became writers.

She began composing verses at an early age and during her long career appeared as the editor or author of numerous volumes. In her *Collected Poems* (1913) a winning and gracious personality is revealed. She confined herself to severe patterns. Reverence is the keynote of both her life and her poetry.

THE SHEPHERDESS

She walks — the lady of my delight —
  A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white;
  She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
  And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
  Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
  The chastest stars may peep.
She walks — the lady of my delight —
  A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
  Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
  She has her soul to keep.
She walks — the lady of my delight —
  A shepherdess of sheep.

MATERNITY

One wept whose only child was dead,
New-born, ten years ago.
"Weep not; he is in bliss," they said.
She answered, "Even so,

"Ten years ago was born in pain
A child, not now forlorn.
But oh, ten years ago, in vain,
A mother, a mother was born."

WILLIAM WATSON

William Watson was born in Yorkshire in 1858. He is one of the most careful artists of his generation, having written but twenty books in the forty years following his first publication. From 1885 till 1896 he was a bitter opponent of the policies of the British government of that day with respect to English relations with Egypt and the Far East. He was knighted in 1917.

For the material for his work he has turned to literature as much as to life. He is a master of literary criticism phrased in trenchant verse. His is the faculty for reflection rather than outward action; for polished and restrained, rather than spontaneous, utterance. Few other authors have shown an equal gift for condensed and felicitous expression of general and critical ideas.

ART MAXIMS

Often ornateness
Goes with greatness;
Oftener felicity
Comes of simplicity.

Talent that's cheapest
Affects singularity.
Thoughts that dive deepest
Rise radiant in clarity.

Life is rough:
Sing smoothly, O Bard.
Enough, enough,
To have *found* life hard.

No record Art keeps
Of her travail and throes.
There is toil on the steeps, —
On the summits, repose.

EPIGRAMS

Momentous to himself as I to me
Hath each man been that ever woman bore;
Once, in a lightning flash of sympathy,
I *felt* this truth an instant, and no more.

The gods man makes he breaks; proclaims them each
Immortal, and himself outlives them all:
But whom he set not up he cannot reach
To shake his cloud-dark sun-bright pedestal.

His rhymes the poet flings at all men's feet,
And whoso will may trample on his rhymes.
Should Time let die a song that's true and sweet,
The singer's loss were more than matched by Time's.

A. E. HOUSMAN

Alfred Edward Housman was born in England in 1859. He was educated at St. John's College, Oxford. After a connection of ten years with the English patent office he became professor of Latin at University College, Oxford, a position which he held till 1911.

Half of the poems in his slender first book, *A Shropshire Lad* (1896), were composed in the spring of that year; the others were a slow accu-

mulation from years of writing. The total effect of the book is curious. The author's philosophy is one of profound pessimism. He seems to say, "Pleasures are fleeting, friends and lovers are generally unfaithful, life is short, and beyond death is darkness. Man is the plaything of something above him that chooses to disappoint and torture him. What, then, is a man to do? Let him snatch what passing joys he can; but above all else, let him be a high-spirited and courageous gentleman."

This dark philosophy of life is not unique. What is unique about the book is the fact that this philosophy is expressed in a spirited, almost exultant fashion. Further, the poems have a magical lyric quality. With simple language and natural sentence structure he attains a marvelous music. They are illustrations of perfect form.

The book was issued at a time of literary artifice and smartness. Its influence was profound and widespread. Echoes of its style can be found in a dozen contemporaries.

He published no more poetry till his *Last Poems* appeared in 1922. In that intervening quarter century thousands of "best sellers" had been manufactured, trumpeted, and forgotten. The soul of this restrained artist was not disturbed by the noise. This book is curiously like its predecessor in its philosophy and poetic magic. Only a greater maturity of mind distinguishes it.

II — "LOVELIEST OF TREES"

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

LIV — "WITH RUE MY HEART IS LADEN"

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot lads are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

IX — "THE CHESTNUT CASTS HIS FLAMBEAUX"

The chestnut casts his flambeaux, and the flowers
Stream from the hawthorn to the wind away,
The doors clap to, the pane is blind with showers.
Pass me the can, lad; there's an end of May.

There's one spoilt spring to scant our mortal lot,
One season ruined of our little store.
May will be fine next year as like as not:
Oh, ay, but then we shall be twenty four.

We for a certainty are not the first
Have sat in taverns while the tempest hurled
Their hopeful plans to emptiness, and cursed
Whatever brute and blackguard made the world.

It is in truth iniquity on high
To cheat our sentenced souls of aught they crave,
And mar the merriment as you and I
Fare on our long fool's errand to the grave.

Iniquity it is; but pass the can.
My lad, no pair of kings our mothers bore;
Our only portion is the estate of man:
We want the moon, but we shall get no more.

If here today the cloud of thunder lours
Tomorrow it will hie on far behests:
The flesh will grieve on other bones than ours
Soon, and the soul will mourn in other breasts.

The troubles of our proud and angry dust
Are from eternity, and shall not fail.
Bear them we can, and if we can, we must.
Shoulder the sky, my lad, and drink your ale.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

Francis Thompson was born in Lancashire, England, in 1860. He was educated in medicine but declined to practice his profession and began to write. For five years he lived in friendless destitution which broke his health.

A poem of his, published in a magazine in 1893, attracted the attention of Alice Meynell and her husband, who rescued him when he was at the point of suicide. Under their care he partially regained his health and was able to issue three books of poems during the next five years. His remaining years were unproductive: tuberculosis had sapped his strength. His invalidism ended only with his death in 1907.

Naturally spiritually minded and a devout Catholic, he used religious themes for his most important poems. "The Hound of Heaven," too long and too mature for this book, has a splendor that has seldom been equaled in English. The poem here given is notable for its gentleness and reverence.

LITTLE JESUS

(*Ex ore infantium, Deus, et lactentium, perfecisti laudem*)

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?

Didst Thou sometimes think of *there*,
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me —
Not an angel there to dress me!
Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play *Can you see me?* through their wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on *our* soil?
How nice to have them always new
In heaven, because 'twas quite clean blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands to pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother, at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small:

And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way —
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?

So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair),
And say: "O Father, I, Thy Son,
Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast young!

RUDYARD KIPLING

Rudyard Kipling, most widely known author in the English language in his generation, was born in Bombay, India, in 1865. During his boyhood in that country he formed his intimate acquaintance with India which furnished him with the material for his best stories. A child living among an alien people learns unconsciously and accurately much that an adult cannot learn at all.

He was sent to school in England and returned to India to become at seventeen the sub-editor of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette.* His first poems and stories were written for this publication. The stories particularly revealed a new master. In them one finds vigorous, condensed narrative, racy dialogue, and close observation. In short he was interpreting in these *Plain Tales from the Hills* the things he had learned in boyhood. Later volumes, particularly *The Jungle Book* and *Kim*, were written out of the same store of knowledge.

Certain of his stories were prefaced by snatches of verse. These and other early poems appeared as *Barrack-Room Ballads* in 1892. Thus began an activity as poet which has continued without interruption as an accompaniment to his work as a writer of stories and novels. *Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Inclusive Edition* (1920), is a book of almost

800 pages. He has been one of the most prolific writers of his generation.

He traveled over America and much of the British Empire before he established his home in England. He has steadily believed in the Empire, in the greatness of its past, its present, and its future, and in the worth of its military and civil servants scattered in its farthest corners. In celebrating that greatness he has increased it; for the admiration for his work has been a bond of union throughout the Empire.

The best of his poetry appeared in the numerous volumes of the first twenty years of his writing. He has always used regular patterns and achieved ease in them. He is a careful craftsman, a master of resounding rhythms and incisive phrases. His power lies less in those qualities than in his ardent patriotism, his admiration for all manly qualities, his use of material of imperial scope, his understanding of adventurous men, and his forthright speech.

Several of his poems ("If," "Recessional," "The Ballad of East and West," for example) are known and liked by hundreds of thousands of people who ordinarily do not like poetry at all. Therefore two fine and characteristic but less known poems by him were chosen for this book. In "The Explorer" he has in mind not any one individual but that type of restless Englishman who for three centuries has explored and settled the unknown places of the earth. It shows a fine understanding of that sort of man. "Chant-Pagan" was written after the Boer War. In that conflict thousands of Englishmen who had lived peaceful lives in the small spaces of England were uprooted, transported to a totally different and vastly larger country, and given an opportunity for initiative and responsibility such as they had never had before. When they returned England seemed small and their former occupations stale and tasteless. (After the World War many soldiers experienced the same difficulty in adjusting themselves to peace-time conditions.) No poem has better caught the feeling of the returned soldier.

THE EXPLORER

"There's no sense in going further — it's the edge of cultivation,"
So they said, and I believed it — broke my land and sowed my crop —
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated — so:
"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges —
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

So I went, worn out of patience; 'never told my nearest neighbours —
Stole away with pack and ponies — left 'em drinking in the town;
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to help my labours
As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flanks and dodging shoulders,
Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of grass;
Till I camped above the tree line — drifted snow and naked boulders —
Felt free air astir to windward — knew I'd stumbled on the Pass.

'Thought to name it for the finder; but that night the Norther found me —
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies: so I called the camp Despair
(It's the Railway Gap today, though.) Then my Whisper waked to hound me: —
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder. Go you there!"

Then I knew, the while I doubted — knew His Hand was certain o'er me.
Still — it might be self-delusion — scores of better men had died —
I could reach the township living, but . . . He knows what terrors tore me. . . .
But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned to aloes,
And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming stream ran by;
But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the water drained to shallows —
And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth and blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by them;
I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the smoke;
I remember they were fancy — for I threw a stone to try 'em.
"Something lost behind the Ranges" was the only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it
When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I saw.
Very full of dreams that desert; but my two legs took me through it. . . .
And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all black and raw.

But at last the country altered — White man's country past disputing —
Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills behind —
There I found me food and water, and I lay a week recruiting,
Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey — chose my trees and
blazed and ringed 'em —
Week by week I pried and sampled — week by week my
findings grew.
Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he found a
kingdom!
But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the worth
of two!

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised snow-
slide shivers —
Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin ore-
bed stains,
Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains.

'Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between
'em;
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head
an hour;
Counted leagues of water-frontage through the axe-ripe woods
that screen 'em —
Saw the plant to feed a people — up and waiting for the
power!

Well I know who'll take the credit — all the clever chaps
that followed —
Came, a dozen men together — never knew my desert fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water holes I'd
hollowed.
They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called the
Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships — not the cities that I set there.
They will rediscover rivers — not my rivers heard at night.
By my own old marks and bearings they will show me how to get there,
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?
Have I kept one single nugget — (barring samples)? No, not I.
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.
But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water-transit sure and steady
(That should keep the railway rates down), coal and iron at your doors.
God took care to hide that country till He judged His people ready,
Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country" — yes, your "edge of cultivation"
And "no sense in going further" — till I crossed the range to see.
God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's God's present to our nation.
Anybody might have found it but — His Whisper came to Me!

CHANT-PAGAN

ENGLISH IRREGULAR: '99–02

Me that 'ave been what I've been,
Me that 'ave gone where I've gone,
Me that 'ave seen what I've seen —
'Ow can I ever take on
With awful old England again,
An' 'ouses both sides of the street,
And 'edges two sides of the lane,
And the parson an' "gentry" between,
An' touchin' my 'at when we meet —
Me that 'ave been what I've been?

Me that 'ave watched 'arf a world
'Eave up all shiny with dew,
Kopje on kop to the sun,
An' as soon as the mist let 'em through
Our 'elios winkin' like fun —
Three sides of a ninety-mile square,
Over valleys as big as a shire —
Are ye there? Are ye there? Are ye there?
An' then the blind drum of our fire. . . .
An' I'm rollin' 'is lawns for the Squire,
Me!

Me that 'ave rode through the dark
Forty mile often on end,
Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,
With only the skies for my mark
An' only the night for my friend,
An' things runnin' off as you pass,
An' things jumpin' up in the grass,

An' the silence, the shine an' the size
Of the 'igh, inexpressible skies. . . .
I am takin' some letters almost
As much as a mile, to the post,
An' "mind you come back with the change!"
Me!

Me that saw Barberton took
When we dropped through the clouds on their 'ead,
An' they 'ove the guns over an' fled —
Me that was through Di'mond 'Ill,
An' Pieters an' Springs an' Belfast —
From Dundee to Vereeniging all!
Me that stuck out to the last
(An' five bloomin' bars on my chest) —
I am doin' my Sunday-school best,
By the 'elp of the Squire an' 'is wife
(Not to mention the 'ousemaid an' cook),
To come in an' 'ands up an' be still,
An' honestly work for my bread,
My livin' in that state of life
To which it shall please God to call
Me!

Me that 'ave followed my trade
In the place where the lightnin's are made,
'Twixt the Rains and the Sun and the Moon;
Me that lay down an' got up
Three years an' the sky for my roof —
That 'ave ridden my 'unger an' thirst
Six thousand raw mile on the 'oof,
With the Vaal and the Orange for cup,
An' the Brandwater Basin for dish, —
Oh, it's 'ard to be'ave as they wish,

(Too 'ard, an' a little too soon),
I'll 'ave to think over it first —

Me!

I will arise an' get 'ence; —
I will trek South and make sure
If it's only my fancy or not
That the sunshine of England is pale,
And the breezes of England are stale,
An' there's somethin' gone small with the lot;
For *I* know of a sun an' a wind,
An' some plains and a mountain be'ind,
An' some graves by a barb-wire fence;
An' a Dutchman I've fought 'oo might give
Me a job were I ever inclined
To look in an' offsaddle an' live
Where there's neither a road nor a tree —
But only my Maker an' me,
An' I think it will kill me or cure,
So I think I will go there an' see.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES

William H. Davies was born in Wales in 1870 and lived with his grandparents most of his boyhood. He was an apt pupil in school but always in difficulties. He left school at an early age, and as a young man came to America where for some years he lived the life of a harvest hand, a laborer on cattle boats, and in other similar ways. He was several times put in jail as a tramp. Occasionally he would use the savings from weeks of farm labor in supporting himself while he read books from a public library; more often he would spend them in a week of drinking. Finally he lost a foot in trying to steal a ride on a railroad and returned to England.

His grandfather had left him a bequest, the income from which, amounting to about a hundred dollars a year, was to be paid to him weekly. This kept him from starvation. He supplemented this by wandering about England in the summer time as a peddler. He passed his winters in London, reading a little, writing a little, dreaming a good deal.

He began to write nature poems. Not knowing too much of what others had written before him he wrote with freshness and direct simplicity. His verses were rejected by various periodicals. He had some of them printed and sent copies to various celebrities in London. George Bernard Shaw saw their quality and helped him to an audience. His reputation has grown steadily through the publication of his eight volumes.

THE RAIN

I hear leaves drinking rain;
  I hear rich leaves on top
Giving the poor beneath
  Drop after drop;
'Tis a sweet noise to hear
These green leaves drinking near.

And when the Sun comes out,
  After this Rain shall stop,
A wondrous Light will fill
  Each dark, round drop;
I hope the Sun shines bright:
'Twill be a lovely sight.

NATURE'S FRIEND

Say what you like,
  All things love me!
I pick no flowers —
  That wins the Bee.

The Summer's Moths
  Think my hand one —
To touch their wings —
  With Wind and Sun.

The garden Mouse
  Comes near to play;
Indeed, he turns
  His eyes away.

The Wren knows well
  I rob no nest;
When I look in,
  She still will rest.

The hedge stops Cows,
  Or they would come
After my voice
  Right to my home.

The Horse can tell,
  Straight from my lip,
My hand could not
  Hold any whip.

Say what you like,
  All things love me!
Horse, Cow, and Mouse,
  Bird, Moth, and Bee.

WALTER DE LA MARE

Walter de la Mare was born in the village of Charlton, Kent, England, in 1873. He was educated at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School where he started the school paper. He left school at the age of seventeen and entered the employ of the Anglo-American Oil Company. In 1908 a government pension enabled him to retire from business and devote his whole time to writing.

He is the author of *The Return*, a novel which won the first Edmond de Polignac Prize in 1910.

His first verses were written to amuse his own children. They were published as *Songs of Childhood* in 1902. As a poet he is probably best

known for his verses for children. His *Peacock Pie* ranks with Stevenson's *Child's Garden of Verses* as the best of such books in English. His well known books of verse for older readers are *The Listeners* (1912) and *Motley* (1918). He writes slowly and with fastidious care, averaging only one small book every two years.

He is a lyric poet conveying to us unusual moods and exquisite pictures. In his use of language he is not merely a fluent and dexterous craftsman; he goes further and accomplishes a lovely and individual music.

All of the qualities of his exquisite art are illustrated in the famous poem by which he is here represented. Probably every one who has ever gone around or through a deserted house has had the feeling that he is being attended by ghostly presences, perhaps the spirits of former occupants of the place. To this sensitive artist such spirits, like the fairies of his poems for children, are more real than to the rest of us. His poem recreates for us such an experience with its accompanying mood. The cadence of his language subtly accords with his material.

THE LISTENERS

'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,
  Knocking on the moonlit door;
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
  Of the forest's ferny floor:
And a bird flew up out of the turret,
  Above the Traveller's head:
And he smote upon the door again a second time;
  'Is there anybody there?' he said.
But no one descended to the Traveller;
  No head from the leaf-fringed sill
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,
  Where he stood perplexed and still.
But only a host of phantom listeners
  That dwelt in the lone house then
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight
  To that voice from the world of men:
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
  That goes down to the empty hall,

Hearkening in an air stirred and shaken
By the lonely Traveller's call.
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
Their stillness answering his cry,
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
For he suddenly smote on the door, even
Louder, and lifted his head:—
'Tell them I came, and no one answered,
That I kept my word,' he said.
Never the least stir made the listeners,
Though every word he spake
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
From the one man left awake:
Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
And the sound of iron on stone,
And how the silence surged softly backward,
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

G. K. CHESTERTON

Gilbert Keith Chesterton was born in London in 1874. After his education at St. Paul's School and the Slade School of Art he began his literary career as a reviewer of books. For a quarter of a century he has been one of the most interesting literary figures in England, partly because of his poems and his clever stories and even more because of the paradoxes and witticisms with which he has graced his discussions of controversial subjects.

"Lepanto," in his *Poems* (1915), is one of the finest martial poems in English. As an historical event the battle of Lepanto was at once important and colorful. The poem communicates a sense of its color and its importance even to the reader unfamiliar with the history of the times. Flashing descriptions in hurried, single lines; a fine choice of words for their sounds (as for example in the twenty-third line); a rapid movement, with a mixture of long and short rhythms — these are the chief qualities of the poem.

The Battle of Lepanto was fought in the Gulf of Lepanto on October 7, 1571. A period of relative quiet had followed centuries of warfare in the eastern Mediterranean between the Turks and the Christian nations of

western Europe. The Turks had again become aggressive and had captured Cyprus. This threatened the trade of the Republic of Venice and the stability of Spain, many of the subjects of the King of Spain being Mohammedans. Pope Pius V brought about the gathering of a fleet of the Christian nations to combat the Turks. From Sicily, the Republic of Genoa, and other countries, small squadrons were sent to join the main fleet supplied by Venice and Spain. As a compliment to King Philip II of Spain command of the fleet was given to his half brother, Don John of Austria. The 208 vessels of the Christian powers faced 273 Turkish men-of-war. The Turkish vessels were smaller and not so well armed; the Turks still depended chiefly on bows and arrows as their weapons. The vessels of both sides were galleys, propelled by banks of oarsmen who were chiefly prisoners. The heavier vessels and the superior discipline of the Christian fleet won the battle for them against the greater number of the Turkish ships. Only a few Turkish boats escaped destruction or capture. The Turks lost 20,000 men and the Christians 8,000. The power of the Turks was so broken that they never again threatened the peace of Christian Europe or became a naval power. This was the last important battle in history to be fought between fleets of galleys. Cervantes was but one of many famous men of the day who engaged in this battle. The nobles of Spain and Italy threw themselves into the conflict with the utmost gallantry. The flagship of Don John met and captured the flagship of the Turkish fleet.

LEPANTO

White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard,
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips,
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,.
And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross.
The cold queen of England is looking in the glass;
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass;

From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.
Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half attainted stall,
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,
That once went singing southward when all the world was young.
In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,
Comes up along a winding road the noise of a Crusade.
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,
Don John of Austria is going to the war,
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes.
Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.
Love-light of Spain — hurrah!
Death-light of Africa!
Don John of Austria
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the trees,

And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to bring
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.
Giants and the Genii,
Multiplex of wing and eye,
Whose strong obedience broke the sky
When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the morn,
From temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in scorn;
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be;
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests curl,
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl;
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground, —
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.
And he saith, "Break up the mountains where the hermit-folk can hide,
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.
We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done,
But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know
The voice that shook our palaces — four hundred years ago:
It is he that saith not 'Kismet'; it is he that knows not Fate;
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey in the Gate!
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth,
Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth."
For he heard the drums groaning and he heard the guns jar,
(*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)

Sudden and still — hurrah!
Bolt from Iberia!
Don John of Austria
Is gone by Alcalar.

St. Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north
(*Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.*)
Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift
And the sea-folk labor and the red sails lift.
He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone;
The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise is gone alone;
The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching eyes
And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,
And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,
And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,
And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,
And Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.
Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse
Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,
Trumpet that sayeth ha!
Domino gloria!
Don John of Austria
Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in the closet with the Fleece about his neck
(*Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck.*)
The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,
And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.
He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,
He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,
And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and grey
Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day

And death is in the phial and the end of noble work,
But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.
Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed —
Booms away past Italy the rumor of his raid.
Gun upon gun, ha! ha!
Gun upon gun, hurrah!
Don John of Austria
Has loosed the cannonade.

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,
(*Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.*)
The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the year,
The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.
He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea
The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery;
They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle dark,
They veil the plumed lions on the galleys of St. Mark;
And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs,
And below the ships are prisons where with multitudinous griefs,
Christian captives sick and sunless, all a laboring race repines
Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.
They are lost like slaves that sweat, and in the skies of morning hung
The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.
They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on
Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.
And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell
Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,

And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign —
(*But Don John of Austria has burst the battle line!*)
Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop
Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,
Thronging of the thousands up that labor under sea
White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.
Vivat Hispania!
Domino gloria!
Don John of Austria
Has set his people free!

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath
(*Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.*)
And he sees across a weary land a straggling road to Spain,
Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides in vain,
And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade. . . .
(*Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.*)

JOHN MASEFIELD

John Masefield was born in Shropshire, England, in 1875. He spent his youth as a farm laborer, a sailor, and in other humble occupations. For some months he worked as a bartender in New York. From this rough, wandering life he drew the material for a long list of successful plays, stories, and poems which began to appear in 1902.

Nearly a dozen of his plays have been produced. His books about the World War, especially *Gallipoli*, are persuasive interpretations of his country's cause and records of the courage of her troops. As a poet he is at his best in *The Everlasting Mercy*, *The Widow in the Bye Street*, and *Dauber*, each a swift narrative poem of book length. *Dauber* in particular is magnificent, the equal in power and interest of any narrative poem in English. It is a story of the physical and spiritual hard-

ships of an artist who went to sea as a common sailor in order to learn how to paint the sea.

The one short poem quoted here is characteristic of his lyric verse. He shows everywhere a sympathetic understanding of ordinary people, a love of the open, and the frank speech of a vigorous man, all expressed in a swinging rhythm.

SEA FEVER[1]

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by;
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face, and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gipsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

Wilfred Wilson Gibson was born at Hexham, Northumberland, England, in 1880. He was educated at private schools. Except for his period of service as a private in the World War his life has been a quiet one. For some years he has now lived in Gloucestershire.

[1] From *Poems and Plays of John Masefield.* Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

He is the author of a dozen volumes of verse of which the best known are *Daily Bread* (1908), *Fires* (1911), *Livelihood* (1916), and *Neighbors* (1920). He lived for a long time in a slum district in the eastern part of London and has sympathetically observed the lives of the poor there and elsewhere in England. Among the English poor there is less hopefulness for better things to come than one would find in America. Taken as a whole his work unconsciously reflects that fact. But he also found cheerfulness, courage, inherent human dignity, and dogged endurance in the face of the risks of industrial life. These qualities he has interpreted in scores of narrative and dramatic poems.

REBECCA NIXON AND MARTHA WAUGH[1]

If your clock's going at all, it must be slow.
Surely, it's stopped?

It stopped a week ago.

A week ago — and you have let it stand?

I hadn't the heart to wind it up. No hand
But Ben's has turned the key since he, himself,
Put the clock there upon the mantelshelf
The day that we came home for the first time
To set up house together: and its chime
Had never failed to sound an hour since then,
Unless he had it down to clean; for Ben
Was handy and could always overhaul
A clock, though it was not his trade at all,
As well as any watchmaker. His heart
Doted on wheels: he'd handle every part
So daintily that you could never guess
His job was hewing coal. I must confess
Wheels always daunted me: but Ben's brain went
By clockwork; and his happiest hours were spent
Sorting old clocks and trying to make them go.

[1] From *Neighbors*, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And that one's never been a second slow
In all these years or half a second fast,
Or failed to strike . . . until Ben breathed his last
On Monday morn before the stroke of three. . . .
Though all the town's clocks hammered presently
As if they struck my heart. . . . Ben always wound
That clock each Sunday; but when the last came round
He'd been in bed a week, and his poor mind
Was wandering — though his fingers tried to wind
Some ghostly clock that troubled him all night —
And when I stole downstairs and struck a light,
I missed the tick; and with a still white face
Ben's clock was standing silent in its place
With motionless hands just on the stroke of three.
Its heart had stopped when Ben's stopped. As for me
I'll never wind it up again: I know
Even if I cared, no touch could make it go
But Ben's; and those still hands will always keep
My heart in mind. . . .

Nay, Martha, you need sleep.
You mustn't brood like this. Try to forget.
Come, let me wind it up for you, and set
The old clock going. Only think how Ben
Would hate to have it standing.

Wind it then.
Ben hated a stopped clock: and now he's gone,
It seems I've got to keep things going on.

ALFRED NOYES

Alfred Noyes was born in Staffordshire, England, in 1880. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. He has spent much time in the United States, being at one time Professor of Modern English Literature at Princeton University. He now lives in London.

He has edited various books of poetry and has written stories and plays. His reputation, however, is based chiefly on numerous volumes of verse, the first of which appeared in 1902. His work is not subtle or profound, but it is wholesome, vigorous, and filled with a love of the open air and of courage. He is best known for a number of stirring ballads.

THE HIGHWAYMAN [1]

Part One

I

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding —
  Riding — riding —
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

II

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,
  His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

III

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn-yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Collected Poems*, Volume I, by Alfred Noyes. Copyright, 1906, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

IV

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the hostler listened; his face was white and peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say —

V

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I'm after a prize tonight,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

VI

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burnt like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight,
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the West.

Part Two

I

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching —
  Marching — marching —
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

II

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead,
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window;
  And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

III

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.
  She heard the dead man say —
Look for me by moonlight;
  Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

IV

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

V

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast,
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
Blank and bare in the moonlight,
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

VI

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs ringing clear;
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding, riding!
The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still!

VII

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot*, in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him — with her death.

VIII

He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood!
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

IX

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat;
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

* * * * * * *

X

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding —
Riding — riding —
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.

XI

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

JOHN DRINKWATER

John Drinkwater was born in England in 1882. Since reaching maturity he has been connected with the theater in various capacities. He was one of the founders of the famous Pilgrim Players, of Birmingham, England, and became the manager of their Repertory Theater. For this company he wrote numerous plays. He is chiefly known in America for his dramas based on the lives of Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee. Though he has published several books of verse, poetry is for him a secondary interest. *Poems, 1908–1919,* contains his best work.

HOLINESS

If all the carts were painted gay,
And all the streets swept clean,
And all the children came to play
By hollyhocks, with green
Grasses to grow between,

If all the houses looked as though
Some heart were in their stones,
If all the people that we know
Were dressed in scarlet gowns,
With feathers in their crowns,

I think this gaiety would make
A spiritual land.
I think that holiness would take
This laughter by the hand,
Till both should understand.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

Son of the Head Master of Dean Close School, James Elroy Flecker was born in London in 1884. He completed his studies at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1907, and later took courses in Oriental languages at Cambridge in preparation for a career in the British consular service. From 1910 to March, 1913, he was engaged in that service at various points in Turkey and Syria. In 1911 he was married to Miss Helle Skiadaressi, of Athens, Greece. He fell ill of tuberculosis in 1913 and spent the last eighteen months of his life at various health resorts in Switzerland. He died at Davos on January 3, 1915, separated from his relatives by the ring of war around Switzerland.

He early began to write verse and wrote with what a friend called "appalling facility." He studied and made verse translations of poets in many languages, rapidly widening his interests to the world about him. The Near East — its history, its legends, and the very melody of its names — always had a fascination for him. To the very end he was unremitting in his efforts to improve his technique of writing and to revise his earlier work. He had the taste of a romanticist for remote and colorful subjects combined with the passion of a classicist for restraint, good taste, and careful craftsmanship.

There is a considerable likeness between the poem here quoted and the masques of the Elizabethan period, of which Milton's "Comus" is the finest flowering. Both are written in the pattern of drama, but demand little histrionic ability in the actors. Both are lyric rather than dramatic in spirit. Both make use of many actors, and would require elaborate and beautiful settings to produce.

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND

Epilogue

At the Gate of the Sun, Bagdad, in olden time

The Merchants (together)

Away, for we are ready to a man!
  Our camels sniff the evening and are glad.
Lead on, O Master of the Caravan:
  Lead on the Merchant-Princes of Bagdad.

The Chief Draper

Have we not Indian carpets dark as wine,
  Turbans and sashes, gowns and bowls and veils,
And broideries of intricate design,
  And printed hangings in enormous bales?

The Chief Grocer

We have rose-candy, we have spikenard,
  Mastic and terebinth and oil and spice,
And such sweet jams meticulously jarred
  As God's own Prophet eats in Paradise.

The Principal Jews

And we have manuscripts in peacock styles
  By Ali of Damascus; we have swords
Engraved with storks and apes and crocodiles,
  And heavy beaten necklaces, for Lords.

The Master of the Caravan

But you are nothing but a lot of Jews.

The Principal Jews

Sir, even dogs have daylight, and we pay.

The Master of the Caravan

But who are ye in rags and rotten shoes,
You dirty-bearded, blocking up the way?

The Pilgrims

We are the Pilgrims, master; we shall go
Always a little further: it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,
Across that angry or that glimmering sea,

White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born: but surely we are brave,
Who make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

The Chief Merchant

We gnaw the nail of hurry. Master, away!

One of the Women

O turn your eyes to where your children stand.
Is not Bagdad the beautiful? O stay!

The Merchants (in chorus)

We take the Golden Road to Samarkand.

An Old Man

Have you not girls and garlands in your homes,
Eunuchs and Syrian boys at your command?
Seek not excess: God hateth him who roams!

The Merchants (in chorus)

We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

A Pilgrim with a Beautiful Voice

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells
When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,
And softly through the silence beat the bells
Along the Golden Road to Samarkand.

A Merchant

We travel not for trafficking alone:
By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned:
For lust of knowing what should not be known
We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

The Master of the Caravan

Open the gate, O watchman of the night!

The Watchman

Ho, travellers, I open. For what land
Leave you the dim-moon city of delight?

The Merchants (with a shout)

We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

(The caravan passes through the gate)
The Watchman (consoling the women)

What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus.
Men are unwise and curiously planned.

A Woman

They have their dreams, and do not think of us.

Voices of the Caravan (in the distance, singing)

We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Siegfried Sassoon, born in 1886, was educated at Clare College, Cambridge. A quiet, constrained man, a lover of the out of doors, the author of a few acceptable nature poems, he found his quiet, orderly world thrown out of joint in 1914 by the World War. He entered the English army immediately and served till the end of the war.

The violence, the noise, and the human waste of the war appalled him. His best poetry, in *Counterattack* (1918), is a bitter arraignment of war, an attitude shared by every poet who saw extensive service.

DOES IT MATTER?

Does it matter? — losing your leg? . . .
For people will always be kind,
And you need not show that you mind
When the others come in after hunting
To gobble their muffins and eggs.

Does it matter? — losing your sight? . . .
There's such splendid work for the blind;
And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.

Do they matter? — those dreams from the pit? . . .
You can drink and forget and be glad,
And people won't say that you're mad;
For they'll know that you fought for your country,
And no one will worry a bit.

RUPERT BROOKE

Rupert Brooke was born in 1887 at Rugby, England, where his father was a master at the famous school. At Rugby and Cambridge he steeped himself in earlier English poetry and drama and became known as a promising writer among his college friends. Books and writing did not absorb his whole life. He participated in the student activities of all kinds.

He early showed a keen awareness to beauty. In a letter written to a college friend in 1910 occurs this sentence: "Half an hour's roaming about a street or village or railway station shows so much beauty that it is impossible to be anything but wild with suppressed exhilaration."

His early poems, appearing in 1911, met a mixed reception from the critics. It is interesting to note that he early felt himself a part of a new movement in English poetry. He was one of the inspirers of *Georgian Poetry, 1911–1912*, a collection of the verse of the leading young poets of the day which helped to popularize their work.

He arrived in England in June, 1914, on the eve of the World War, from a year of travel in Canada, the United States, and the South Seas. He enlisted immediately and saw service in Belgium and at the Dardanelles. He died of blood-poisoning off the Turkish coast in 1915.

The sonnet here given is one of the few war poems that deserves to live.

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam;
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blessed by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed sway,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Richard Aldington was born in England in 1892. He was educated at London University, where he gained a thorough knowledge of both the language and the spirit of Greek and Latin literatures. He early began to write verse, his first work being the translation of Greek poetry. The

critics at once noted that he showed in his translations the same pagan delight in life that is found in the original Greek.

He was one of the first of the imagists and has persisted in his search for the clear and exact word. He has an exceptional faculty for finding a lovely cadence in language.

He served in the English army throughout the World War. A lover of books and of beauty, he, like other poets, found little of beauty in the war except the revelation of courage in the soldiers. No one has written war poems that surpass his in revealing the spirit of men and officers and the waste and the terror of war.

His books include *Images Old and New* (1915), *War and Love* (1919), *Images of War* (1919), and *Images of Desire* (1920).

AFTER TWO YEARS

She is all so slight
And tender and white
  As a May morning.
She walks without hood
At dusk. It is good
  To hear her sing.

It is God's will
That I shall love her still
  As He loves Mary.
And night and day
I will go forth to pray
  That she love me.

She is as gold
Lovely, and far more cold.
  Do thou pray with me,
For if I win grace
To kiss twice her face
  God has done well to me.

MACHINE GUNS

Gold flashes in the dark,
And on the road
Each side, behind, in front of us,
Gold sparks
Where the fierce bullets strike the stones.

In a near shell-hole lies a wounded man,
The stretcher-bearers bending over him;
And at our feet
Cower shrinkingly against the ground
Dark shadowy forms of men.

Only we two stand upright;
All differences of life and character smoothed out
And nothing left
Save that one foolish tie of caste
That will not let us shrink.

C. FOX SMITH

Cicely Fox Smith, daughter of a barrister, was born and educated in England, spent several years on the Pacific coast of Canada, and then returned to England where she makes her home.

She may be considered as typical of a large group of poets who were called into existence in all countries by the World War. The war brought every one new ideas and experiences and plowed up the emotions. The impulse to give expression to these new emotions in music or verse followed. She had already begun to write verse. During the years of the war many poems by her appeared in English periodicals, to be presently assembled in various small volumes of which *Small Craft* (1919) and *Sailor Town* (1919) are known in this country.

Her work is objective, written in heavily accented rhythms, and abounds in unconventional phrases. As she wrote under the name, C. Fox Smith, it was generally assumed that the author was a man. Her lifelong interest in everything pertaining to the sea was naturally carried into her work. In contrast with most of the other poets of the

war she retains the old, romantic attitude toward warfare. The others generally portray the folly and the waste of war; she shows its excitements and its opportunities for service.

In all the warring countries hundreds of elderly men who had retired from active service volunteered or were recalled to the colors. In England such men were often dubbed "Captain Dugout."

ADMIRAL DUGOUT

He had done with fleets and squadrons, with the restless, roaming seas,
He had found the quiet haven he desired,
And he lay there to his moorings with the dignity and ease
Most becoming to Rear-Admirals (retired).
He was reared mid "spit and polish," he was bred to "stick and string" —
All the things the ultra-moderns never name;
But a wind blew up to seaward, and it meant the Real Thing,
And he had to slip his cable when it came.

So he hied him up to London, for to hang about Whitehall,
And he sat upon the steps there soon and late;
He importuned night and morning, he bombarded great and small,
From messengers to Ministers of State.
He was like a guilty conscience, he was like a ghost unlaid,
He was like a debt of which you can't be rid,
Till the Powers that Be, despairing, in a fit of temper said,
"For the Lord's sake give him something" — and they did!

They commissioned him a trawler with a high and raking bow,
Black and workmanlike as any pirate craft,
With a crew of steady seamen very handy in a row,
And a brace of little barkers fore and aft.

And he blessed the Lord his Maker when he faced the North
Sea sprays,
And exceedingly extolled his lucky star,
That had given his youth renewal in the evening of his days,
(With the rank of Captain Dugout, R. N. R.)

He is jolly as a sandboy, he is happier than a king,
And his trawler is the darling of his heart,
(With her cuddy like a cupboard where a kitten couldn't
swing,
And a scent of fish that simply won't depart.)
He has found upon occasion sundry targets for his guns,
He could tell you tales of mine and submarine;
Oh, the holes he's in and out of, and the glorious risks he runs
Turn his son (who's in a Super-Dreadnought) green.

He is fit as any fiddle, he is hearty, hale and tanned,
He is proof against the coldest gales that blow,
He has never felt so lively since he got his first command,
(Which is rather more than forty years ago.)
And of all the joyful picnics of his wild and wandering youth,
Little dust-ups 'tween Taku and Zanzibar,
There was none to match the picnic, he declares in sober
sooth,
That he has as Captain Dugout, R. N. R.

THE POETS OF IRELAND

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

William Butler Yeats was born at Dublin, Ireland, in 1865. He was educated in schools at Hammersmith and Dublin and later studied art. At twenty he embarked on his career as a writer.

He began publishing verse in 1889. *Poems* (1895) was his first book of verse to attract wide attention. Several volumes of prose and verse have followed it. His plays, which have appeared at intervals since

1902, have been among the most important and successful of the Irish theater. There is in him a direct and profound passion for pure beauty that is unrivaled by any poet writing in English since Keats. His work has had a marked influence on many of the younger writers.

TWO SONGS OF A FOOL[1]

I

A speckled cat and a tame hare
Eat at my hearthstone
And sleep there;
And both look up to me alone
For learning and defence
As I look up to Providence.

I start out of my sleep to think
Some day I may forget
Their food and drink;
Or, the house door left unshut,
The hare may run till it's found
The horn's sweet note and the tooth of the hound.

I bear a burden that might well try
Men that do all by rule,
And what can I
That am a wandering witted fool
But pray to God that He ease
My great responsibilities.

II

I slept on my three-legged stool by the fire,
The speckled cat slept by my knee;
We never thought to enquire
Where the brown hare might be,

[1] From *Later Poems*, by William Butler Yeats. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

And whether the door were shut.
Who knows how she drank the wind
Stretched up on two legs from the mat,
Before she had settled her mind
To drum with her heel and to leap:
Had I but wakened from sleep
And called her name she had heard,
It may be, and had not stirred,
That now, it may be, has found
The horn's sweet note and the tooth of the hound.

JAMES STEPHENS

James Stephens was born in Ireland in 1882. After a youth of poverty and wandering he became a typist in Dublin. The quality of his work was discovered by "A. E." (George William Russell), one of the leading literary figures of Ireland who helped him gain a hearing for his fine fairy stories and his beautiful poems. His books of verse include *The Hill of Vision* (1912), *Songs from the Clay* (1914), *Reincarnations* (1917), and *The Rocky Road to Dublin* (1915).

DONNYBROOK [1]

I saw the moon so broad and bright
Sailing high on a frosty night:

And the air swung far and far between
The silver disc and the orb of green:

While here and there a wisp of white
Cloud-film swam on the misty light:

And crusted thickly on the sky,
High and higher and yet more high,

[1] From *The Rocky Road to Dublin*, by James Stephens. Reprinted by special arrangement with The Macmillan Company, publishers.

Were golden star-points dusted through
The great, wide, silent vault of blue:

Then I said to me — God is good
And the world is fair — and where I stood

I knelt me down and bent my head,
And said my prayers, and went to bed.

WINIFRED M. LETTS

Winifred M. Letts was born in Ireland in 1887 and makes her home in Dublin. During the World War she served as a nurse in various hospitals. She is the author of several novels, of books for children, and of two volumes of verse. Her best known poems, having the War for their background, are found in *The Spires of Oxford* (1917). A gentle melancholy for the wastes of the war, reverence, and tender sentiment are the conspicuous qualities of her work.

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

(Seen from a Train)

I saw the spires of Oxford
  As I was passing by,
The grey spires of Oxford
  Against a pearl-grey sky;
My heart was with the Oxford men
  Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
  The golden years and gay;
The hoary colleges look down
  On careless boys at play,
But when the bugles sounded — War!
  They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford
To seek a bloody sod.
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

Born in Meath, Ireland, in 1891, Francis Ledwidge was educated by life and not by schools. While still a young boy he was forced to go to work. He labored at various times in a mine, as a road mender, on a farm, and in a store. In 1912 he sent some of his manuscripts to Lord Dunsany, the eminent Irish playwright, who recognized his ability and wrote the introductions to his *Songs of the Fields* (1914), *Songs of Peace* (1916), and *Last Songs* (1917). He enlisted in the Inniskilling Fusiliers for service in the World War and was in action in Turkey, Greece, Serbia, and France. He was killed in action in France in his twenty-sixth year.

His *Complete Poems* (1920) makes a volume of some three hundred pages. Naturally much of it shows his immaturity. He was a close and loving observer of the beauties of nature in the place of his birth, and to this theme he returned even in the verses written in the war. His gentleness and his Celtic gaiety added to his intimate observation of nature make a number of his verses alive with beauty.

BEHIND THE CLOSED EYE

I walk the old frequented ways
That wind around the tangled braes,
I live again the sunny days
Ere I the city knew.

And scenes of old again are born,
The woodbine lassoing the thorn,
And drooping Ruth-like in the corn
The poppies weep the dew.

Above me in their hundred schools
The magpies bend their young to rules,
And like an apron full of jewels
The dewy cobweb swings.

And frisking in the stream below
The troutlets make the circles flow,
And the hungry crane doth watch them grow
As a smoker does his rings.

Above me smokes the little town,
With its whitewashed walls and roofs of brown
And its octagon spire toned smoothly down
As the holy minds within.

And wondrous impudently sweet,
Half of him passion, half conceit,
The blackbird calls adown the street
Like the piper of Hamelin.

I hear him, and I feel the lure
Drawing me back to the homely moor,
I'll go and close the mountains' door
On the city's strife and din.

HAD I A GOLDEN POUND

(After the Irish)

Had I a golden pound to spend,
My love should mend and sew no more.
And I would buy her a little quern,
Easy to turn on the kitchen floor.

And for her windows curtains white,
With birds in flight and flowers in bloom,
To face with pride the road to town,
And mellow down her sunlit room.

And with the silver change we'd prove
The truth of Love to life's own end,
With hearts the years could but embolden,
Had I a golden pound to spend.

THE POETS OF CANADA

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

William Henry Drummond, the finest interpreter of the French population of the New World, was born in County Leitrim, Ireland, in 1854. The family moved to Canada during his boyhood. He was graduated from McGill University and from Bishop's Medical College, and practiced medicine for several years in a village where he made an intimate acquaintance with the French people of Canada. Later he moved to Montreal where he continued his medical practice and became a professor at his alma mater. An athlete and sportsman he spent his vacations in the wilds of Quebec. Because of his racial inheritance he was able to find beauty rather than terror in the tremendous forces of nature in the North and romance rather than crudeness in the lives of its hardy people. He died in 1907.

His verse was written in his scant leisure and more for the pleasure of himself and his friends than for the purpose of making a literary career for himself. *The Habitant* (1897) was the first of the four books of verse which were gathered into his *Poetical Works* (1912).

The French people of Canada make mistakes in speaking English precisely as the English make mistakes in speaking French. Before Drummond writers had used their characteristic inaccuracies in making fun of them. Drummond, because he understood and loved them, treated them sympathetically. He has no more hearty admirers than the voyageurs (woodsmen) and the habitants (farmers) whom he depicts.

THE HABITANT

De place I get born, me, is up on de reever
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.

Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't climb it
An' whole place she's mebbe two honder arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran'fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't fonny
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus' know —

All de sam' dere is somt'ing dey got ev'ryboddy,
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee can't geev,
So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay dere
On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's comin',
W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue —
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter
An' back on de medder is sing de gou-glou —

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de pasture,
Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
Dey ronne wit' deir modder, an' play wit' each oder
An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was crack —

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de race
Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's purty soon lef' her,
W'y, ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin',
Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne —
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is jompin',
Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de fonne.

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long wit' us,
An' first t'ing we know, she go off till nex' year,
Den bee commence hummin', for summer is comin'
An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Dat's very nice tam for wake up on de mornin'
An' listen de rossignol sing ev'ry place,
Feel sout' win' a-blowin', see clover a-growin',
An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face.

Mos' ev'ry day raf' it is pass on de rapide,
De voyageurs singin' some ole chanson
'Bout girl down de reever — too bad dey mus' leave her,
But comin' back soon wit' beaucoup d'argent.

An' den when de fall an' de winter come roun us
An' bird of de summer is all fly away,
W'en mebbe she's snowin' an' nort win' is blowin'
An' night is mos' t'ree time so long as de day.

You t'ink it was bodder de habitant farmer?
Not at all — he is happy an' feel satisfy,
An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de woodpile
Is ready for burn on de stove by an' bye.

W'en I got plaintee hay put away on de stable
So de sheep an' de cow, dey got no chance to freeze,
An de hen all togedder — I don't min' de wedder —
De nort' win' may blow jus' so moche as she please.

An' some cole winter night how I wish you can see us,
W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman sew
By de stove of T'ree Reever — my wife's fader geev her
On day we get marry, dat's long tam ago —

De boy an' de girl, dey was readin' its lesson,
De cat on de corner she's bite heem de pup,
Ole "Carleau" he's snorin' an' beeg stove is roarin'
So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she's bus' up.

Philomene — dat's de oldes' — is sit on de winder
An' kip jus' so quiet like wan leetle mouse,
She say de more finer moon never was shiner —
Very fonny, for moon isn't dat side de house.

But purty soon den, we hear foot on de outside,
An' som' wan is place it hees han' on de latch,
Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brulé
He's tak' it firs' prize on de grand ploughin' match.

Ha! ha! Philomene! — dat was smart trick you play us.
Come help de young feller tak' snow from hees neck,
Dere's nothin' to hinder you come off de winder
W'en moon you is look for is come, I expec' —

Isidore, he is tole us de news on de parish
'Bout hees Lajeunesse Colt — travel two forty, sure,
'Bout Jeremie Choquette, come back from Woonsocket
An' t'ree new leetle twin on Madame Vaillancour'.

But nine o'clock strike, and de chil'ren is sleepy,
Mese'f an' ole woman can't stay up no more,
So alone by de fire — 'cos dey say dey ain't tire —
We lef' Philomene an' de young Isidore.

I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de kitchen
'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de sky,
For Philomene's takin' long tam get awaken
Nex' day, she's so sleepy on bote of de eye.

Dat's wan of dem t'ings, ev'ry tam on de fashion,
An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen.
Got not'ing for say me — I spark it sam' way me
W'en I go see de modder ma girl Philomene.

We leev very quiet 'way back on de contree.
Don't put on sam style like de big village,
W'en we don't get de monee you t'ink dat is fonny
An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes Sauvages.

But I tole you — dat's true — I don't go on de city
If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup d'argent —
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me
On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.

BLISS CARMAN

Bliss Carman, author of more than a dozen volumes of verse, was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1861. He was educated at the universities of New Brunswick, Edinburgh, and Harvard. Law and engineering both attracted him in youth. Most of his life, however, has been given to writing and to editorial work. Since 1889 he has lived in the United States.

His first book of poems, *Low Tide on Grand Pré: A Book of Lyrics* (1893), met success. His freshness and buoyancy made him the natural collaborator of Richard Hovey. Together they issued three volumes of "Songs from Vagabondia." Several volumes under his name alone have appeared since Hovey's death in 1900.

Carman turns to nature for nearly all his subjects. He never lacks technical dexterity. There is a swinging rhythm and an easy flow of melody in his work.

A VAGABOND SONG

There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood —
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
  Of bugles going by.
  And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gyspy blood astir;
  We must rise and follow her,
  When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

MANZANITAS

From the majesty and mystery and might of all the North
In its silence and its honor and its pride,
When South again you turn,
You are like enough to learn
This world is very long as well as wide.

When you meet the Sacramento in the copper-colored hills
With its Iron Canyon washed in morning gold,
What perhaps you did not know
May strike you like a blow —
This world is very new as well as old.

There is mystery in the cedar, there is music in the pine,
There is magic where the scarlet maples run.
But as strange a spell will hold you
All unreasoned and enfold you
From the blue-green manzanitas in the sun.

The apple trees of Grand Pré and the orchards of the North
May charm you where the tide of Fundy spills,
Yet another magic takes you
When another morning wakes you
Where the manzanitas dot their barren hills.

When you sight the open valley where the palms and oaks begin
And snowy Lassen rises from the plain,
There is something in your heart
That will make it stop and start,
At the sight of manzanitas once again.

They will sing you songs of passes where the high Sierras lift,
They will tell you old-time stories of the trail.
No day will be too long
As you listen to their song,
And find a new enchantment in each tale.

There is rapture waiting for you at the rim of all the world,
There is medicine no pharmacy distills,
There is all of time before you
And only heaven o'er you,
Where the manzanitas call you to the hills.

You shall see the desert sunrise, and the skies of turquoise blue
On mountains made of lavender and rose.
And the fever of the quest
Shall be quieted to rest
In a spaciousness that only freedom knows.

You shall watch the starry splendor from a blanket on the ground,
The hosts of glory marching by your fire,
And the stillness and the vast
Will reveal to you at last,
How simple in the end is soul's desire.

ROBERT W. SERVICE

Robert W. Service was born at Preston, England, in 1874. After his schooling and an apprenticeship in a Glasgow bank he emigrated to Canada and engaged in various occupations on the Pacific coast. He spent eight years in the Yukon and sub-arctic regions, part of the time as a bank clerk. His first book, *The Spell of the Yukon* (1907), revealed new fields of literary material as Kipling had done with India a decade before. He vividly pictured this huge and hostile land and the rough, unconventional men who try to conquer it — men who for the most part could not fit easily into the environment of settled countries. (A remittance man is one who has lost favor with his family and receives a regular remittance from them only so long as he remains away from home.)

Service left the Yukon — and left his inspiration behind him. His later books have his old rhythm but lack vitality and reality.

THE RHYME OF THE REMITTANCE MAN

There's a four-pronged buck a-swinging in the shadow of my cabin,
And it roamed the velvet valley till today;
But I tracked it by the river, and I trailed it in the cover,
And I killed it on the mountain miles away.
Now I've had my lazy supper, and the level sun is gleaming
On the water where the silver salmon play;
And I light my little corn-cob, and I linger, softly dreaming,
In the twilight, of a land that's far away.

Far away, so faint and far, is flaming London, fevered Paris,
That I fancy I have gained another star;
Far away the din and hurry, far away the sin and worry,
Far away — God knows they cannot be too far.
Gilded galley-slaves of Mammon — how my purse-proud brothers taunt me!
I might have been as well-to-do as they
Had I clutched like them my chances, learned their wisdom, crushed my fancies,
Starved my soul and gone to business every day.

Well, the cherry bends with blossom and the vivid grass is springing,
And the star-like lily nestles in the green;
And the frogs their joys are singing, and my heart in tune is ringing,
And it doesn't matter what I might have been.
While above the scented pine-gloom, piling heights of golden glory,
The sun-god paints his canvas in the west,
I can couch me deep in clover, I can listen to the story
Of the lazy, lapping water — it is best.

While the trout leaps in the river, and the blue grouse thrills the cover,
And the frozen snow betrays the panther's track,
And the robin greets the dayspring with the rapture of a lover,
I am happy, and I'll nevermore go back.
For I know I'd just be longing for the little old log cabin,
With the morning-glory clinging to the door,
Till I loathed the city places, cursed the care on all the faces,
Turned my back on lazar London evermore.

So send me far from Lombard Street, and write me down a failure;
Put a little in my purse and leave me free.
Say: "He turned from Fortune's offering to follow up a pale lure,
He is one of us no longer — let him be."
I am one of you no longer; by the trails my feet have broken,
The dizzy peaks I've scaled, the camp-fire's glow;
By the lonely seas I've sailed in — yea, the final word is spoken,
I am signed and sealed to nature. Be it so.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

SECTION I

Special Study: Symbols, Speed, and Concentration in Poetry

Many teachers and critics have commented on the excellence of Edwin Markham's "Lincoln, the Man of the People." It is here also suggested as a basis of study because some qualities of good poetry are more clearly exhibited in it than in any other recent poem.

First, notice the title. It is wise to note carefully the title of every poem, because there the author often gives us a hint as to the meaning or point of view of his work.

The poem develops the point of view suggested by the title. It does not tell us about Lincoln as a lawyer, an orator, or president, but about Lincoln as coming from and representing the great average of people. The author tells us that Lincoln was great because he had the common human qualities, such as courage and patience, in an unusual degree. There is no claim in the poem that Lincoln possessed some strange streak of genius not shared by the rest of humanity. Notice now that the preceding sentences have told you in abstract terms in prose what the poem tells you in concrete terms in verse, and see how much the poem excels in vividness.

The author of it probably asked himself, "How can I convey to readers the idea that Lincoln was an elemental kind of man?" The answer lies in these comparisons with the rain, the cliff, the well, and so on. These comparisons are called *symbols*. A symbol is a small thing used to represent a great one, or a tangible thing used to represent an abstract quality. Thus, the flag is the symbol of the country, and red is the symbol of courage.

Symbols must be concrete, simple, and exact. Rectitude and patience are abstract names; a cliff is something we can touch. The rain, the well, the snow — all these simple things are within the knowledge of all his readers. Light falls on flower and tree alike; there could be no more precise description of the tolerance and equity of Lincoln than this comparison.

All these symbols are things we know through our five senses. We learn most things through the two senses of sight and hearing. An author seeking variety will sometimes choose symbols that we know through the other three. Observe " The smack and tang of elemental things."

A full account of the life of Lincoln would fill many a big book, and could best be told in prose. Where, as here, the author's problem is to convey the essence of a matter, poetry is the better medium. Why should this be true?

Poetry is generally superior to prose in its speed and condensation. One reason for this is probably seldom thought of. It is a wearing struggle for even an experienced author to put his ideas into the precise designs required in poetry. The poet is consequently always asking himself, " Can't this sentence be shortened? Can't that idea be spared? " The result is that the poet discards useless words and ideas. In other words, he comes closer to perfect form. (See the discussion of the Sense of Form in the Appendix.) The prose writer, working in a less difficult medium, lazily puts in needless material rather than do the work of selecting the essential things from it.

There is one curious reverse effect from this situation. Whether consciously or not, we all expect to find poetry to be condensed. Occasionally a poet so masters his medium that he can write verse almost as readily as another man can write prose. Then he is likely to become careless and diffuse. We say, " He is cursed by his own fluency." By such work we are irritated, or bored.

Questions

Section One — Is there a use of symbols in Reese's " The Plowman "? In Carruth's " Each in His Own Tongue "? In Hovey's " Unmanifest Destiny "? In Dargan's " Path Flower "?

What contrast or similarity do you find in the atmosphere of Reese's " For a Guest Chamber " and Hovey's " Stein Song "? Of Branch's " Songs for My Mother — Her Hands " and Hooker's " A Man — Child's Lullaby "?

Symbols are used in many other poems in this book. First be sure that you know what a symbol is, then study the following short poems:

Karle Wilson Baker	" Apple and Rose," page 144
Adelaide Crapsey	" The Warning," page 228
Paul Eldridge	Both selections, page 242
Jean Starr Untermeyer	" Clay Hills," page 165

Page 4. *John Hay* — Why is "Jim Bludso" popular? Could it be used as a recitation?

Page 6. *James Whitcomb Riley* — What are the advantages, and the disadvantages, of writing in dialect? Does Riley succeed in giving the effect of the spoken word in spite of his use of short rhymed lines? What light does this poem throw on the social customs of the Middle West in the middle of the nineteenth century?

Page 10. *Eugene Field* — Sentimentality is an exaggerated or an insincere expression of sentiment. Which kind do we find, sentiment or sentimentality, in "Little Boy Blue"? Do we find either in "Ballad of Women I Love"?

Page 12. *Edwin Markham* — For suggestions for the study of this poem see "Symbols, Speed and Concentration in Poetry" at the beginning of this section.

Page 14. *Henry Van Dyke* — Account for the popularity of "Work." Does Van Dyke write like a retiring philosopher or like a companionable man of the world?

Page 17. *Lizette Woodworth Reese* — In what near and common things do you find beauty and pleasure? Had you ever thought that there is poetry in them? Must other men besides the farmer base their lives on faith? For what sound effect does the author strive in "For a Guest Chamber"? What are the characteristics of this poet's mind?

Page 20. *William Herbert Carruth* — By what device are the four stanzas of "Each in His Own Tongue" linked together? What was the author's purpose in writing this poem?

Page 22. *Katharine Lee Bates* —Compare these verses with the words of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Which can be the more easily enunciated in singing? What is there in the content of these words to account for their popularity?

Page 23. *Clinton Scollard* — Is this story told fully? Swiftly? Notice the rhyme scheme.

Page 24. *Louise Imogen Guiney* — Does "The Kings" sound like the work of a man or a woman? Is it a poem for war-time or peace? For men in masses, or individually?

Page 26. *Richard Hovey* — Has "Unmanifest Destiny" a singing quality? Would it make a good song if set to music? Compare it in these respects with the "Stein Song." In the introduction to "Spring," what does the poet gain by the use of lines of many lengths? By the use of rhyme? Is his attitude toward nature that of a man, or a child, or both? Read the passage from "Spring" aloud, and try to find words which will describe exactly the effect of the poem on you.

Page 32. *Madison Cawein* — Some nature poets give us pictures of the out of doors; others tell us their reaction to nature. To which group does Cawein belong? Does he describe a scene by the use of many or few details? What is the relative importance of the human figures and the setting in "Midsummer"? In "At the Ferry"? Did he intend his characters to be clear or shadowy? Are his rhymes precise? Does "Midsummer" seem monotonous? Note in this poem how the rhyme and rhythm have been preserved at the cost of juggling the parts of the sentence into an artificial order. It was such unnatural sentence order against which poets began to rebel a few years later.

Page 36. *Paul Laurence Dunbar* — Why is this poem widely known and loved — because of the story element, the picture, or the sentiment? Note how the spelling is made to suggest the pronunciation of the dialect.

Page 37. *Anna Hempstead Branch* — Does the sound of this poem harmonize with its thought? Most poems written as tributes to people celebrate kindness of heart, alertness of mind, or beauty of face. Is the unusual device of this poem appropriate and effective?

Page 39. *Olive Tilford Dargan* — A ballad is a story quickly told in a regular verse pattern. The student should compare "Path Flower" with some of the old ballads; for instance those about Robin Hood. Notice that in the old ballads there is no injection of the thought or feeling of the author. The stanza pattern most commonly used in ballads is the one employed in "Path Flower." The first and third lines contain four feet each; the second and fourth lines three feet each. In many ballads only the second and fourth lines are rhymed.

"Path Flower" has an air of quaintness. Can you point out some of the touches that give it that air? Point out also some of the bits of description. Do they halt the telling of the story? The story does not begin till the fourth stanza; what then is the purpose of the first three stanzas? Tell the whole story of the poem in your own words. What is the crisis of the story? What is the point of the story?

The author encountered difficulties in the rhyming and meter. Did she overcome them well? Is there any connection between that fact and the quaintness of the ballad?

Page 42. *Brian Hooker* — What is the central thought in "Idolatry"? In which lines is it expressed? Do people generally think of our present life as a glorious adventure? Would "A Man-Child's Lullaby" make a good song?

SECTION II

Questions

Section Two — Biographical studies of the authors in this section will prove interesting. Prepare a table showing for each author the date of birth, the date of his first published book, the date of his first important book, and the number of published books of verse to date. How old were these poets when their first books were published? Thereafter, did they mature quickly or slowly? Which are the more voluminous writers? Which have done other kinds of writing besides verse? What are their interests outside of literature? Which appear to have had in youth the more favorable surroundings for the development of their abilities? What educational advantages did they have? Is there any ostentatious display of learning in the selections here given? Which are descended from the older American stock, and which from strains of more recent immigration?

Which of these writers restrain themselves sharply in their work, and which seem to let themselves go? Are they passionately concerned with the things they write about? For which ones does it appear easiest to write in verse? Which ones write the most melodious poetry?

In the introduction to this section the point is made that energy, eagerness, freshness, and individuality are the marks of excellent poetry. Which of these qualities do you find in each of these authors?

From Masters, Lowell, Frost, Leonard, Sandburg, Oppenheim, and Untermeyer the more extended selections are given. Which of these seven are more interested in the art of writing? In the material used? Which are content to picture society, and which desire to improve it? Which write about people from a detached point of view, and which as though their characters were members of their own families? Do they find the human heart full of inscrutable mysteries, or is everything easily understood?

The more advanced pupils will find it illuminating to make comparative studies between the work of living and of former poets. It is necessary to choose examples in which the authors dealt with similar materials or had similar purposes. Some suggestions are given below. The numbers refer to Palgrave's "Golden Treasury."

Frost, "The Death of the Hired Man" with Wordsworth's "Michael," or "The Brothers."

Leonard, "The Quaker Meeting-house" with James Russell Lowell's "The Present Crisis."

Benét, " The Falconer of God " with Keats' " Ode on a Grecian Urn " (328).
Millay, " Exiled " with Collins' " Ode to Evening " (186).
Robinson, " Richard Cory " with Cowley's " On the Death of Mr. William Hervey " (137).
Teasdale, " May Day " with Herrick's " Corinna's Maying " (118).

Page 52. *Edwin Arlington Robinson* — Compare " Richard Cory " with Branch's " Songs for My Mother — Her Hands " and with Markham's " Lincoln, the Man of the People " in respect to the method of description employed; with Reese's " In Praise of Common Things " for the effect of ease. In " Reuben Bright," does he make his point directly or indirectly? Is his method effective? Is the old man in " Uncle Ananias " made to seem simple and clear, or hazy and glorified? Do you think the effect was intentional or accidental? Compare it with " Reuben Bright " in this respect.

Page 55. *Edgar Lee Masters* — Are these portraits clear or indistinct? Did these people find life pleasant or unpleasant? Did they adjust themselves well to their surroundings? Which were dreamers, and which were hard and practical people? What did they think about their fellow men? What inferences can you draw from these poems as to what qualities in human nature the author likes, or dislikes?

Page 60. *Amy Lowell* — The distinguishing characteristic of imagist poetry is that it attempts to be " hard and clear." Pick out passages in this poem that are " hard and clear." Are they effective? Would you prefer to have this sort of poetry as a steady diet, or an occasional change? Pick out passages that give the effect of movement in a quiet scene. Is that an effective device in description? Compare it with Cawein's " Midsummer " in this respect. What do you learn from the poem about the social conditions in France at the time? What is the crisis of the poem? The point of the poem? What do you learn about the two characters in the story? Which is the more vividly drawn, the characters or the scene in which they move?

Page 67. *Robert Frost* — " The Death of the Hired Man," like Dargan's " Path Flower " and Amy Lowell's " The Fruit Shop," is a narrative poem in which conversation occurs. Compare them for naturalness, simplicity, and vividness in conversation. For which of these qualities did each of these authors particularly strive? In what is Frost chiefly interested — characters, story, or setting? Trace Warren's change of mood. What brings it about? How many characters are sketched in this poem? Form in your own mind a clear idea of each

one, and of his relations with the others. From this poem and "The Code," what do you gather are the main characteristics of the New England farming population of to-day? Would either of these poems be improved by cutting?

What comment can you make on the title, "Good-bye and Keep Cold"? "The Runaway," Mr. Frost says, is really not about a colt but about young people who are too much distressed about the social disorders of the moment. Show how he has developed the parallel.

Most of Robert Frost's poems are rewritten many times. "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," written in a few moments one evening, is one of the few exceptions. Does it seem to be hasty work? Notice its rhyme scheme, its vocabulary, its music. Try to describe exactly the emotion evoked in the poet by the experience; is it awe, terror, loneliness, helplessness, or something else? Would a similar experience call up the same emotion in you? In the other poets in this section?

Page 82. *William Ellery Leonard* — The Society of Friends (or Quakers), one of the smallest Christian sects, originated in England about 1647. Their beliefs are very little different from those of other Christian bodies on purely theological matters. They early opposed slavery; and, believing all war to be wrong, they refused to volunteer or to be conscripted for military service. In the early days of the denomination in England they also opposed various other laws which they regarded as iniquitous; and both in England and in America they suffered persecution in consequence. Some were imprisoned, some were hanged, some had their ears cut off. Persecution stopped by about 1690. Since then, in both England and America, they have been deeply respected for the uprightness of their lives and for their courageous adherence to their beliefs. In the World War they were exempted from conscription. Both during and after the War they had a notable record for their works for the relief of the wounded, sick, and destitute in Europe.

The customs of the Friends are somewhat different from those of other denominations. Their church buildings are simple, never ornate. Their meetings are simple; and any one, man or woman, educated or uneducated, may speak in meeting as he feels himself prompted to do by "the inner light." Their use of the words "yea," "nay," and "thee" is one of the marks by which Quakers are readily recognized.

Pennsylvania was first settled by the Quakers. There are still considerable groups in and near Philadelphia; and soldiers trained in Pennsylvania doubtless came in touch with them at times. In "The Quaker Meeting-house," Leonard makes use of this contact, and the contrasts involved. What points does he set in contrast with each other,

in respect to the barracks and the Meeting-house? The customs of soldiers and Quakers? The purposes of soldiers and Quakers? The permanence of their works? Is his primary purpose to praise the Quakers or to condemn war? What is his purpose in his several references to "the Fires of Home," and to Vega? Are these various contrasts effective? Has he molded these diverse materials into a unit?

What kinds of courage does he praise in this poem? In the other two selections?

Page 88. *Carl Sandburg* — Make a list of the kinds of material that interest Sandburg as a poet. Compare his interests with those of Reese, Frost, and Masters. In which poems does Sandburg touch on social problems? In which poems does he draw detailed pictures, and in which does he stimulate our imaginations by suggestion? In which poems is he gentle, and in which is he savagely in earnest? In which poems do you find irony? What do you think of the use in poetry of such an expression as "he had it all over" (in "Fellow Citizens")? Compare his attitude toward war with Leonard's. Which do you think is the more effective and enduring mode of expression, the free verse of Sandburg (and others to come later in this book), or the regular patterns in verse used by the preceding authors? Is it possible that a manner of expression suited to one poet might be unsuited to another?

Page 100. *Vachel Lindsay* — Compare "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight" with Markham's poem on Lincoln. Do they give you similar ideas of Lincoln? What touches of whimsy or irony do you find in "Nancy Hanks"? What poems in Section One have a similar sprightliness?

Page 105. *James Oppenheim* — In "As to Being Alone" and "Folk-Hunger" does the pronoun *I* refer to himself alone? Is he interested in individuals or in people in general? Compare him with Sandburg, Frost, and Masters in this respect. Do you believe he has spoken truths in "The Weak Shall Fail," "The Slave," and "Action"? What does he gain by assuming a remote point of view in "Report on the Planet, Earth"? What would he have gained, and lost, by writing in regular verse patterns? Compare him with Sandburg as to subject matter, vocabulary, and sense of rhythm in language.

Page 113. *Sara Teasdale* — Summarize the thought in "Barter." Do you agree with the author? What use of symbols do you find in "May Day"? Compare these two selections with any of the lyrics in Section One for ease, simplicity, and intensity of personal emotion.

Page 115. *Louis Untermeyer* — Is Louis Untermeyer's temperament that of a retiring philosopher or that of a man of action? Is his attitude

toward the Creator irreverent? Is it different from that of other poets you have read? Is "The Wise Woman" a poem of wit or humor? Is the woman in this poem like or unlike those in other poems you have read; and in what respects? How closely has he imitated Edwin Arlington's style in his parody of that poet? What is his attitude toward war? In "American," does he give a just conception of moving pictures, of vaudeville audiences, and shows? Is the meter of this poem adapted to the thing described? He has defined the racial feeling of the Jews to be an instinct to love the world in spite of its clearly perceived shams, hatreds, and hypocrisies. What evidence of that attitude do you find in these selections?

Page 123. *William Rose Benét* — Compare the two poems for the quality of their rhythm, pictures, and color. Note the rhyme schemes of both poems. Find out something about the sport of falconry, and trace carefully his comparison of falconry with spiritual adventurings.

Page 128. *John Hall Wheelock* — "Noon" was written a decade before the other selections. Is it pervaded by a similar or a different feeling about life? What is the central thought in "Earth"? In "Blind Players"? Is it the same thought? Consult your dictionary for a definition of *mysticism*. Is Wheelock a mystic?

Page 133. *Edna St. Vincent Millay* — The keen artistry of many of Edna St. Vincent Millay's poems is almost obscured by their air of child-like simplicity. The reader almost feels, at first, that she obtained her effects by accident rather than by design. Is that true of any of these selections? What suggested to her the easy flow and the slight, natural irregularities of the rhythm in "Exiled"? Look up the word *ecstasy* in a dictionary, and be sure you understand it. Does the author of these poems seem to have been filled with a high, keen feeling (that is, ecstasy)? Does she communicate it to her readers? What lyrics in Section One seem to you to have a similar quality? Remember what you learn here about ecstasy, and its communication to readers, as a test to apply to all the other poetry, especially the lyrics which you may read anywhere. Artists are not alone in experiencing keen emotions. What, then, distinguishes the artist from other people?

SECTION III

Special Study: Patterns of Meters, Stanzas, and Rhymes

A line of ordinary poetry, as distinguished from free verse, can be broken up into units of rhythm, called *feet*. Each foot is usually composed of either two or three syllables. The meter of a poem is designated

according to the prevailing foot. (See The Pattern of English Poetry, in the Appendix.)

The five feet commonly used, the notation to represent them, and examples of them are given below:

Iamb.	˘ ´	begin, compose, across.
Trochee.	´ ˘	pattern, broken, castle.
Anapest.	˘ ˘ ´	inexact, incomplete.
Dactyl.	´ ˘ ˘	frequently, regular, substitute.
Spondee.	´ ´	clean-cut, amen.

The spondee occurs only as a substitute for a single foot in a line of some other meter. Similarly, an anapest may be substituted for an iamb, or a dactyl for a trochee. Infrequently a poet will substitute a foot of one syllable where the metrical pattern calls for two, in order to gain emphasis; or a four-syllable foot for one of three, to suggest swiftness.

In the ancient languages several other meters were recognized. They are almost never used as the regular meters of English poems, but are occasionally substituted for single feet.

Pyrrhic.	˘ ˘
Tribrach.	˘ ˘ ˘
Amphibrach.	˘ ´ ˘
Pæon.	´ ˘ ˘ ˘
Choriamb.	´ ˘ ˘ ´

Lines are further classified according to the number of feet in the line: — 1 foot, monometer; 2 feet, dimeter; 3 feet, trimeter; 4 feet, tetrameter; 5 feet, pentameter; 6 feet, hexameter; 7 feet, heptameter; 8 feet, octameter.

Refer to the following poems in this section, watching for the meter, length of line, incomplete feet, and substitution of feet:

Gamaliel Bradford	"I Might — and I Might Not," page 139
	"A Social Being," page 139
Cale Young Rice	"The Runaway," page 141
Robert Haven Schauffler	"Scum o' the Earth," page 148
Hermann Hagedorn	"Day's End," page 158
Ruth Comfort Mitchell	"The Old Maid," page 167
Alan Seeger	"I Have a Rendezvous with Death," page 177

Students especially interested in this phase of the study of poetry will find amusement in examining the weird rhythms of popular and college songs.

Blank verse (unrhymed iambic pentameter) is the most extensively used meter in English, particularly in dramas and in narrative poetry. Markham's "Lincoln, the Man of the People," is an illustration of it.

A pair of rhymed lines is called a *couplet*. In the time of Alexander Pope, rhymed iambic pentameter (*heroic couplet*) was the most popular verse pattern. Generally each sentence was contrived to fill two or four lines. It lost popularity because of its monotony. It is used, with a greater freedom of sentence structure, by John G. Neihardt (page 212). Couplets of four feet are occasionally employed to-day. See Kilmer's "Trees," and compare it with "Lines for a Gravestone," by Don Marquis (page 263).

Only a few poets avail themselves of the stanza of three lines (*triplet*). Bradley's "Will Warner" (page 205) is an example.

The *quatrain*, or stanza of four lines, is a pattern frequently used. Examine Olive Tilford Dargan's "Path Flower" (page 39) for its metrical pattern.

Ruth Comfort Mitchell's "Barbara" (page 168) is an infrequent stanza pattern of five lines. Its rhyme scheme (*abaab*) is the customary one. Hooker's "A Man — Child's Lullaby" (page 43) is a variation of the pattern.

Sara Teasdale's "Barter" (page 114) is in a familiar six line stanza. A quite different structure may be seen in Margaret Widdemer's "The Guides" (page 175).

The eight line stanza is practically a linking of two quatrains. See Kilmer's "Martin" (page 171), and Clark's "A Ranger" (page 216).

Poets to-day seek variety by improvising stanzas of seven or more lines, with unusual rhyme schemes and lines of various lengths. Examine the following poems to determine if possible the author's purposes in the choice of stanza patterns, and the harmony of pattern and material.

Edna St. Vincent Millay	"God's World," page 134
William Rose Benét	"The Falconer of God," page 127
Burges Johnson	"The Gnu Wooing," page 261
Lizette Woodworth Reese	"In Praise of Common Things," page 177

The *sonnet* is a poem of fourteen lines of iambic pentameter, developed according to certain restrictions of thought and rhyme. The Italian

pattern is older, and more strict. The first eight lines (*octave*) present a problem or idea; the last six lines (*sestet*), the solution of the problem, or a derived or contrasting idea. The octave is composed of two linked quatrains, rhyming *abbaabba*. The sestet is made up of two linked *tercets* in which either two or three rhymes may be used. The English, or Shakespearean, sonnet permits more freedom in development and rhyme scheme. One characteristic pattern is composed of three quatrains and a concluding couplet, rhyming *ababcdcd efefgg*.

Some of the sonnets in this book are here listed. In each case, what is the relation in thought between the octave and the sestet? Is the sonnet pattern the right one for the material, or should it be condensed or expanded in a different pattern? Which ones follow the structural rules perfectly? What is the rhyme scheme?

Rupert Brooke	"The Soldier," page 344
Hermann Hagedorn	"Sonnet in Candlelight," page 157
William Ellery Leonard	"The Editor," page 83
David Morton	"Wooden Ships," page 164
Robert Haven Schauffler	"Divers," page 152
Henry Van Dyke	"Work," page 15

Glance rapidly through the work of The Lyricists, and note the variety of meters, rhymes, and stanzas used.

Special Study: Contemporary Poetry of Nature

Nearly all people are lovers of nature. The poets of all ages have felt within themselves an emotional response to the beauty, the mystery, and the grandeur of the world about them, and through their art have acted as interpreters of these feelings for their less articulate fellows.

The response of the poets to nature is almost as varied as the number of poets. A century ago the writers of verse were inclined to write nature poems to point religious or moral lessons. (See Bryant's "To a Waterfowl," or Lowell's "The Oak.") The authors of to-day occasionally write nature poems to point ideas; they seldom hang heavy morals on slender nature poems. This is one of the changes in taste that have come to both writers and readers of verse.

Some contemporary poets think of man as an almost helpless atom of life in a universe of prodigious forces. Others are thrilled by the thought of the oneness of all life. More often, nature poems are now written simply to communicate to us the author's mood, to delight us with the picture presented, with the beauty of the language, or with the quaintness of the writer's conceits.

Pick out the nature poems in the preceding section. What is the writer's purpose in each one? What emotion is the author expressing? Is he an intimate or a distant observer of nature? Is he deft in handling his verse patterns? Is he writing from immediate or remembered observation?

Read again the discussion of the term "lyric quality" in the introduction to this section. Do these nature poems have lyric quality?

Some of the interesting nature poems in other sections of this book are listed below. Study them in connection with the questions above.

Madison Cawein	"Midsummer," page 32
Carl Sandburg	"Fog," page 93
John Hall Wheelock	"Earth," page 129
Gwendolen Haste	"Prayer of the Homesteader," page 220
Eunice Tietjens	"The Most-Sacred Mountain," page 236
John Gould Fletcher	All selections, page 241
A. E. Housman	"Loveliest of Trees," page 307
William H. Davies	"Nature's Friend," page 320

Questions

Page 138. *Gamaliel Bradford* — What use of contrast do you find in these selections? Is it effective?

Page 140. *Cale Young Rice* — There must always be something that incites an author to the work of composing a poem. It may be something as abstract as his reverence for the Creator, or as concrete as the sight of a sleeping baby; some remembered or some freshly observed incident. What sorts of things provide the incitement to Cale Young Rice? It will be interesting to examine the other lyricists also in this regard.

Page 144. *Karle Wilson Baker* — Compare "Good Company" with "Tools" as to sound effect. Do you think "Tools" would be improved by putting it in a regular verse pattern? Be sure you understand the thought in "Tools." Does the author mean to refer simply to gardening? Do you agree with the thought in "Meekness and Pride"? In the last two lines of "Courage"? Are the comparisons in "Apple and Rose" apt?

Page 146. *Grace Hazard Conkling* — What is the relation between poem and title in "The Whole Duty of Berkshire Brooks"? Look up the words *whimsy* and *fancy* in the dictionary. Which may be used to describe this poem? Is "A Mexican Lullaby" meant to appeal to small children particularly, or to older people?

Page 148. *Robert Haven Schauffler* — Account for the immediate, and the continued, popularity of "Scum o' the Earth." Is it because the poem is musical? Because of its unusual pattern? Because of its passionate feeling? Do you wholly agree with the author's position in the last section? In "Divers," what is the relation in thought between the octave and the sestet? (For the structure of the sonnet, see "Patterns of Meters, Stanzas, and Rhymes," page 375.)

Page 152. *Harry Webb Farrington* — Is this picture of Jesus like the usual conception of Him? What emotions pervaded the author? Does he communicate them to his readers?

Page 154. *Witter Bynner* — Compare the general temper of these verses with the nature poems in the preceding sections. Do you find ecstasy in these verses? What are the best descriptive touches?

Page 157. *Hermann Hagedorn* — Might these two poems suggest subjects for painters? Would "Day's End" be effective for a song?

Page 158. *Harry Kemp* — See at what points Kemp's "The Remedy" and Millay's "Exiled" are similar and dissimilar. Since both were suggested by the sea how do you account for the unlikeness of the rhythms? What is the thought in "Transit Gloria"? Had it ever occurred to you before? Is there ecstasy in "Farewell"? Do you feel that the poet here expresses the feeling of most artists?

Page 161. *Marguerite Wilkinson* — Compare the rhythms of language in "The Mountain Lilac of California" with Sandburg's "Cool Tombs," Baker's "Apple and Rose," Louis Untermeyer's "American," and Bynner's "To a Phœbe Bird," and notice how many shadings there may be between the extremes of free verse and the most regular verse patterns.

Page 162. *Fannie Stearns Davis* — How would you know that this poem is the work of a woman? Of a woman of to-day? Where does she speak for herself alone, and where for all women? Could any part of it be shortened to advantage?

Page 164. *David Morton* — What is the relation between octave and sestet in "Wooden Ships"? What do you think suggested to the author the quality of the melody he has achieved in this sonnet?

Page 164. *Jean Starr Untermeyer* — Phrase the central thought of "Clay Hills" in your own words. Is it applicable to all the concerns of our lives? "Autumn" is a personal tribute, like Branch's "Songs for My Mother — Her Hands" and Millay's "Tavern." Are they all effective? Do they stir your emotions? Do you find any characteristics in the longer "Autumn" which are absent from the others?

Page 167. *Ruth Comfort Mitchell* — What point of view does the author assume in telling the story of "The Old Maid"? Does she adhere to it strictly? Suppose she had told the story of the old maid's sojourn on the island from the point of view of "the old maid." How much would the poem have differed from this one? Does the author use contrast effectively in both poems? Could they have been written a century ago?

Page 169. *Joyce Kilmer* — What emotions seem to have prompted Kilmer to write "Trees"? Does he communicate these feelings to his readers? Compare "Martin" with the selections from Edwin Arlington Robinson and Edgar Lee Masters for the descriptive method employed, the clearness of the picture, and the general atmosphere of the poems.

Page 172. *Orrick Johns* — Compare "Little Things" with Reese's "In Praise of Common Things" for general idea, details of content, and music of language. In "Wild Plum" why does the poet say that the lovers of strange and rare beauty are "unpitied" and "unholy"? What is the point in "Failure"? Compare these three poems with some of the seventeenth-century lyrics in Palgrave's "*Golden Treasury*" for simplicity and directness of utterance, music of language, and the emotion that informs them.

Page 174. *Margaret Widdemer* — Compare the thought in "The Guides" with the general temper of Sandburg's poems. Notice the poet's use of repetition. Is it effective? There is no poem in the English language before the twentieth century with a thought like that in "The Modern Woman to Her Lover." Why?

Page 177. *Alan Seeger* — Why is this poem so widely admired? Observe the rhyme scheme, and the naturalness of the language.

Page 178. *Clement Wood* — What element do you find in "April in Alabama" that is absent from the other selection? Compare the verse structure with Baker's "Apple and Rose" and Wilkinson's "The Mountain Lilac of California."

Page 181. *Hortense Flexner* — Express the thought of "Faith" and "Khaki" in your own words. Is "Khaki" less effective than the other because of its being in free verse? Which could be the more easily memorized? In "French Clock" what is the meaning of the expression "— a butterfly at bay"?

Page 183. *Elinor Wylie* — Amy Lowell is an imagist; Elinor Wylie has not been regarded as of that group. Compare this sonnet sequence with Amy Lowell's "The Fruit Shop" for points of similarity in style. Observe the number, the variety, and the color of the tangible details

assembled to make a complete picture in these sonnets. Point out some of the words and the details used which one does not ordinarily expect to find in poetry. Note the adroit selection of rhyme words.

Page 186. *Howard Mumford Jones* — Compare the thought in "At Miller" with Oppenheim's "As to Being Alone." Do these two poets have the same attitude toward people in general? Could either of these poets work in the other's medium? If a dozen poets were to write on the same theme, would you be likely to find a similar variety in their work? Would each author unconsciously reveal something of himself?

Page 187. — *Stephen Vincent Benét* — Compare the thought in this poem with Untermeyer's "American." By what devices is this poem made a vivid picture? Do you find any likeness to Amy Lowell's "The Fruit Shop"?

Page 189. *Hilda Conkling* — Select the particular lines that seem most definitely to represent a child's point of view. Compare these selections with Sandburg's "Fog."

Page 190. *Nathalia Crane* — Do you find in "The Reading Boy" any evidence of its having been written by a child? Is there in it any fancy or quaintness? Does it resemble in any respect the light verse of older authors?

SECTION IV

Special Study: The Reaction of Poets to Their Material

Poets react differently to the same stimulus. An interesting instance may be seen in the contrast between Stephen Vincent Benét's "Rain After a Vaudeville Show" (page 188) and "American," by Louis Untermeyer (page 121). Cheap vaudeville and pictures seem to Benét to be tawdry and artificial; he makes his point by contrast with the clean force of the elements. Now see what Untermeyer finds in a similar performance.

In parts of the West, life is still maintained only through a fierce battle with the elements, just as it was along the Atlantic coast a few generations ago. Badger Clark, in "On the Oregon Trail" (page 218), pictures men throwing a challenge to the elements and to human enemies. Gwendolen Haste (page 220) shows men awed by the force of the elements in one poem, and defeated by them in another. Edwin Ford Piper tells us how pioneer life was circumscribed, and people were thrown back on their own resources.

Some other interesting comparisons are listed below.

TRIBUTES TO PEOPLE

Anna Hempstead Branch	"Songs for My Mother," page 37
Edna St. Vincent Millay	"Tavern," page 135
Eunice Tietjens	"The Great Man," page 237

LIFE OF THE POOR IN CITIES

Alter Brody	"A Funeral — Italian Quarter," page 250
Lola Ridge	"The Ghetto," page 238
Carl Sandburg	"Onion Days," page 91

ABSTRACT IDEAS IN SMALL COMPASS

Gamaliel Bradford	All selections, page 138
Karle Wilson Baker	"Meekness and Pride," page 146
	"Courage," page 146

PEOPLE IN CROWDS

Howard Mumford Jones	"At Miller," page 186
James Oppenheim	"Folk-Hunger," page 107

Special Study: Poetry of Social Interpretation

In all times, much poetry has been inspired by social problems; that is, the difficulties in the relations of one man with other individuals, with the customs of groups, and with the whole body politic. The writer who handles such material interprets one part of the population to the rest.

Generally the artist is hardly conscious of his function as a social interpreter. His concern at any one time is to give a true interpretation of the material under his hands. A mass of literature will give a vivid idea of the life of the people as a whole, since each writer differs from the others in his temperament and background. A few poems in this book have been chosen chiefly for their value in representing phases in our national life.

One service unintentionally performed by the arts, and particularly by literature, is to make a homogeneous people out of a great population scattered over a vast territory. An emperor might maintain a government over a country the scattered parts of which had no common fund

of knowledge and no mutual understanding. A republic under such conditions would soon fall to pieces, for groups and localities would try to advance their interests with merciless disregard for the rest of the country.

The mere size and the variety of conditions in the United States make the daily life of one group almost outside the imagination of other groups. One man is a laborer in New York City, another a miner in Pennsylvania, a third a farmer on the plains, a fourth a lonely prospector in the Rockies. How could these understand each other without newspapers, books, and magazines?

The situation is further complicated by the speed at which we have lived in the last half century. Fifty years ago frontier conditions prevailed over vast portions of the United States; indeed, in some remote places they are only now passing away. In some sections conditions change rather slowly; in the larger cities fads, manners, and civic problems and ideals change almost over night. The light verse (Section Six) should not be overlooked for its value in this connection.

In addition to the poems in Sections Four and Six, read the following in the light of the comments above:

Robert Frost	"The Code," page 75
	"The Death of the Hired Man," page 69
William Henry Drummond	"The Habitant," page 354
Carl Sandburg	"Onion Days," page 91
	"Anna Imroth," page 91
	"Fellow Citizens," page 94
Margaret Widdemer	"The Guides," page 175
Louis Untermeyer	"Caliban in the Coal Mines," page 118
	"American," page 121
Alter Brody	"A Funeral — Italian Quarter," page 250
Lola Ridge	"The Ghetto," page 238
James Oppenheim	"Report on the Planet Earth," page 109
	"The Weak Shall Fail," page 112
William Ellery Leonard	"The Quaker Meeting-house," page 84

Which of these poets wrote with the primary intention of being social interpreters? Which poets seem to be unconscious of the fact that they

are social interpreters? Do these poems give us accurate and vivid pictures of America? Which poems widen your own knowledge and sympathies? Which are best as poems?

Questions

Section Four — What conclusions can be drawn from the poems in this section concerning the qualities which men must have in order to maintain life in the midst of an unfavorable natural environment?

In the last paragraph of the introduction to this section, certain qualities in these poems are described. Examine the poems to see whether the description is justified. What other common characteristics do you find the selections to possess?

Page 193. *George Sterling* — Study the metrics of the first paragraph of "Father Coyote" to discover how the author has produced the effect of ease, speed, and variety. Note also the humor and the pictorial quality of this poem. Does "Then and Now" make an effective use of contrast? Had you thought before that the pioneers met their hardships with gayety or with grim endurance?

Page 196. *Edwin Ford Piper* — In what respects does this poem extend your understanding of people and of social conditions?

Page 198. *Ann Cobb* — What light do these poems throw on the social customs of the people of the mountains of the South?

Page 201. *Wilbert Snow* — In what respects does the picture of New England in "Mail Time" resemble that in Frost's poems?

Page 205. *William Aspenwall Bradley* — "Will Warner" is a story in verse like Dargan's "Path Flower," Lowell's "The Fruit Shop," and Frost's "The Death of the Hired Man." Compare it with them for speed, pictorial quality, directness of effect, and complexity of subject.

Page 207. *Henry Herbert Knibbs* — Is there any advantage in telling this story in long lines and long stanzas? Could it be told as effectively in blank verse?

Page 210. *Willa Sibert Cather* — Does the author write of the singer in "Spanish Johnny" as though he were an historical character, a legendary figure, or a man known to her personally? Which of these two poems could be the more easily memorized? What light does this circumstance cast on the advantage or disadvantage of free verse?

Page 212. *John G. Neihardt* — What are the advantages and the disadvantages in the use of rhyme in a narrative poem? Is this description clear? Impressive? By what means does the poet convey a suggestion of the vastness of the herd of buffalo?

Page 215. *Badger Clark* — To what do you attribute the likeness of atmosphere in the selections from Sterling, Knibbs, and Clark? What do you think of the ideals of conduct set forth in these poems?

Page 220. *Gwendolen Haste* — The skillful poet can create in his work any atmosphere he desires — tranquillity, hush, fear, excitement, confidence, reverence, etc. In this respect compare these selections with Snow's "Mail Time," Clark's "On the Oregon Trail," Bradley's "Will Warner," and Reese's "For a Guest Chamber."

SECTION V

Special Study: Free Verse

Free verse is poetry which does not observe the usual convention of precise rhythm of language. The theory of its authors is that the difference between poetry and prose lies solely in the deeper emotional appeal of poetry; that rhythm of language is a customary convention merely, and not a necessity for poetic expression; that, in fact, rhythm of language and all other conventions of verse may so hamper the artist that he will be unable to do the one essential thing — namely, to stir our emotions.

James Oppenheim, for instance, has an exuberance of feeling which he could hardly confine in rigid patterns. Arthur Davison Ficke, who customarily uses conventional verse patterns, finds that some subjects call up in him emotions that are vague, or turbulent, or incapable of complete expression. For such material, free verse seems to him the more appropriate medium.

Writers are led to experiment with free verse for several reasons, including the desire to experiment with language, the wish to please readers with a new music of words, a sense of fitness of pattern to material, and sometimes, it must be added, through sheer ignorance and laziness. Representatives of this last group have been excluded from this book.

Free verse varies all the way from lines of compact, stirring language with a rhythm closely resembling prose, to lines that almost follow ordinary metrical patterns. The line divisions often seem arbitrary. Each free verse writer has his own method of line division, his own preference as to sentence structure and capitalization. The skillful authors have an acute feeling for the values of words and the flow of rhythm. A group of words or phrases that belong together in sense or are naturally uttered in one breath are generally made into one line.

Critics of a strict classical training used to deny that free verse is poetry at all. They pointed out that a regular poem can be tested for its rhyme and rhythm at least, and no such test can be applied to free verse. The writers of free verse retorted that this sort of criticism can be applied only to the *pattern* of poetry, not to its *form* or spirit. They said, "If our productions have the inward quality of poetry, the outward conventions do not matter." (Read The Sense of Form, in the Appendix.)

The present editor believes they were right. It is true that the relaxation of standards allowed poor writers to print formless things and call them free verse. We need not be confused by them. With a little practice any reader can tell the difference between good and bad free verse. The two things are as unlike as two copper wires, one of which is carrying an electric current. The authors of bad free verse were exposed by Arthur Davison Ficke and Witter Bynner in a joyous parody. (See the biography of Ficke.)

In addition to the poems in this section, the student should turn to the following examples of free verse:

Gwendolen Haste	"Prayer of the Homesteader," page 220
James Oppenheim	"Report on the Planet Earth," page 109
Carl Sandburg	"Cool Tombs," page 97
	"Fog," page 93
Clement Wood	"Berkshires in April," page 180
Karle Wilson Baker	"Apple and Rose," page 144

In each case, try to see why the author employed free verse. Would you prefer to see some of these poems treated in regular patterns? Which poems would be likely to interest the average reader? Are the authors most interested in their material, their emotions, their medium, or in conveying something to their readers? Are they successful in their purposes? Which poems seem to you beautiful, or impressive, or otherwise interesting? Which authors have a good sense of form?

Questions

Section Five — Do the men or the women seem more inclined to extremes of experimentation?

Compare Adelaide Crapsey and Babette Deutsch with some of the other women writers (for example, Sara Teasdale and Elinor Wylie), as to emotional content, sense of form, and controlled use of language.

Similarly, compare Frederick Mortimer Clapp and Alter Brody with Edgar Lee Masters, Cale Young Rice, and Stephen Vincent Benét.

What, if any, common characteristics do you find in this group?

Page 224. *James Weldon Johnson* — Point out specific lines where you find humor, fancy, and reverence. In what respects do you find this poem like Paul Laurence Dunbar's " Little Brown Baby "?

Page 227. *Adelaide Crapsey* — Each of these cinquains is based on a comparison. What are the things compared? Compare these with the short poems by Karle Wilson Baker and John Gould Fletcher, which are not in usual stanza patterns. Are they effective? Do they seem to be poems or just a queer sort of prose?

Page 228. *Frederick Mortimer Clapp* — Study " Trade " for the author's selection of words. Are the nouns accurately descriptive? Notice how his selection of precise though sometimes unusual verbs suggests the *quality* of each motion.

Page 231. *Arthur Davison Ficke* — Summarize the thought in " Café Sketches — XIII." Is the idea in the sonnet similar?

Page 234. *Alfred Kreymborg* — In " Vista " the poet tells us something about the snow and the sea, and then merely mentions love. Why? In " Earth Wisdom " what does he suggest by the line, " Nor fair to the morrow "?

Page 235. *Eunice Tietjens* — In " The Most-Sacred Mountain" what two things does the author try to communicate to her readers? Is " The Great Man " a description of the relation between two individuals, or of the relation between all great men and all ordinary men?

Page 238. *Lola Ridge* — Compare " The Ghetto " with Clapp's " Trade " and Dargan's " Path Flower " for their various methods of description.

Page 240. *John Gould Fletcher* — An imagist tries to make his descriptions " hard and clear." In which lines in these selections is Fletcher particularly successful?

Page 242. *Paul Eldridge* — What are the similarities and contrasts on which " Ku Hung Refutes His Friend " is based? Compare the thought in " Tsi Ouan Wishes to Believe in Resurrection " with Flexner's " Faith."

Page 243. *Conrad Aiken* — Rephrase for yourself the central thought in this poem; and compare it with Kemp's " Transit Gloria." In this poem a variety of abstract thoughts and concrete sensuous perceptions are woven together. The various details bear no logical relation one to another. Does this mirror accurately the flow of ideas through the mind of one in semi-idleness? How does the author obtain

unity in his poem? Read this poem aloud naturally to catch its unusual music.

Page 246. *John V. A. Weaver* — Would a poem in slang be effective in free verse?

Page 248. *Babette Deutsch* — Is the use of rhyme with lines of various lengths an effective device in poetry? What is gained by it? Compare this poem with Schauffler's "Scum o' the Earth" in this respect; with Clapp's "Trade" for the choice of words.

Page 249. *Alter Brody* — Compare this poem with selections by Sandburg, Clapp, and Tietjens for the rhythm and the pictorial quality of the language. What light does it throw on the customs of the Italian people in America?

SECTION VI

Questions

Section Six — Wit, humor, sentiment, irony, sarcasm, malice, gentleness — these are some of the qualities to be found in light verse. Which of them is to be fonnd in the work of the different authors in this section?

Study the manner in which these writers handle rhymes, rhythms, and stanza patterns.

Do they make their points with deft certainty or not? In which poems is there an element of surprise?

In former times various authors have written with the avowed purpose of correcting the manners of their day. Is this purpose held, consciously or unconsciously, by any of the writers in this section?

Page 253. *Bert Leston Taylor* — In these selections do you find wit? Humor? Tolerance or intolerance? A lively or a gentle malice? Compare his method of social criticism with that of Carl Sandburg and James Oppenheim.

Page 255. *T. A. Daly* — Compare "Between Two Loves" with other character sketches in this book; for example, selections by Masters, Deutsch, and Clark. Try to determine what effect each poet tries to produce.

Page 257. *Arthur Guiterman* — What does Guiterman gain by the interweaving of proper names? Do you find wit, humor, or fancy in his work?

Page 261. *Burges Johnson* — What qualities are essential for successful nonsense verse? What response in the reader is desired by the author of a poem like this?

Page 262. *Don Marquis* — Do you expect a humorist to be able to write serious verse? What is the central thought in "The Explorers"?

Page 265. *Edwin Meade Robinson* — Do you find any likeness of method and purpose between Edwin Meade Robinson and Bert Leston Taylor? Note the deft use of internal rhyme.

Page 268. *Franklin P. Adams* — To what does Adams turn for his material? For his immediate inspiration to write? One reviewer speaks of Adams's translations from the Latin as being "impudent but apt." What do you think of the propriety of such translations from the poetry in other languages? Observe the unusual rhyming words employed by Adams. What does his work gain from this characteristic? Is he interested in setting forth definite things and experiences or the emotions provoked by them?

Page 273. *Grantland Rice* — In what other poems in this book have you found a sense of rhythm like that in "Cheering, Music, and the Player"? Do you find any similarity between Grantland Rice and Don Marquis?

Page 275. *Christopher Morley* — Do you find wit or humor in Morley? In what respects does he resemble Field?

SECTION VII

Special Study: Poetry of the Spiritual Life of the Race

One immemorial function of poetry and the other arts has been to express the spiritual life of the race. An extraordinary variety of such verse has been written in the last quarter century.

The child Jesus has always been an appealing figure to artists; and two of the finest recent poems about Him are in this book. To artists of previous centuries, Jesus in His mature years has generally been a remote and unearthly figure, and God has been the jealous Jehovah of the Old Testament. In recent poetry new notes have been sounded on these themes.

With regard to the relation between God and mankind, the poets share the thought of our times. People to-day generally think of God as a loving father, not as a capricious giver of rewards and punishments. Respect for God has taken the place of terror before Him; and this respect is often mingled with a degree of curiosity and familiarity that would have shocked Milton and his time. Further, a man to-day may realize his own smallness in a vast universe without destroying his belief in his own dignity and worth. The note of abject abasement to be found in much earlier religious poetry is absent from that of to-day.

We are all too likely to think that high religious feeling is the exclusive belonging of the white races. The negro spirituals and the translations

of Indian songs in the above section will serve as a corrective of that delusion. And no finer religious poem has been written in our time than one by James Weldon Johnson. In it we find a poem from the religion of the Hebrews appropriated by a colored man and retold with no loss of reverence. A joyous exuberance which springs from racial quality takes the place in it of the awe and majesty of the original story.

In addition to the religious poems in the above section, read the following selections:

Lizette Woodworth Reese	"A Christmas Folk-Song," page 18
Francis Thompson	"Little Jesus," page 309
Harry Webb Farrington	"Rough and Brown," page 153
Louis Untermeyer	"Blasphemy," page 117
Edna St. Vincent Millay	"God's World," page 134
Joyce Kilmer	"Trees," page 170
William Herbert Carruth	"Each in His Own Tongue," page 20
James Weldon Johnson	"The Creation," page 224
William Rose Benét	"The Falconer of God," page 127
Paul Eldridge	"Tsi Ouan Wishes to Believe in Resurrection," page 243
Louise Imogen Guiney	"The Kings," page 24
Carl Sandburg	"A Fence," page 93
John V. A. Weaver	"Pigeon-Scarer," page 247
A. E. Housman	"The Chestnut Casts His Flambeaux," page 308
Alice Meynell	Both poems, page 304

Which of these poems had their inspiration in religion, and which in some personal spiritual problem or aspiration? How wide is the range of faith and doubt? Of resignation or resistance to the conditions of life? Which poems are inspiring? What poems in this book not here listed deal with spiritual aspirations or doubts?

SECTION VIII

Questions

Page 304. *Alice Meynell* — Are both of these poems distinctively feminine? Is the symbolism in "The Shepherdess" consistent throughout? Would "Maternity" be improved by expansion?

Page 305. *William Watson* — In each of the four stanzas of "Art Maxims" the author expresses an opinion on some problem in the field of art. Try to restate his thought exactly — and more compactly, if you can. Study "Epigrams" in the same way.

Page 306. *A. E. Housman* — Compare these poems with the selections from Badger Clark for their general atmosphere. For their attitude toward the problems of life compare "The Chestnut Casts His Flambeaux" with Ficke's "Café Sketches — XIII."

Page 309. *Francis Thompson* — What point of view does the author assume in "Little Jesus"? See also Farrington's "Rough and Brown" and Reese's "A Christmas Folk-Song."

Page 311. *Rudyard Kipling* — To what other poets in this book is Rudyard Kipling's sense of rhythm most akin? Kipling's work shows an exultant joy in the whole of life. Select poets with a similar and a contrasting point of view. Compare the point of view in "The Explorer" with that in Don Marquis' "The Explorers." Most poets in this volume who touch on war at all, wrote with the World War as a background, and found nothing good coming out of it. Kipling wrote "Chant-Pagan" with the Boer War as a background and noted that it stirred in the men feelings of independence and daring. How do you account for the difference? Both these selections are distinctively masculine poems. Are there others in this book? For contrast select some distinctively feminine poems.

Page 319. *William H. Davies* — Do these selections show an accurate and personal observation of nature? Does Davies find the universe a friendly or an awesome place?

Page 321. *Walter de la Mare* — Look up the word *eerie* in the dictionary. Does it apply to this poem? Does the author intend to evoke in the reader an idea, a mood, or a picture? Notice the close uniformity in the rhythm of the even lines and the greater variety of the odd lines. What is gained by this device? Note the choice of words for recurrent vowel and consonant sounds.

Page 323. *G. K. Chesterton* — What interesting comparisons do you find between "Lepanto" and Leonard's "The Quaker Meeting-house" in respect to content? With Amy Lowell's "The Fruit Shop" in respect to the speed and color of the narrative? With Kipling's "The Explorer" for rhythm? What does Chesterton gain or lose by the use of lines of different lengths?

Page 329. *John Masefield* — What similarities or contrasts do you find between "Sea Fever," Millay's "Exiled," and Kemp's "The Remedy"?

Page 330. *Wilfrid Wilson Gibson* — What mood does Gibson try to evoke in his reader? Is he successful? Does the simplicity of his story and his style aid him in his purpose? (See the first stanza in Watson's "Art Maxims.")

Page 332. *Alfred Noyes* — Is the use of repetition in "The Highwayman" skillful and successful? From what does he derive the dominant rhythm of the poem? What are the reasons for its general popularity?

Page 338. *John Drinkwater* — One philosophy of conduct is summed up in the old saying, "Be good and you will be happy." Study that proverb until you are sure you understand its implications. Then read the poem in connection with it.

Page 339. *James Elroy Flecker* — Is "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" a story of a physical journey alone, or does it imply more? Is this drama as well as poetry? Summarize the thought of this poem and of William Rose Benét's "The Falconer of God." Do you find any similarity between them? Would these poems be equally effective for English readers if they were set in familiar surroundings?

Page 343. *Siegfried Sassoon* — Do you find any similarity between Sassoon's method of attack and Bert Leston Taylor's? What is the difference between them?

Page 343. *Rupert Brooke* — Is there ecstasy in this poem? What is the relation in thought between the octave and the sestet?

Page 344. *Richard Aldington* — Note the dissimilarity in poetic method, in atmosphere, and in effect between these two poems. Is the author an imagist in both poems? Compare "After Two Years" with some of the Elizabethan lyrics and try to state the qualities you find in both. What does he mean by "the foolish tie of caste" in "Machine Guns"?

Page 346. *C. Fox Smith* — Whose influence is most apparent in this poem? Has it a singing quality?

Page 348. *William Butler Yeats* — In this selection Yeats tries to do two apparently contradictory things: to assume the point of view of a "wandering-witted fool" and to write a compact, rounded, and melodious poem. How far has he succeeded? What other qualities do you find in his verse?

Page 350. *James Stephens* — What qualities of the Irish mind and heart do we find in these verses?

Page 351. *Winifred M. Letts* — Do you think that the feelings here expressed are personal and genuine?

Page 352. *Francis Ledwidge* — A thing remembered in absence frequently provokes the most poignant poetry. Why? Compare "Behind the Closed Eye" with Millay's "Exiled" and Wood's "April in Alabama." Be sure to catch all the devices of rhyme in Ledwidge's verses.

Page 354. *William Henry Drummond* — From the dictionary learn the meaning of the terms *realist, classicist,* and *romanticist.* To which group does Drummond belong? The French Canadian farmers live in a cold and sparsely settled country. Does Drummond make their lives seem pleasant or hard? Is he drawing individuals or types? In this respect compare this poem with Clark's "A Ranger" and Frost's "The Death of the Hired Man." Other poems in dialect in this book are those by Riley, Dunbar, and Ann Cobb. What are the difficulties, the advantages, and the disadvantages of writing in dialect?

Page 358. *Bliss Carman* — Does Carman in these selections write of the out of doors like a genuine lover of nature, or is it a pose? By what marks do you distinguish between a real and a pretended like or dislike?

Page 361. *Robert W. Service* — Compare Service with Clark and Knibbs for sense of rhythm. This poem is the story of a failure. Does it have a mood of pessimism, like the selections from Housman and Gibson for example? How do you account for the likeness or difference?

APPENDICES

I. The Nature of Poetry.

II. Topical Studies for the Review of the Book as a Whole.

III. Index.

THE NATURE OF POETRY

THE REQUISITES OF THE ARTIST

A SMALL piece of sculpture in a certain European art gallery attracts many visitors. It represents an old peasant woman holding in her arms her sleeping grandson. The baby is plump and healthy. His face has none of the lines which, in an adult, give us hints of character. The figure of the child suggests merely unknown possibilities. His fate will depend on the interplay of character and surroundings.

The life of the old woman is nearly over. Its story is told in the lines of her face. European peasants have for generations found their lives so limited that only the most able and fortunate have been able to raise themselves above the station of their birth. The old woman had been born to a position of hard toil, obscurity, and poverty, with only the commonest joys to lighten her lot. She knows that her grandson is destined to lead the same kind of life. The sculptor has put into her face resignation, rather than peace; love and tenderness for the child; and pity for him, since she knows the hardships he is destined to endure. All of this, *and nothing more*, is conveyed to the observer at a glance. This bit of sculpture instantly arouses pity and understanding; and that is exactly what the sculptor intended.

Let us make another start, in a different place. A minister, a geologist, an engineer, and a painter go to see Niagara Falls for the first time. One exclaims, "Behold the power of the Creator!" The second says, "See how the waters are eroding the stone into a V shape." Another points out the fact that a vast amount of power is going to waste. The fourth man intently watches the play of light and shadow on the tumbling waters. The essential quality of mind and heart in each man is

indicated by his quickest and most powerful response to the sight.

All of this illustrates a number of things in the process of the creation of art. Our five senses bring to all of us a day-long stream of impressions, and thousands more rise from our memories and subconscious minds. Of most of these ideas and impressions we take no notice. Most of the millions of people who have seen peasant women caring for babies have been indifferent to the sight. In contrast with them, the sculptor was stirred to pity. The first sight of Niagara Falls is sure to be impressive to every one; the kind of response is infinitely varied. One man wants to use the power of the cataract to drive machinery; another wishes to paint a picture or compose a song. The first requisite of the artist is the capacity for *emotional* response to some stimulus, whether from the outside world, the memory, or the subconscious mind.

Of the few who so respond, only a small number, by native genius or study or both, have command of some medium of artistic expression. The violinist must learn how to use his violin, the sculptor how to handle chisels and stone, the painter his brushes, and the poet his language. Command of a medium is the second requisite of the artist. Generally it is won only by long study and practice.

The selection of material for interpretation in art is more difficult than it seems. A subject suitable for treatment in one art may lie outside the scope of another. The peasant woman and baby just referred to might have been as well treated by a painter as by a sculptor. In either case the eye would take in the whole effect at one glance. The description of the painting or statue, or of the peasant woman herself, would take several minutes. In this instance words convey the effect slowly and piecemeal. On the other hand, when one wishes to narrate events happening one after the other, words are more effective than paint or clay.

Certain musicians and the architects of the medieval cathedrals have, perhaps, made the best use of adoration of the Creator as a subject for treatment in art. Poets, musicians, and

painters have celebrated their delight in the coming of spring. A storm at sea; the fear of a lost blind man; a child playing with kittens; a charge of cavalry; the love of a man and a woman for each other — these suggest the range of material suitable for treatment in one art or another, since they all appeal to our emotions. One problem of the artist is to select a subject that can be treated in his medium.

Further, every artist must consider whether his particular command of medium is sufficient for the subject selected. The singer who strains for her high notes gives us pain rather than pleasure. The painter of landscapes may be quite at a loss in portraying thousands of men in a battle scene. The sculptor of animals may be unable to handle the human figure. The ability to select subjects suitable to his medium and within his individual range of ability is the third requisite of the artist.

The varying degrees of success among artists are due in part to the superior powers of some of them to hold an audience. When we read a poem or a novel, or stand before a painting, a statue, or a cathedral, we are an audience to the artist precisely as we are when we listen to an orator or watch a drama. We may be irritated by a picture when the artist wishes to induce in us a mood of reverence or delight; or we may laugh in the theater when the dramatist and the actors try to make us weep. These are all failures in communicating with an audience. The ability to call up in his audience both the kind and the amount of emotion desired is the fourth requisite of the artist.

THE SENSE OF FORM

The fifth requisite of the artist is that he must have a natural sense of form; and in most cases this natural sense must be further developed by long study and practice. Since form is very nearly the essence of all art, it is here treated in a separate section.

It is first necessary to make clear the use of the word *form* in two different senses. Except among artists it is generally used in this way: "This poem is in the form of a sonnet." This

means that the poem follows a certain pattern of fourteen lines. But form as artists use the word refers to an internal spirit and ideal structure. An artist with a good sense of form is one who understands what the ideal structure of a contemplated work of art should be, even though he many lack the skill to make the perfect poem or statue. The idea of form is as difficult to explain exactly as an abstract term such as faith. Every student should gradually build up for himself an understanding of form, chiefly through the study of masterpieces in the various arts. The use of the word *form* as applied to sports affords some interesting comparisons and distinctions for study.

A number of young men, all in equally fine physical condition, compete in the hundred-yard dash. One wins, with yards to spare. How does he accomplish it? Every member of his body responds to his will perfectly, and all his members act in perfect rhythm. His trainer says, "He runs in better form."

How does an athlete develop superior form? After a study of himself and other athletes, he makes a mental picture of perfect running, and tries to make the effort of his body correspond to that picture. He may succeed well, or not. In athletics, his actual running is spoken of as good form or poor form. In art, the term *form* is applied to that mental picture of the ideal striven for.

Let us take another example, from baseball. There is a man on first base. The batter hits a grounder. While the shortstop is running for it, the first and second basemen jump to their bags. The shortstop picks up the rolling ball and tosses it to the second baseman, who in turn throws it to first. Two men are out. In the perfectly executed double play we find no lost motion. All the action is rhythmically directed to one end. Each player has his part of the work, and his part of the time to do it in. If they are good players, no one will try to do either more or less than his share, and no one will try to call any special attention to himself. Efforts of that kind will frequently spoil the whole play. Here again we say, "They play in good form," if their achievement closely corresponds to the ideal double play. In art, the ideal itself is called form.

Use this as a comparison with some of the arts where the efforts of a number of people are required. If one member of a quartet of singers tries to drown out the others, or to call attention to himself in some other way, the effect of the whole is spoiled. We say that the quartet does not sing in good form. The same necessities apply to the theater and motion pictures, though unfortunately a multitude of actors cannot be made to recognize the fact. "Stars" insist on keeping the center of the stage when they do not belong there, and spoil the play in consequence. In baseball, choral music, and the theater, therefore, harmony of action, unity of purpose, and the subordination of the parts to the whole are all necessary to fine accomplishment; and all these are a part of the idea of form.

Now let us turn again to the statue referred to in the first paragraphs of this section. In the second paragraph the words "and nothing more" are set in italics to call special attention to them. They point out something that is an essential part of successful achievement in every art; that is, the cutting away of every unnecessary detail. This is possibly the most important part of the idea of form.

A small boy once defined sculpture as "taking a piece of stone and chipping off what you don't want." It is often told as a funny story, but there is no better short description of the process of creating beautiful things. It implies that the artist wants something, and knows exactly what he wants, and cuts away whatever hides the thing desired. The rule applies to all the other arts as well as to sculpture. The author of plays and novels may have thousands of details from which to choose to get the desired effects. To select the right number of right details is possibly his hardest task.

Unity of purpose, the subordination of the parts to the whole, rhythm of movement, and the cutting away of needless details are, then, the essential parts of the idea of form. When the artist has conceived these in the beginning, he has a kind of steel frame on which to erect his work of art. Without it, skyscraper and sonnet are alike impossible. His further task is to build up the lovelier facing of the structure, which will cover

the gaunt lines of the framework and will reveal his charm and individuality.

Alice Meynell's "Maternity" (page 305) and Robert Frost's "The Death of the Hired Man" (page 69) are both fine illustrations of form. A less sensitive artist would have elaborated "Maternity" into a longer poem, possibly a sonnet. Its force would have been lessened in the expanding. To the superficial reader, Robert Frost's poem seems to have a leisurely air; he may think it could be condensed. But let him reckon up all that has been accomplished in it, and he will be slow to cut it. On a framework of a very simple story, Frost has sketched four characters, has revealed by suggestion much of the social life of the New England countryside of recent years, has discussed some fundamental human relations, and has carried one of his characters, Warren, through a wide change of mood. Framework and facing have here been wrought into a unit that cannot be improved either by expansion or condensation.

Some of the other examples of excellent form in this book are Bradley's "Will Warner" (page 205); A. E. Housman's "Loveliest of Trees" (page 307); and Adelaide Crapsey's "The Warning" (page 228).

Let it be again emphasized that, in art, perfect form is an ideal which is seldom if ever realized in practice. The runner or swimmer may have an understanding of perfect form, and may run or swim in a manner closely approximating to that ideal. A violinist or an actor, however, may understand some noble work and lack the skill to interpret it.

With respect to form in poetry, one further thing should be observed. Language, the medium of the poet, is a more fluid thing than the medium of any other art with the possible exception of music. As a result, several poets may write about the same subject — for example, the character of Abraham Lincoln — and produce quite dissimilar poems. One will write a full description in two hundred lines, with many details; another will draw a suggestive picture in fifty lines, using few details. One may use the method of telling what Lincoln said, another what he did, a third the effect he had on his associates. One

may write in free verse, another in blank verse, a third in rhymed stanzas. Such differences are unessential. If the authors have a like understanding of their subject and a keen sense of form, they will convey to their readers similar fundamental impressions of Lincoln in spite of differences in verse structure or in methods of handling material.

In this book the word *form* is used with reference to this feeling for ideal structure; such words as *pattern* or *design* are used to refer to actual structure.

THE PATTERN OR DESIGN OF ENGLISH POETRY

The differences between prose and poetry are often one of content and always one of pattern.

Every subject capable of treatment in poetry can also be presented in prose, but prose alone is suitable for many kinds of material. One of the most perfect pieces of writing is a text of geometry. Its purposes are to convey information and to stimulate reasoning. Such a text might be written in language having all the external appearance of poetry, that is, in rhymed and rhythmical language; but it would not be poetry. Similarly, the reports of the stock market and the Weather Bureau could not be written as real poetry. These things make no appeal to our emotions, and such an appeal is necessary in every art.

In general, poetry is expected by its authors to make a more profound appeal to our emotions than does prose. No author would think of trying to write a detective story in verse; such a narrative tests our wits and makes little appeal to our emotions. Long stories about ordinary people are told in prose because such material does not hold us on a constant high level of emotional tension. Light verse, that is, short poems of little emotional content, is an excellent medium for the expression of wit and humor. Wit occasionally enlivens serious poetry. Humor is seldom so used; it is too likely to break the emotional tension of the reader. (Note how Shakespeare shifts to prose to write his humorous scenes.)

Poetry further differs from prose in that the poem is made in a planned and rather rigid pattern of language, and added beauties are frequently sought through rhyme, alliteration, assonance, balance, and repetition. These devices are treated in a review chapter elsewhere in this appendix.

What constitutes a pattern for poetry differs among various languages. In Japanese literature many poems, called *hokku*, are written in three lines of five, seven, and five syllables. There is no rhyme or rhythm of language as we understand them. The condensation of the thought into precisely seventeen syllables constitutes the pattern. These Japanese poems have influenced some American authors, notably Adelaide Crapsey (page 228) and John Gould Fletcher (page 240). In Chinese poetry the design is determined by pattern of voice tones and by rhyme. The Psalms of the Hebrews are in a pattern of balanced ideas; and repetition of phrases enhances the effect. (See Psalm XXIV as an example.)

In the English language, poetry is generally composed according to a pattern of rhythm. Rhythm is the regular recurrence of accented syllables between unaccented syllables.

Read aloud naturally the first three of these lines from one of Tennyson's songs. The marks indicate, not so much how you should accent the words, but how you will wish to read them.

The spléndour fálls on cástle wálls
And snówy súmmits óld in stóry;
The lóng light shákes acróss the lákes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

In English, practically all words of more than one syllable are accented on one syllable more than on another. Take, for example, *splendour*, *snowy*, *across*. In words of many syllables, two or more may be accented. An example is *uncŏnstĭtŭtionálĭtў*, in which we naturally stress one syllable heavily and three others lightly. Polysyllables must be so used in verse that their natural stresses are preserved in the rhythm of the line as a whole.

Verbs and nouns — that is, the important words — are generally stressed. (But observe that *light* in the above stanza from Tennyson is not.) Prepositions, conjunctions, and the articles are generally unaccented. Pronouns, adverbs, and adjectives may be stressed or not, dependent on their importance to the sense of the line.

The first and third lines of this stanza have eight syllables each, divided into four groups, called *feet;* and in each foot the second syllable is accented. This is the pattern of rhythm of this poem.

In the second line a ninth syllable, unaccented, has been added at the end of the line. A line is said to have a *feminine ending* when the final syllable is unaccented; a *masculine ending,* when the last syllable is accented. An unvaried regularity of rhythm becomes monotonous and unpleasant. The occasional use of a feminine ending is one method of securing variety.

Now read the fourth line aloud naturally, two or three times. It differs from the others in having only three firmly accented syllables, *cat, leaps, glo.* Most readers will stress the syllable *cat* more strongly than any other in the six lines. The added force of this syllable compensates in part for the smaller number of accents in the line. Further, this line has ten syllables instead of the nine in the second line, with which it is paired. But when read aloud it is naturally delivered in as short a time as any of the other three. This gives the line the effect of speed, since the unstressed syllables are hurried over. This is still another plan to produce the effect of variety.

However, this variation could not have been used with success in any of the other lines. In the first three lines, Tennyson is trying to suggest to us the calmness of a scene in nature. A smooth and exact rhythm is necessary to harmonize with the thing described. The only unquiet thing in the picture is the wild cataract. This fourth line by its rougher speed and power is also made to suggest the nature of the thing described. This correspondence of pattern and language with matter will be found in the best poetry.

Poems are made to delight us with their effects as a whole,

and not in the expectation that they will be shredded into bits for study, as we have done with this stanza. The magical appeal of poetry is likely to be lost when it is thus examined. Not many poems should be so analyzed, but a close observation of a few fine poems will reveal something of the art by which the authors obtained their effects. This knowledge will help us to appreciate excellent work, and to value poor and careless work for precisely what it is.

THE FEELING FOR RELATIVE VALUES IN POETRY

The term *poetry* is applied to a great variety of compositions, from jingles to advertise merchandise to "Hamlet" and "The Odyssey." Most children make their first acquaintance with poetry through nursery rhymes and popular songs. As they progress through school, they come to know poetry that is finer, loftier, and more sustained. If they devote to it sympathetic study under inspired instruction, they realize that a wide range in values is to be found in verse. Their tastes should change, and generally they do change. Superficial and commonplace jingles may please them at first. As they become acquainted with better work, any early liking for poor work should disappear. The cultivation of a taste, not merely for good poetry, but for the best, should be one of the pupil's aims in school.

What, then, are some of the characteristics of the best poetry? Probably there is no better method of indicating them than showing why certain sentences in English poetry have won the admiration of thousands of students of literature.

In the King James version of Psalm VIII we find this passage: "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor."

The psalmist was powerfully smitten with the perception of the greatness of the Creator, the majesty of the universe, the physical littleness of man, and his spiritual fellowship with the

Creator. His feeling was so strong that he was forced to give it utterance. (In most great poetry we get that feeling, that the author simply had to write.) In balanced phrases, which constituted the poetic pattern of his language, he set down that overpowering emotion. The translators caught his feeling, and rendered it into rolling, majestic English. A later translation substituted the words "but little lower than God" for "a little lower than the angels." Read the new version aloud, and see how that word "but" retards the rhythm; how the new phrase comes to an abrupt halt, like a pendulum being stopped at the bottom instead of being allowed to swim through; how taking out one *l* sound has affected the melody of the sentence. The greatness of this passage lies in its majestic music and its direct communication of powerful emotion. Furthermore, it is free of unessentials, the repetitions being devices to make the passage clear and forceful. In other words, it is stripped to form.

We naturally turn to Shakespeare for examples of the finest poetry. In *King Henry the Fourth, Part Two*, the King says, in an address to sleep,

> "Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
> Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
> In cradle of the rude, imperious surge; . . . "

To-day we might take exception to the use of the word "brains." Shakespeare often used the raw and realistic term that has passed out of favor with his less violent successors. But no one can find a flaw in the last line quoted. The roar and the slightly irregular rhythm of the sea are in it. Change the phrase to "imperious, rude surge" and see how the rhythm is broken. Substitute "wave" for "surge," thus taking out one *r* sound and the *g* sound, and you will find that the line loses much of its rolling sound and its suggestion of power in the tumbling waters. The sound and rhythm of this passage harmonize with the thing described.

Macbeth, after a career of ambitious success based on crime, finds his enemies gathering about him, and at that moment is informed of the death of his wife, his inspirer to both his king-

ship and his crimes. Realizing the futility of his whole life, he says,

> "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time;
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death."

This, too, is resonant poetry. It gives a supreme expression of despair on the part of one whose life was worse than wasted. The sentence structure and the words used are simple and natural, not different in that respect from good prose. The idea can be understood instantly. The repetition of the word "to-morrow" stretches limitless time before us as no other phrase could. It gives wings to our imagination; and that release of the imagination forms its chief quality of greatness.

Richard Lovelace ends his poem, "To Lucasta, going to the Wars," with these two lines:

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

His whole poem has the light and casual air which Englishmen assume on going into danger. It must, therefore, lack majesty. To claim our admiration it has instead two qualities, felicity and universality. Its choice of words is neat and happy. Its application is universal. With a force that is clothed in grace, it phrases for all people and all times that sound instinct of men to place their honor above everything else.

John Keats, in his "Ode to a Nightingale," describes the effect of the song of the bird on himself and all sensitive souls. He speaks of it as

> "Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
> Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
> She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
> The same that ofttimes hath
> Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

The music of this language is obvious. Its chief claim to greatness, however, lies in a quality of magic that escapes analysis. The song of the nightingale has aroused in many an Englishman a feeling of unearthly rapture, a tumult of emotions, exalting, indescribable, with a beauty unlike any other experience. Keats was able to select twenty words that would call up a similar tumult of emotions. This passage conveys that feeling of unearthly rapture even to those who have never heard the nightingale. It has, thus, the ability to revive a delightful memory in some readers, and to suggest to others the quality of an experience they have never enjoyed. Suppose the reader wishes to separate the poetic magic from the simple idea of this passage, and tries to do so by rendering the last three lines in matter-of-fact prose, using none of the words employed by Keats. He will be completely baffled; he may retain the sense, but the magic will escape. It is like trying to catch sunlight in the hands.

In his "Andrea del Sarto" Robert Browning writes,

> "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
> Or what's a heaven for?"

He implies that men should not be valued for their deeds alone, but also for those things which they perceived but could not attain. He suggests also one of the arguments advanced by many to show the probability of a future life; that is, that a man must sometime have an opportunity to complete the unfinished task, and to attain his unfulfilled desires. The worth of this passage lies in its compact, concrete expression of a universal emotion.

In these six passages most of the excellencies in poetry may be observed. Great poetry is nearly always stripped to form by the omission of all unessentials. It has the air of majesty, or sometimes, lacking that, of felicity. Frequently, also, great poetry surprises us, making us see in some familiar thing a quality we had not previously observed. It nearly always has magic, leaving us in astonished ignorance as to how its effects are produced. Great poetry is universal in appeal, expressing an idea or mood which all men have had or can quickly perceive through

the imagination. It has an air of finality; the expression of the mood or idea is so perfect that there is no room for a later poet to express the idea better. And great poetry has an air of inevitability. The author may have tried a hundred different ways of expressing his thought before deciding on the particular one used, but the reader must exclaim at first sight of the line, "Why, he couldn't have phrased the idea in any other way!"

The reader may here wish to reëxamine some familiar poems in the light of the comments above, in order to note for what qualities they have been greatly admired. The following selections are suggested: Milton,* "On His Blindness"; Newman, "Lead, Kindly Light"; Whitman, "Reconciliation"; Emerson, "Forbearance"; Shelley,* "To a Skylark"; Wordsworth,* "Upon Westminster Bridge"; Gray,* "On a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Gold Fishes"; Shakespeare,* "A Sea Dirge." (* See Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*.)

This book contains verse of a considerable range of merit. The student should read the poems cited and the passages quoted below to see which, if any, of the qualities of greatness they possess.

		PAGE
"Barter"	*And children's faces looking up,* *Holding wonder like a cup.*	114
"May Day"	*Like girls at their first communion* *The pear trees stand.*	115
"The Creation"	*And God stepped out on space.*	224
"Prayer of the Homesteader"	*Upon these iron benches Things have stalked.*	221
"Courage"	*Courage is Fear* *That has said its prayers.*	146
"The Death of the Hired Man"	*Home is the place where, when you have to go there,* *They have to take you in.*	73
"With Rue My Heart is Laden"		308
"Tavern"		135
"Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening"		81
"Trees"		170

TOPICAL STUDIES FOR REVIEW

HARMONY OF LANGUAGE AND MATERIAL

Poets use language in such a way that its tempo, its sound, and the regularity or irregularity of its flow may suggest their mood or harmonize with their material.

Read the poems below and note whether they are excellent in this respect. Can they be grouped in pairs, on the basis of similarity in effect? Is it the author's purpose in each case to have his language harmonize with his material, or suggest his mood, or to convey a mood or picture to the reader? What other poems in this book are particularly successful in this respect?

		PAGE
William Rose Benét	*Merchants from Cathay*	124
Badger Clark	*On the Oregon Trail*	218
Babette Deutsch	*Distance*	248
Robert Frost	*Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*	81
John Masefield	*Sea Fever*	330
Edna St. Vincent Millay	*Exiled*	135
Lizette Woodworth Reese	*For a Guest Chamber*	20
Carl Sandburg	*Cool Tombs*	97

SPECIAL BEAUTIES IN THE LANGUAGE OF POETRY

Poetic effects are sometimes heightened by the use of rhyme, alliteration, assonance, repetition, and balance.

Rhyme is the repetition of similar sounds at the ends of lines. Rhymes emphasize the rhythm of poetry. When they come at too frequent intervals, they become monotonous; and in every art monotony must be avoided. What is the poet to do if he wishes to use rhyme and still shun monotony? He makes his rhymed words come in the middle of sentences instead of at the end; and he devises stanza patterns with varied rhyme schemes combined with lines of different lengths. One of the most complex rhyme schemes in recent poetry is in Benét's

"The Falconer of God" (page 127). Is it effective or not, and why? Which poets in this book are most expert in the use of rhymes?

Two or more words are sometimes made to rhyme in the middle of a line. This device, called internal rhyme, is to-day used chiefly to give an added swing and smartness to light verse. For an example, see Edwin Meade Robinson's "Halcyon Days" (page 265).

Alliteration is the repetition of similar sounds at the beginning of two or more words that follow each other closely. It is easy to remember from the old quotation, "Apt alliteration's artful aid." It ceases to be an ornament if it is used too freely. What examples of it can you find in Markham's "Lincoln, the Man of the People" (page 13)? Is the device skillfully used?

Assonance is the repetition of similar but not necessarily identical vowel sounds in words coming close together. Skill must be shown in the vowel selected for such use. Shrill, piercing effects may be had by the use of *i;* hushed and muted music by the use of *u;* open, rolling sounds by the use of *o*. Alliteration and assonance are sometimes combined. What examples of assonance can you find in Aiken's "Morning Song of Senlin" (page 244)? In Cawein's "Midsummer" (page 32)?

Repetition, when deftly used, is an admirable method of obtaining emphasis and making a poem easily memorized. The commonest use of repetition is in the choruses of many hymns and popular songs. Numerous examples may be found in the Psalms. Repetition is used in Field's "Little Boy Blue" (page 10); Carruth's "Each in His Own Tongue" (page 20); Davies' "Nature's Friend" (page 320). Is it skillfully used in these poems? In what other poems in this book have you found repetition used?

The expression of a thought in one clause or sentence, followed immediately by a contrasting idea or the same idea in different language, is called balance. Balance should not be confused with proportion, which has to do with the relative amount of space and emphasis devoted to the different parts of a composition. The first two verses of the first Psalm, and the first verse of the nineteenth Psalm, are good illustrations of balance. What examples of it can you find in Oppenheim's poems (page 105)?

MOTIVES FOR WRITING

What motives lead men to work in the various arts? They are many, and varied. Shakespeare was prompted in part by the desire to own property and have a respected position in the little town of his birth.

Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote one of his greatest works in the evenings of one week to get money to pay the funeral expenses of his mother. Spiritual aspiration leads one man to become a poet, one a philosopher, and another a priest. Some hope that success in the arts will bring them fame, wealth, or social position. Others work, and keep on working, because it is good fun. Some are devoted to art for its own sake. The author of a book presenting some unusual experience in war or exploration may be greatly interested in his material, and not at all in the art of writing or the rewards of the artist.

The mature student of literature can often find in books the motives of the authors without being able to tell exactly how he detects them. Younger students may find it interesting to try their wits on the problem. Let us examine a few of the authors in this book.

We know from the biography of Robert Frost that he worked for twenty years without rewards or recognition. That is evidence of a deep devotion to the art of writing. Without knowing the facts of Frost's life, the student would reach the same conclusion from the absence of careless work in his books. A study of his poems reveals further that he is as interested in the ideas and people set forth as he is in the art of writing.

James Oppenheim offers an interesting comparison. His interest is primarily in spreading ideas broadcast. Thoughts and emotions boil out of him like a geyser. The selections in this book represent his more controlled work. Sometimes he hurries too fast, with the result that the reader fails to perceive the form he is struggling to achieve.

No writer of this generation has shown a deeper devotion to form than Adelaide Crapsey (page 227). We know that her interest in form was two-fold, scientific and artistic. She studied the methods of the masters as a medical student studies bacteriology; but that would make an artist of no one. She worked as an artist in developing a personal manner of writing. She seems to have said to herself, "I will learn how to write. The things to be written will come along in due time."

Ann Cobb (page 198), probably never dreamed of writing poetry. Then she found herself surrounded by wonderful material for little poems. She seems to have said to herself, "This material ought to be put into verse, but there is no one here doing it. Why can't I try?" One suspects that she was surprised at her own success. The same thing was probably true of Badger Clark (page 215).

The student may now find it interesting to find the fundamental promptings of the poets in Section Two, and of Franklin P. Adams, Rudyard Kipling, and A. E. Housman.

PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE

It is difficult to realize how completely the position of women has changed in the last century. In 1825 a man could seize any property inherited by his wife, or provide in his will that their children be taken from her. The professions were practically closed to women; indeed, many men professed to believe that women could not be educated above the elementary grades. The agitation for votes for women began little more than three quarters of a century ago, and was then the subject of universal ridicule. Socially it was assumed that a woman's personality would be meekly merged with that of her husband. To-day, of course, her position has been completely changed.

The two different conditions are mirrored in the literature of the respective periods. In "A Tale of Two Cities," Dickens obviously intended to represent Lucie Manette as an altogether admirable woman. She seems to the reader to-day to be impossibly good but of no earthly use. The women in Cooper's novels are like her. The women in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King" are almost as vague and unreal. In general, the literature of the first half of the last century suggested that all of the affairs of the world were conducted by men, and women were spectators, or obstacles, or delicious burdens, or givers of rewards and praise, but not equal participants. The few women writers wrote for men, not women, and assumed about the same point of view as men — in their books if not in their hearts. Among the poems interesting to study in this connection are Wordsworth's "Perfect Woman," Hood's "Ruth," Tennyson's "The Miller's Daughter," and Elizabeth Barrett Browning's sonnet beginning, "If thou must love me, let it be for naught." The beginning of the new point of view can be seen in such poems as Browning's "By the Fireside," Patmore's "The Married Lover," and Christina Rosetti's "Twice." (For these references, see *The Oxford Book of English Verse*.)

The greater part of the change in the position of women in all English-speaking countries has occurred in the last thirty years. With the approach of women to a place of approximate equality with men, the writers of novels and short stories were quick to picture them as individuals, with as many quirks and turns of character as men.

Below are listed some of the poems in this book partially or wholly about women. Are they made as real and vivid as those in the magazine stories you have recently read? Note whether the authors are men or women. Do the men imply that the women are or should be in an inferior position?

		PAGE
Anna Hempstead Branch	*Songs for My Mother — Her Hands*	37
Amy Lowell	*The Fruit Shop*	62
Carl Sandburg	*Onion Days*	91
Louis Untermeyer	*The Wise Woman*	119
Robert Frost	*The Death of the Hired Man*	69
Edgar Lee Masters	*Mrs. Gard Waful*	59
Ruth Comfort Mitchell	*The Old Maid*	167
Margaret Widdemer	*Modern Woman to Her Lover*	176
Fannie Stearns Davis	*I Did Not Long for Children*	163
Christopher Morley	*Washing the Dishes*	276
Alice Meynell	*Maternity*	305

American poets of a century ago were inclined to use their portraits of men as the starting point for the discussion of something else. Seldom did they write poems solely for the sake of giving us an insight into character. (Refer to Whittier's "Barclay of Ury"; Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith"; Lowell's "An Incident of the Fire at Hamburg.") Note the contrasting methods used in some of the following selections in this book.

		PAGE
Edwin Arlington Robinson	*Richard Cory*	53
Edgar Lee Masters	*Captain Robinson*	58
Joyce Kilmer	*Martin*	171
William Aspenwall Bradley	*Will Warner*	205
Badger Clark	*A Ranger*	216
William Ellery Leonard	*The Editor*	83
Eunice Tietjens	*The Great Man*	237
Babette Deutsch	*Distance*	248
William Henry Drummond	*The Habitant*	354
Robert W. Service	*The Rhyme of the Remittance Man*	361
Rudyard Kipling	*The Explorer*	312
Wilbert Snow	*Mail Time*	201

With reference to the poems in the two preceding lists, which characters are individuals and which are types? When the authors have pictured types for us, have they done so intentionally or through lack of ability to make sharp character sketches? Which poems were written simply as character sketches, and which for some additional purpose? Do these authors describe character by using a few or many details; and which of these methods do you think is the more effective?

There are four general methods of describing character: the author may tell us what a man says, what he does, what is said about him by

others, and what effect he has on the acts and character of others. Which of the descriptive methods is used in the above poems?

POETRY OF WAR AND PATRIOTISM

Wars and other occasions of national moment always call forth a flood of verse, ninety-nine per cent of which is very bad indeed. The reason is simple. Art of every kind is the result of emotion which has been disciplined within form. Such an event as a war rouses emotions in all men; but only a few have the ability or the willingness to discipline their feelings, and even fewer have a clear idea of form.

In the last quarter century a number of good poems have been written in America to celebrate our national heroes and to portray great movements of our people. A few of our folk poems also deal with these subjects. In England, Rudyard Kipling has been the most stirring poet of patriotism.

The outstanding characteristic of the World War from its first week was its sheer size. The areas, populations, costs, and issues involved were too great for the comprehension of any one mind.

The effect of the bigness of the war on the poets of all countries was interesting. They found themselves unable to express the profound, swelling emotions of their countries. Most of them wisely refrained from trying to interpret the major issues of the war; that must be left to the poets of another generation. This avoidance was shown in various ways. It led some poets, notably Amy Lowell, to turn to past wars for material. It inspired the production of a great mass of bad humorous verse about incidents in camps and transports. Equally bad were most of the poems that commemorated individual acts of heroism. A famous "Hymn of Hate" in Germany expressed one emotion of the moment, and called forth weak imitations and retorts in other countries. Such poems to-day seem foolish, and make people ashamed of their original admiration for them.

The young poets of all countries, in amusing contrast with the pugilists, rushed to volunteer in the first weeks of the war. Once in uniform, they wrote at first of their devotion to their mother countries. Rupert Brooke is the perfect representative of this stage. Soon this ceased to be their theme; they wrote instead about danger and death, and about individual acts of courage. Alan Seeger composed one poem which is the epitome of these. During the last two years of the struggle, all the poets in uniform and most of those in civilian life could no longer see anything romantic or beautiful or excellent in war. They were

stricken with horror at its futility and the waste of young life. Siegfried Sassoon is an excellent representative of this group.

		PAGE
Edwin Markham	*Lincoln, the Man of the People*	13
Anonymous	*The Days of Forty-Nine*	288
Badger Clark	*On the Oregon Trail*	218
Richard Hovey	*Unmanifest Destiny*	31
Carl Sandburg	*Washington Monument by Night*	99

In what ways, and how well, do the above poems interpret America?

Amy Lowell	*The Fruit Shop*	62
Hortense Flexner	*Khaki*	182
Rupert Brooke	*The Soldier*	344
Alan Seeger	*I Have a Rendezvous with Death*	177
Siegfried Sassoon	*Does It Matter?*	343
C. Fox Smith	*Admiral Dugout*	347
William Ellery Leonard	*The Quaker Meeting-house*	84
Louis Untermeyer	*Children of War*	120
Carl Sandburg	*Wars*	95
	Grass	98

Which of these seems to you best as poetry? Which author has the best command of his emotion? What in general is the attitude of these poets toward war? How does it compare with the feeling of most people? Rudyard Kipling's best poetry of patriotism, war, and the life of the soldier was written before the World War. If you are familiar with it, compare its general temper with the selections above.

THE OBJECTIVE AND THE SUBJECTIVE IN LITERATURE

Literature is sometimes classified as either objective or subjective. Subjective writing is that which deals with the emotions of the author, or with the emotions of some other person, real or fictitious, whom the author is trying to interpret. Objective writing is that which deals with things, or with the acts of people without any considerable presentation of their emotions. An account of the deeds of a soldier in battle would be objective writing; an account of his emotions would be subjective writing. In an extended work, such as a novel, both kinds may be found, and again exact classification will be impossible.

In poetry, the great epics, the long narratives and the old English ballads are predominantly objective. Most lyrics are the expression of a personal feeling, and are, therefore, subjective. Both kinds of writing

may be found in some lyrics, in many short narrative poems, and in plays in verse.

How would you classify the following poems?

		PAGE
G. K. Chesterton	*Lepanto*	324
Olive Tilford Dargan	*Path Flower*	39
Robert Frost	*The Death of the Hired Man*	69
Karle Wilson Baker	*Tools*	145
Badger Clark	*The Forest Rangers*	218
Eugene Field	*Little Boy Blue*	10
Joyce Kilmer	*Trees*	170

HINTS FOR THE STUDY OF GROUPS OF POEMS

Group One: Narrative Poems

		PAGE
Robert Frost	*The Death of the Hired Man*	69
William Aspenwall Bradley	*Will Warner*	205
Badger Clark	*A Ranger*	216
Arthur Guiterman	*Dutchman's Breeches*	258
Amy Lowell	*The Fruit Shop*	62
Olive Tilford Dargan	*Path Flower*	39
William Henry Drummond	*The Habitant*	354

Is the author's chief interest in his story, his characters, the setting of his story, or something else? Are his characters individuals or types? Is the story told for its own interest alone, or for some further purpose? Is the atmosphere of the story whimsical, or dramatic, or reflective; or none of these? Are any characters clearly drawn who are not physically present in the story? Are the characters portrayed by what they do, by what they say, by what is said about them, or by their influence on others?

Sometimes authors want you to like or to dislike their characters, sometimes just to understand them. Which is the case in each of these poems? By what method does the author accomplish his purpose?

Which of these poems portray social conditions or habits of life new to you? Do they quicken your sympathies for your fellow men? Do you think the authors intended them to do so? Do the characters have interests or feelings you never thought about before? Which authors present the hardships of life in a rosy light, and which do not?

Do these poems seem to have been written quickly and easily, or were they worked over many times?

Are they adapted for recitation before a large audience, or reading

aloud to a small group, or to quiet enjoyment by one's self? Who would be most interested in them — old or young, men or women, educated or uneducated? Which ones do you imagine will interest readers a century from now?

Group Two: Lyric Poems

		PAGE
Karle Wilson Baker	*Tools*	145
Gamaliel Bradford	*A Social Being*	139
Witter Bynner	*To a Phœbe Bird*	155
Madison Cawein	*Midsummer*	32
Ann Cobb	*The Boy*	200
Adelaide Crapsey	*The Warning*	228
Eugene Field	*Little Boy Blue*	10
Hortense Flexner	*Faith*	181
Richard Hovey	*Stein Song*	30
Joyce Kilmer	*Trees*	170
Edna St. Vincent Millay	*Exiled*	135
Cale Young Rice	*Trees and Grass*	142
Carl Sandburg	*Cool Tombs*	97
Robert Haven Schauffler	*Divers*	152
Sara Teasdale	*Barter*	114
John V. A. Weaver	*Pigeon-scarer*	247
John Hall Wheelock	*Blind Players*	132

What light does the title shed on each poem?

Reproduce the main idea of each poem in your own words, in a sentence or two. Is the purpose of the author to convey a story, an idea, a picture, or a mood? Which of these poems reveal most of the minds of the authors? Is that revelation intentional? Which poems, if any, suggest more than they openly say as to what things in life are admirable and worth seeking?

Which poems could be set to music? Are the others also musical in language? Would any of them be effective for reading aloud or for recitation?

Does the author accomplish his purpose by the use of many or few details?

Notice the variety of metrical patterns. Do the authors skillfully use rhymes? Comparisons? Alliteration? Repetition? What do these devices add to the poems?

Would you like to see any of these poems written in a different way? You might try to rewrite the thought of "Tools" or "Cool Tombs" in

the rhyme scheme of "Exiled." Or rewrite "Pigeon-scarer" without the slang expressions. Or try to put "Blind Players" into a sonnet.

Or turn to "The Rowan County Trouble" (page 285), and the discussion of it in the introduction to that section. Compare it with Bradley's "Will Warner" and Clark's "A Ranger," poems of a similar nature. Note that they are smooth and swift, and it is halting and slow. The meter is rough, and some of the rhymes are poor. Possibly you may find that some of the details can be omitted. Try to rewrite four or five stanzas so that they will be as good as the poems by Bradley and Clark.

Group Three: "Gaiety, Pity, Truth"

		PAGE
Conrad Aiken	*Morning Song from "Senlin"*	244
William Rose Benét	*The Falconer of God*	127
Alter Brody	*A Funeral — Italian Quarter*	250
William Herbert Carruth	*Each in His Own Tongue*	20
Paul Laurence Dunbar	*Little Brown Baby*	36
Badger Clark	*On the Oregon Trail*	218
Eugene Field	*Little Boy Blue*	10
William Ellery Leonard	*The Quaker Meeting-house*	84
James Oppenheim	*The Slave*	108
Lola Ridge	*The Ghetto*	238
Bert Leston Taylor	*Canopus*	254
Louis Untermeyer	*Caliban in the Coal Mines*	811
Wilfrid Wilson Gibson	*Rebecca Nixon and Martha Waugh*	331

For the laying of the cornerstone of the Guild Theater in New York City, Philip Moeller wrote an invocation in which appears this paragraph: — "The theater began in the rites of religion, the theater in the middle ages was rescued by the church and to-day the theater at its best is another temple in which man can rejoice in the recognition of the human heart and speak the story of the endless voyage of its ways. Thus our dedication to-day shall be the hope and the promise that within these walls the human mind shall once again celebrate with gaiety, with pity and with truth the divine pageant of the human soul."

Think over what you know of the various arts and see whether it is their function to "speak the story of the endless voyage" of the ways of the human heart. Is it true of the ancient temples in Athens, of the medieval cathedrals in France, of the Woolworth Building in New York, of the railroad viaduct at Nicholson, Pa.? Of the oratorios and

operas, and of the latest popular song? Of the paintings of Frans Hals, of Corot, of Winslow Homer, of Maxfield Parrish? Of the books you have so far read in your English course?

Notice the words gaiety, pity, truth. Be sure that you know what these words mean. Mr. Moeller implies that they are qualities of great art in the theater. Are they qualities of other arts as well? See whether one, or two, or all three of them are to be found in some novel or play you have recently read in your course, or in the stories of the latest issue of your favorite magazine. Do you think it is fair to apply them as tests to all the books you read; and if not, why not?

Which of these qualities do you find in the poems listed above?

Group Four — Finding Your Preferences

Which authors excel in power? In delicacy? In restraint? In the free and vivacious expression of their ideas? In devotion to their art? In interpretation of contemporary life?

Make a list of the three poems you like best. Be prepared to give reasons for your choice. Compare your lists in class, and make a blackboard list of all the poems named by two or more pupils. Note also which four or five poems are named by the greatest number of pupils. From these results name the qualities in poetry that make the greatest appeal to the class.

LISTS OF BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

ANTHOLOGIES

There are many anthologies of the new poetry, some of them edited with a view to class use. The variety of choice is surprisingly wide. Any of them would be valuable additions to a school library. A few are here listed:

Braithwaite	*Golden Treasury of Magazine Verse*
Braithwaite	*Modern British Verse*
Forbes	*Modern Verse*
Gordon and King	*Verse of Our Day*
Monroe and Henderson	*The New Poetry*
Richards	*High Tide*
Rittenhouse	*Little Book of Modern Verse*
Rittenhouse	*Second Book of Modern Verse*
Wilkinson	*Contemporary Poetry*
Wilkinson	*New Voices (with chapters of criticism)*
Untermeyer	*Modern American Poetry*
Untermeyer	*Modern British Poetry*

CRITICAL STUDIES

Among the recent books of criticism, the following are concerned with poetry in general, and with considerations of poetic technique:

Eastman	*The Enjoyment of Poetry*
Erskine	*The Kinds of Poetry*
Lowes	*Convention and Revolt in Poetry*
Neilson	*The Essentials of Poetry*

All of these are rather difficult for younger readers but would be valuable for reference. Eastman's book is addressed to the general reader rather than the technical student, and is lively and informal. It is to be commended as a stimulant to an understanding of the internal quality of fine poetry.

The following list includes some of the best known critical studies of the recent trends in poetry:

AIKEN	*Skepticisms*
LOWELL	*Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*
WILKINSON	*New Voices*
UNTERMEYER	*American Poetry Since 1900*

POETRY MAGAZINES

Since the establishment of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* in Chicago in 1912, numerous other small magazines devoted entirely or largely to poetry have been started — and most of them have ceased publication. To recommend a list of such publications is dangerous, since some of them may be discontinued, and other excellent ones may be started, even while this book is on the press. With this reservation, it may be proper to say that the following poetry magazines, now four or more years old, will be likely to interest many lovers of contemporary verse:

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse	Chicago
Contemporary Verse	New York
The Measure	New York
The Lyric West	Los Angeles
The Lyric	Norfolk

The Fugitive, published in Nashville, has recently announced a suspension in publication which the editors hope will be only temporary.

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